

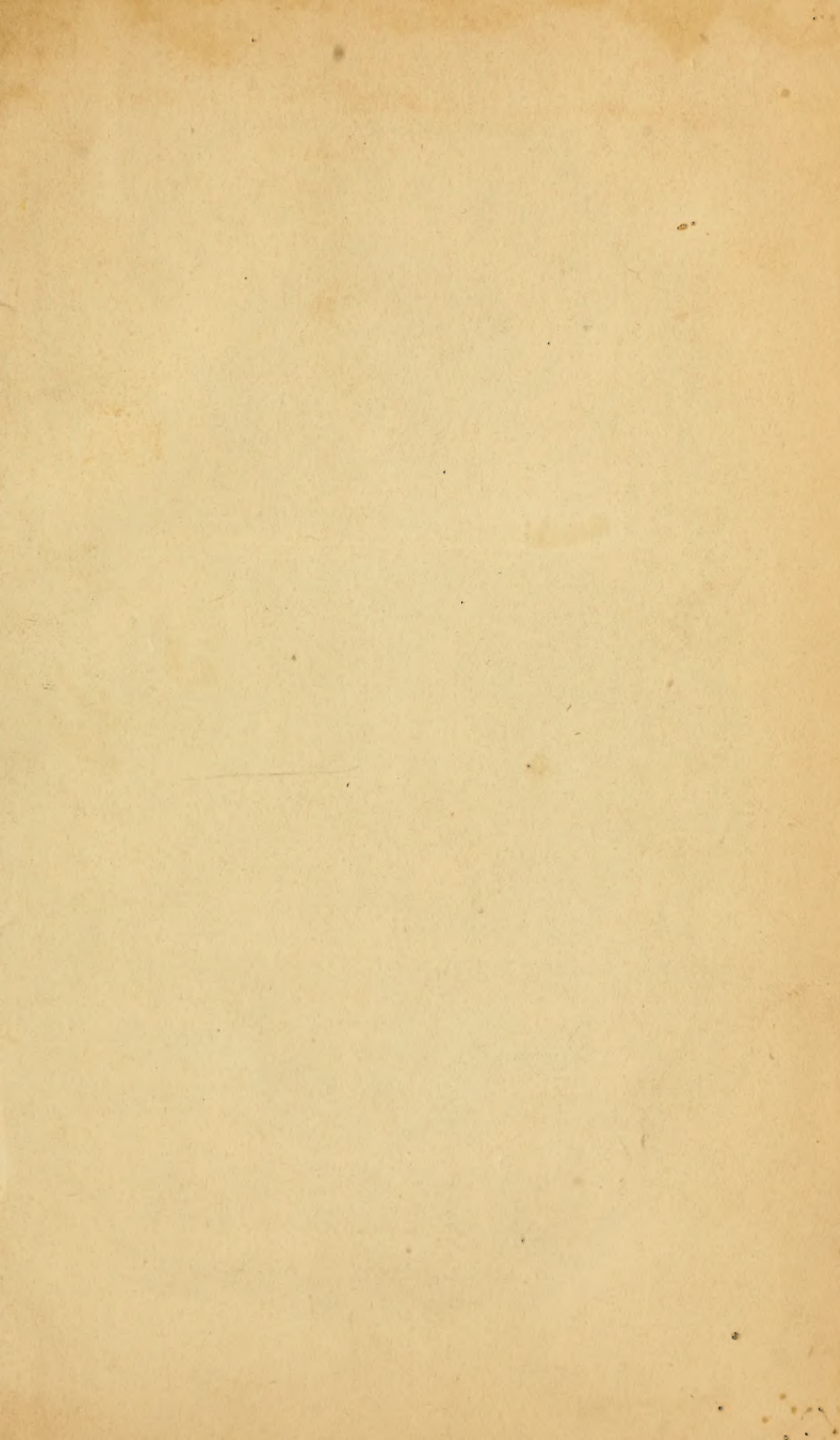


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DISCOVERERS



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SETTLERS



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AMERICA

S. H. CLARR. SC.

THE
DISCOVERERS, PIONEERS, AND SETTLERS
OF
NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD (982) TO THE PRESENT TIME;

COMPRISING

THE LIVES OF THE MOST FAMOUS DISCOVERERS, EXPLORERS, AND CONQUERORS
OF THE NEW WORLD; AN ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDATION OF COLONIES AND
THE SETTLEMENT OF STATES AND PROVINCES; THE HISTORY OF THE
SUFFERINGS AND PRIVATIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS, AND THEIR
WARS WITH THE NATIVE INHABITANTS; A DESCRIPTION OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT EXPEDITIONS OF SURVEY; AND A
VIEW OF THE GRADUAL EXTENSION OF DISCOVERY
AND CIVILIZATION IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

BY
HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL, A. M.

WITH
NUMEROUS AND DIVERSIFIED COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS,
ENTIRELY NEW, MANY OF WHICH ARE FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,
EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE OF THE ART, BY THE FIRST ARTISTS IN AMERICA.

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INTRODUCTION.

AMID the great variety of books, ancient and modern, illustrating the early history of America, none, it is believed, presents, in a popular form, any thing like a complete record of the leading events of its discovery and settlement. To comprise, in a single volume, the most important and interesting passages of its progressive colonization, from the earliest known period until the present time, has been attempted in the following work.

Next to the clear and full elucidation of historical facts, it has been the aim of the writer to present, as vividly as possible, *the spirit of the age and traits of individual character*. To effect this, he has permitted the chief actors, so far as might agree with requisite conciseness, to speak for themselves, and by their own words to determine the measure of renown or infamy to which they are entitled. If, by this directness of contact, any mythological conceptions of celebrated personages, long popularly current, should be partially dispelled, the portrait of reality, it is believed, will not be found an uninteresting substitute for that of imagination.

In preparing this book, a considerable number of ancient and original authorities, many of them rarely to be met, have been diligently consulted. Among these may be mentioned the following: *Antiquitates Americanæ* (containing Icelandic MSS., &c.) The First Voyage of Columbus, The Decades of Peter Martyr, Cortes' Letters and Dispatches to Charles V., Bernal Diaz's True Conquest of Mexico, De Solis' Conquest of Mexico, the Conquest of Florida, by a Gentleman of Elvas, Hakluyt's Voyages and other publications, Purchas his Pilgrimage and Pilgrims, The Journals of Henry Hudson, Robert Juet, and Habbakuk Prickett, The True Adventures of Captain John Smith, the Journals of Governors Bradford and Winslow—Mourt's Relation, Governor Winthrop's Journal, Morton's New England's Memorial, Hubbard's History of New England—Hubbard's Indian Wars—Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*, Church's Entertaining History of King Philip's War, Boone's Narrative, &c., &c., with a variety of Historical collections.

The journals and narratives of modern American adventurers have also been perused, and a great number of standard works, treating on detached subjects, have been carefully examined and compared. To these, and especially in the history of Spanish transactions, to the classical and elaborate productions of Robertson, Irving, and Prescott, the writer has resorted, as

the most reliable authority, for the leading facts of his subject; but, with a view to novelty and piquancy of detail, original documents, as far as they were accessible, have been faithfully consulted.

These records, extending over several ages, and pertaining to several nations, along with fascinating glimpses of high courage and resolute endurance, of profound sagacity and far-sighted policy, reveal to the view a strange wilderness of fancy, credulity, ignorance, superstition, cruelty, and bigotry. When most of them were written, comparatively little was known of the Western World, and that little with no great certainty. All beyond was Dream-land, Fairy-land, El Dorado, the true realm of imagination, which loved to people it with all fanciful creations. No tale was too wild to meet with popular credence—whether of golden palaces and fountains of perpetual youth, or of monsters and chimeras dire, guarding their treasures, and forbidding all access to the tempting shores.

Natural history, in especial, was at a sad discount. Peter Martyr, with classical fondness, records the appearance of Tritons in the waters of the New World; Columbus and Hudson chronicle with much particularity their respective encounters with shoals of mermaids; and the Pilgrims of Plymouth honestly relate their alarm at the roar of lions prowling in the frozen forests of New England. One writer contended that India must be in the vicinity of Cuba, seeing that the parrots there answered so well to the description of Pliny; and another, near a century later, surmised an easy northerly passage to the same country, because the “horne of a unicorne” (doubtless brought from India by the tides [!]) had been found on some dreary shore of the Arctic ocean.

A grave English author, describing Guiana, hesitates to endorse all the reports of travellers in that region, and, with prudent candor, reserves his opinion for further information. “Againe,” he says, “they tell of men with mouthes in their breasts, and eyes in their shoulders, called *Chiparemai*, and of the Guianians, *Ewiaponomos*, very strong: and of others headed like *Dogges*, which liue all the day time in the Sea. These things are strange, yet *I dare not esteeme them fabulous*; onely (as not too prodigal of faith) I suspend, till some eye-intelligence of some of our parts haue testified the truth.” Elsewhere he tells us of certain savages who appeared on the shore, wearing visors like the heads of dogs—“or els they were *Dogges’ Heads* indeed.”

In no other field has there been a richer or more fanciful display of the love for the supernatural—whether in its brighter and more alluring phases, or in all the imagined horrors of infernal manifestation. Columbus elaborately argued that he had entered on the confines of the Garden of Eden—the terrestrial Paradise. Two centuries later, we find a voyager through unfamiliar seas gravely entering on the log, “Hereabouts is said to be an enchanted island.” Most especially in all matters connected with the aborigines, this fascinating

exercise of the fancy was allowed to have its full swing. His Holiness the Pope, in granting the right of conquest, had assumed, as a matter of course, that all natives of the newly-found lands were under the direct dominion of the Enemy; his orthodox followers could do no less than sustain and verify the sentiment; and the Protestant English, while disowning his authority, and falling back for their share of territory on natural right, were ready enough to adopt a theory so comfortable to the conscience and so gratifying to the imagination. Accordingly, the early voyagers, of all nations, wherever they landed, were prepared to find, among the inhabitants, scenes of necromancy and *diablerie*. The mystical Indian ceremonies of council and devotion, were to them nothing but incantation and Satan-worship; they were ever on the alert against native magic and sorcery; and, like Robinson Crusoe, they saw the foot-print of the devil on every uninhabited shore.

It is strange how long and how generally this Satanic incubus hung over all European adventurers. In all matters of mystery, the Gordian knot was invariably cut by a reference to diabolical agency. No other hypothesis was ever allowable in explanation of Indian reserve or hostility. Montezuma could not retire to his "House of Sorrow," except for a personal interview with the Adversary. If a Pequot war broke out, it was because "the devil had taken the alarm" at the prosperity of the church in New England. That worthy knight, Sir Martin Frobisher, having captured an old Esquimaux of hideous appearance, thought proper to pluck off her buskins to ascertain "if she were cloven-footed or no." Errors such as these, outgrown by maturing humanity, may provoke a smile; but not justly from any who, in our own day, see fit to ascribe the phenomena of magnetism and the development of natural, though as yet unstudied laws, to the same infernal and demoniac origin.

The fact that the New World was known to Europeans long before the days of Columbus, has been established, by irrefragable evidence, beyond all reasonable doubt. But it is equally certain that for centuries it had been lost to them by neglect and disuse, and that the grand originality of his scheme was in no measure dependent on any former experience. What he sought, from first to last, was not the discovery of a New Continent (though such was the splendid reward of his exertions), but the directest way to the remotest shores of the Old, and a practical solution of the grand problem, still open in his day, of the sphericity of the earth. The chance discoveries of tempest-driven mariners, in the northern seas, leading to no important result, and soon lost in obscurity, can in no degree impair the fame of him who, first, with a grand, though erroneous aim,

" * * * * * Undaunted could explore
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless, and vast, and wild as that revealed
When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheeled."

In reviewing the history of American colonization, the mind is at first struck with the wonderful brilliancy and rapidity of Spanish discovery and conquest during the first century of their career; an impression naturally followed by the reflection that in the end no substantial advantage has accrued to the nation whose enterprise laid open the pathway to the New World, and whose valor and genius were the first to avail themselves of its tempting opportunities. Extermination of the native inhabitants, bigoted exclusion of foreigners, and, in the end, outrageous oppression of her own dependencies, have marked, almost without exception, the colonial administration of Spain, and have finally resulted in its nearly complete annihilation. Her once numerous provinces, alienated by mismanagement and tyranny, have found, in republican anarchy, a questionable relief from parental misrule; while that beautiful island, almost the solitary jewel in her crown, and only proving, by its exception, the general rule of her losses, is held by a tenure so insecure as barely to deserve the name of possession.

For an hundred and ten years, the rival nations of France and England hardly took a step in the same venturous direction, or if they did, under circumstances of such gross ignorance and infatuation, as were almost certain to preclude the possibility of success. The various and widely-severed colonies of France, founded, through a century of misfortunes and discouragements, by ardent and indefatigable servants of the crown, have, with one or two insignificant exceptions, slipped from her hands—not from any want of loyalty or national affection in the provincial inhabitants, but from the feebleness of the French marine, ever unable to compete with that of her haughty rival, and quite inefficient for the protection and retention of distant colonies.

England, the last to enter on the noble enterprise of peopling the New Hemisphere, but finally bringing to the task a spirit of progress, a love of freedom, and a strength of principle unknown to her predecessors, has founded, amid disastrous and unpromising beginnings, an empire mightier and more enduring than all or any of its compeers; lost, indeed, for the most part, to her private aggrandizement, but not to the honor of her name or the best interests of mankind; an empire already prosperous beyond all example in history, and destined, it is probable, at no distant day, to unite under its genial protection every league of that vast continent stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the tropical forests of Darien to the eternal snows of the Arctic Circle.

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THE DISCOVERERS, PIONEERS, AND SETTLERS

OF

NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA:

NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT NORTHERN CHRONICLES—EARLY SCANDINAVIAN VOYAGERS—
DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF ICELAND—DISCOVERY AND SET-
TLEMENT OF GREENLAND BY EIREK THE RED—ACCIDENTAL
DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA BY BIARNI HERIULFSON.

[THE principal authority for the following narration is found in two ancient Icelandic Manuscripts, entitled "An account of Eirek the Red, and of Greenland," and an "Account of Thorfinn Karlsefni" (the Achiever). The authenticity of these documents is indisputable, and their contents, in addition to strong internal evidence of truth, are corroborated by many allusions, in other and contemporaneous works, to the localities, the persons, and the adventures which they commemorate. The whole subject has been recently laid before the world in that admirable work, the "Antiquitates Americane," published by the learned "Society of the Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen;" and its claims have been fortified by Mr. J. T. Smith and other American writers with much ingenious argument and illustration. "That America was visited early in the tenth century," says Mr. Schoolcraft, perhaps the least romantic and most fastidious of American antiquaries, "by the adventurous Northmen from Greenland, and that its geography and people continued to be known to them so late as the twelfth century, is admitted by all who have examined with attention, the various documents which have been published, during the last twelve years, by the Royal Society," &c.

The restricted intercourse of Iceland with Europe, for many centuries, prevented these interesting facts from becoming generally known; though by the intelligent nations of that island they were always considered, as now by the historical world, to be proved by unquestionable evidence. The most skeptical mind could hardly fail, on examination, of being convinced of the main truths of these narrations, by the abundance of "*that internal testimony, consisting in undesigned coincidences, existing between different parts of the same*

narrative, and the like coincidences existing between parts of distinct narratives, originating in different individuals, without one having knowledge of or reference to the existence of the other.”]

THE stormy and inhospitable coasts of Scandinavia were, in the tenth century, the nurseries of a race of mariners, the most daring and adventurous which the world has ever seen. Without compass or quadrant, or any of the aids which modern science has lent to navigation, they explored the northern seas, founded colonies, and pushed their researches far into the terrors of the Arctic zone. Their roving excursions, in which commerce, piracy, and discovery were strangely interwoven, contributed greatly to the geographical knowledge of their day. In the year 861, the wandering bark of one of these adventurers, Naddodd by name, had lighted on the shores of Iceland, till then unknown or lost to western Europe. Fourteen years afterwards, that island was colonized by Ingolf, a Norwegian, who, with his followers, removed to this yet more desolate and uninviting region, and founded a prosperous settlement.

A century later, one Thorvald and his son, the famous Eirek the Red, flying from Norway to escape the consequences of a homicide, took refuge in Iceland. Here Thorvald died, and Eirek, having killed another man in a quarrel, found it necessary once more to betake himself to the ocean. He fitted out a vessel, and with his adherents set sail in quest of some islands in the western sea, called, from their discoverer, the Rocks of Gunnbiorn. (These islands, from the gradual obstruction of those seas by ice, have now for several centuries been lost to Geography.) Sailing westward, he soon fell upon the shores of Greenland, (982,) and coasting to its southern extremity, fixed his residence at a harbor called, from its discoverer, Eireksfiord — (Erik’s creek). To the whole region which he had discovered he gave the name of Greenland, trusting by such an inviting title to allure settlers to his new colony. He returned to Iceland, and, with twenty-five ships and a large number of colonists, in 985 set sail for his residence. Of these vessels, only eleven reached their destination, the remainder being lost or

driven back to Iceland. The bold and enterprising genius of these hardy mariners may be conjectured from the fact that, within two centuries after their establishment, they had made extensive discoveries and surveys in the icy recesses of the Polar Seas. Their monuments and inscriptions have been found as far north as latitude 73°, and it is related that they explored Baffin's Bay, and even Wellington Channel.

With Eirek went one Heriulf, a man of authority, who had a son named Biarni, a youth of great courage and enterprise. This son was absent in Norway at the time of their departure, and on his return to Iceland found that his father had sailed for the newly-discovered land. He was troubled in his mind, and refused to disembark, alleging that he was determined to spend the winter with his father, as he had done heretofore. Accordingly, with his mariners, he again set sail, on the bold and hazardous enterprise of finding the little Icelandic settlement on the vast, desolate, and unexplored coasts of Greenland. Hardly was the land out of sight, when a strong north-easterly wind arose, accompanied by thick fogs, and for many days the vessel was compelled to scud before it, unable to bear up for the desired coast. At last the fog cleared off, and after sailing another day, land appeared to the westward. It was not mountainous, but woody, with some rising ground.*

The ship was now put about, and, leaving the land on the left hand, they steered northerly for two days, with a favorable wind. They then came upon a land low and level, and overgrown with woods.† The sailors asked Biarni Heriulfson if this was the expected country. He answered "no, for they told me that there are great mountains of ice in Greenland." Refusing to land here, despite the complaints of the mariners, he sailed on for three days longer with a south-west wind, and found a great island, high, mountainous, and covered with ice.‡ The aspect of the place was too forbidding to invite a landing, and, for four days, with a furious wind from the south-west, the

* Probably Long Island, Nantucket, or Cape Cod.

† Probably Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. ‡ Probably Newfoundland.

adventurous keel sped northerly. At the end of this time, by a rare piece of good fortune, Biarni came upon the very promontory, (Heriulfness) in Greenland, where his father had fixed his residence (985).

Besides the corroboration received from subsequent expeditions, it appears almost certain, from internal evidence, that the various headlands successively seen in this remarkable voyage, were those of north-eastern America. A ship driven by a long continued north-easterly gale, yet endeavoring to head to the westward, might well bring up on the coast as far south as the great promontory formed by the southern New-England States and Long Island. The wooded and hilly shores first seen, were probably those of Nantucket and Cape Cod. From the latter to Cape Sable on Nova Scotia the distance is but little over two hundred miles, which, with a favorable wind, might easily be accomplished in two days. From this point, accurately described as level, and covered with forests, three days, with a south-west wind, such as they had, would readily take the vessel to Newfoundland, whose icy mountains and precipices, overlooking the sea, are particularly mentioned. The six hundred miles intervening between that island and the southern extremity of Greenland, might certainly be passed in four days by a vessel running directly before a favorable gale. It would be difficult to point out any other tract of coast in the vicinity of Greenland, to which the particulars of the narrative would so accurately apply. America then, in all probability, was first made known to the European world, by the accidental voyage of Biarni Heriulfson, in the year 985.

CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE OF LEIF—THE COUNTRY NAMED VINLAND—VOYAGE AND
EXPLORATIONS OF THORVALD—HIS DEATH—UNSUCCESSFUL
ATTEMPT OF THORSTEIN.

ABOUT the year 995, Biarni Heriulfson made a visit to Norway, where the account of his singular voyage excited great interest. Four years afterwards, Leif, the eldest son of Eirek the Red, also went to that country on a visit to the king, Olaf Tryggvason. This sovereign "exhorted him," says the ancient narrative, "as he did all pagans who came to him, to embrace Christianity. To which request Leif consented without any difficulty; and he and all his sailors were baptized." Thus was Christianity first introduced to the remote shores of Greenland.

During this visit, Leif heard much talk of the adventures of Biarni, who was greatly blamed for having neglected to explore the country. His emulation was excited, and he returned to Greenland, and discoursed much with that commander concerning his adventures. Determined to prosecute the discovery, he purchased the ship of the latter, and manned it with five and thirty men, some of whom may probably have sailed on the former voyage. The aged Eirek had intended to accompany him, but, his horse stumbling on his way to the vessel, was deterred by an omen of such evil augury. Leif accordingly sailed without him, in the year 1000, and soon came in sight of the mountainous and dreary country last seen by Biarni. He cast anchor, and put out a boat.—"Having landed, they found no herbage. All above were frozen heights; and the whole space between these and the sea was occupied by bare flat rocks; whence they judged this to be a barren land. Then said Leif, 'we will not do as Biarni did, who never set foot on shore: I will give a name to this land, and will call it Hellu-land.'" This term signifies the land of broad stones, and is strikingly descriptive of the shores of Newfoundland.

Sailing onward, the adventurers soon landed on another point, probably the same which Biarni had passed, and which, from their description of its low, level appearance, with woods, and white sand, and a gradual rise of the coast, was, it would seem, some portion of Nova Scotia. Leif named it Markland (Woodland) and sailed on. Two days more, with a north-east wind, brought him to an island lying opposite to the north-easterly part of the main-land. This is conjectured to have been Nantucket, or some island in the vicinity, but considering the description, is somewhat difficult to locate. They landed, and having returned to their ship, "sailed through a bay which lay between an island, and a promontory running to the north-east," (Nantucket Bay). Here they particularly remarked the shoals and shallows which still distinguish the navigation of these parts.

Steering westward, they "passed up a river, and thence into a lake." The only place to which this account seems to apply, is the Seaconnet River, the eastern passage of Narragansett Bay, which leads to the beautiful expanse of water now called Mount Hope Bay. And the description of the passage appears to correspond. In this lake or bay, they cast anchor, and having determined to remain there during the winter, built habitations on the shore. Salmon abounded both in the river and the lake, and the winter appeared exceedingly mild to men accustomed to the rigor of a northern climate. The grass was only partially withered, and they supposed would supply cattle with food during the winter. It is, indeed, considered probable, that, in this remote period, the climate of New England, in common with a great portion of North America, was much more genial than it is at present.

The most striking proof, however, of the identity of this settlement is to be found in the means of ascertaining its latitude, which are contained in the narrative. The days and nights were much more equal than in Greenland or Iceland, the sun, on the shortest day, remaining above the horizon from half-past seven in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon.

This circumstance, allowing for very slight inaccuracies and differences of computation, corresponds closely to the latitude of Mount Hope.

When their dwellings were completed, expeditions were frequently sent out to explore the country. One Tyrker, a German, on a certain evening was missing, and Leif, with others, went in search of him. They found him overcome with joy at the discovery of a vine, the delicious flavor of whose grapes so transported his thoughts to his native land, that at first he could only answer them in German. Great quantities of this beautiful fruit, so attractive to the inhabitants of the frozen north, were soon discovered, and the ship's long-boat was completely filled with them. In joy at its delicious products, Leif bestowed upon the land the name of Vinland the Good. This profusion of wild grapes has been noticed by almost every early voyager to the shores of eastern America; and doubtless Martha's Vineyard, and the Vineyard Sound, in this immediate neighborhood, have received their names from the circumstance.

In the spring of 1001, having freighted their ship with timber, the adventurers returned in safety to Greenland, and from this and other prosperous undertakings, their leader acquired the name of Leif the Lucky. His father Eirik died during the following winter, and he succeeded to the chief authority.

Thorvald, his younger brother, a man of great enterprise and boldness, now determined to make further exploration; and accordingly, in the spring of 1002, taking with him thirty companions, set sail for Vinland in the same ship which had been used by Leif. Unfortunately, owing to his death on the return, few particulars have reached us of this voyage, probably the longest and most interesting of those undertaken by the Northmen. The adventurers arrived at Leifsbudir, (the dwellings of Leif,) and passed the first winter in fishing. Thence in the ensuing spring (1003) they explored the coast south-westerly for a great distance, and it is even supposed proceeded as far south as the Carolinas. In the autumn they returned to

their settlement, having ascertained that the country was mostly woody, with white sandy shores.

In the summer of 1004, Thorvald, with part of the ship's company, "coasted along the eastern shore, and passed round the land, (Cape Cod) to the northward." Here they were stranded, and compelled to make repairs; and Thorvald set up the keel of his ship on the promontory, on which he bestowed the name of Kialar-ness.* Hence they sailed westward, and landed on another promontory, probably point Alderton, near Boston. The country looked so invitingly that Thorvald said, "This is a pleasant place, and here I should like to fix my habitation"—words singularly fulfilled. Here they met with several of the *Skrællings* or natives, whom, after the usual fashion of European discoverers, they killed. The countrymen of their victims soon gathered in canoes in great numbers around the ship, and attacked the aggressors furiously with their darts. They finally retired, but Thorvald was mortally wounded by an arrow, which, flying between the ship's side and the edge of his shield, buried itself in his armpit. The dying chief commanded his men "to return home as quickly as possible; but me you shall carry to the promontory which seemed to me so pleasant a place to dwell in: perhaps the words which fell from me shall prove true, and I shall indeed abide there for a season. There bury me, and place a cross at my head, and another at my feet, and call that place for evermore Krossa-ness." (Cape of the Crosses).

His companions did as he bade them, and returned with the sorrowful news to Leifsbudir. Here they passed the winter, and prepared quantities of grapes to carry home. In the spring of 1005, they again set sail, and arrived safely at Eirekstiord. The details of this protracted expedition, which would doubt-

* Literally *Keel-nose*. The Northmen were accustomed to bestow the epithet of *ness* or *nose* upon any remarkable promontory; and many modern English names have a similar derivation—thus *The Naze*, *Ness Head*, *Sheerness*, *Calthness*, and numerous other headlands in the British islands.

less have been interesting and valuable in the extreme, are mostly lost by the death of the commander.

Thorstein, the third son of Eirek the Red, next resolved to adventure to Vinland, and bring back the body of his brother Thorvald. With his wife Gudrid, and twenty-five men of distinguished strength and stature, he put to sea, but was tossed about on the deep all summer, uncertain where he was. In the autumn he arrived at Lysufjord, on the Eastern coast of Greenland. Here, during the ensuing winter, he died, and his wife Gudrid (distinguished for her beauty and prudence) went to live with Leif, her brother-in-law, at Brattahlid.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXPEDITION OF THORFINN—THE GOD THOR WORSHIPPED IN NEW ENGLAND—FIGHT WITH THE SKREELLINGS OR NATIVES—RETURN—HEROIC CONDUCT OF BIARNI GRIMOLFSON.

IN Iceland there lived one Thorfinn, surnamed Karlsefni, (the Achiever,) a man of illustrious descent, and of an enterprising nature. He was a prosperous merchant, and in the autumn of the year 1006, with two ships, and a large company of friends and mariners, he sailed for Greenland. Here they were hospitably entertained by Leif, and passed the winter in merry-making and festivity. Thorfinn, at this time, was married to Gudrid, the accomplished widow of Thorstein.

As the spring drew near, much discourse was held on the recent discovery of the pleasant land of Vinland, and a fresh expedition was planned. Three ships were fitted out, on board of which went Thorfinn and his friends Snorri Thorbrandson, Biarni Grimolfson and others, with Freydis the daughter of Eirek, her husband Thorvard, and other adventurers from Greenland. The total number is stated in the MS. as CXL, which supposing the Roman numeral C to mean "the long hundred" (an hundred and twenty), as usual in the computa-

tions of that period, would represent an hundred and sixty souls. A variety of live stock, for the settlement of a colony, was taken on board, and in the spring of 1007, the expedition set sail.

After touching on various points, they came to Helluland, the vast flat stones of which are particularly noticed. Thence they sailed to Markland, and landing on an island (probably Cape Sable), killed a bear, from which circumstance they named it Bjarney (Bear Island). Sailing southward two days more, they arrived at Kialarness, where they found the keel which Thorvald had set up on his late expedition. They coasted southerly along this desolate shore (Cape Cod), which, from its barrenness, or perhaps from a *mirage* occasionally seen there, they called Furdustrandir (long or wonderful shores). Coming to a bay, they put on shore two Scots whom "King Olaf had given to Leif, a man named Haki, and a woman named Hekia; they were swifter of foot than wild animals. These Leif had given to Thorfinn, and they were in his ship. When they had passed beyond Furdustrandir, he put these Scots on shore, directing them to run over the country towards the south-west, and then return. They were very lightly clad. The ships lay to during their absence. When they returned, one carried in his hand a bunch of grapes, the other an ear of corn."

Coasting the shore, they came to another bay, with an island opposite, which, from the force of the currents, they called Straumfiord, or Bay of Streams (probably Buzzard's Bay). Here they disembarked, and, finding good pasturage for their cattle, resolved to pass the winter. In the autumn a son was born to Thorfinn and Gudrid, probably the first native American of European descent. This child, Snorri Thorfinnson, became the progenitor of a long line of descendants illustrious in the histories of Iceland and Denmark—among them the learned Bishop Thorlak Runolfson, his grandson, and probably the original compiler of these voyages, and, in our own day, the famous Thorwaldsen, perhaps the greatest sculptor of modern times.

The winter proved very severe, and these hardy colonists were reduced to much suffering for want of food. A singular incident illustrates the superstition of the times, and the recent conversion of these people to Christianity. It is mentioned, at the commencement of the ancient narrative, that there sailed in the expedition one "Thorhall, commonly called the Hunter, who had, for many years, been the huntsman of Eirek during the summer, and his steward during the winter. This Thorhall was a man of gigantic stature and of great strength, and swarthy in complexion; he was a man of very few words, and when he did speak, it was chiefly in a railing way: to Eirek he had ever given evil counsel; and he was besides a very indifferent Christian. He possessed, however, much knowledge of uninhabited lands."

In this time of privation, when their prayers appeared unanswered, the ill-omened Thorhall was missing, and for three days search was made for him in vain. "On the morning of the fourth day, Thorfinn and Biarni Grimolfson found him lying on the top of a rock. There he lay, stretched out, with his eyes open, blowing through his mouth and nose, and mumbling somewhat to himself. They asked him why he had gone there. He answered,—that it was no business of theirs: that he was old enough to take care of himself without their troubling themselves with his affairs. They asked him to return home with them, which he did.

"A short time after, a whale was cast ashore, and they all ran down eagerly to cut it up; but none knew what kind of whale it was; even Thorfinn, though well acquainted with whales, did not know it. The cooks dressed the whale, and they all eat of it, but were all taken ill immediately afterwards. Then said Thorhall 'Now you see that Thor is more ready to give aid than your Christ. This food is the reward of a hymn which I composed to Thor, my god, who has rarely forsaken me!' When they heard this, none would eat any more; and so they threw all the remainder of the flesh from the rocks, commending themselves to God."

As the spring came on, Thorfinn resolved to sail south-west-erly, and explore the coast. But Thorhall (who seems to have been grievously disappointed in his hope of finding grapes and wine) with only eight companions, undertook to sail around Kialarness, and explore in that direction. It is said, however, that he was driven by westerly gales to the coast of Ireland, and there, according to the report of the traders, with his companions, was reduced to slavery.

Thorfinn and all the rest (151 in number), in the spring of 1008, set sail, and soon came to the deserted dwellings of Leifsbudir. This region they called Hop. The Indian name of this place is Haup, and the present appellation of the "lake" is Mount Hope Bay—certainly a curious coincidence, if nothing more. After remaining here a few days, the Northmen beheld a great number of canoes approaching up the bay. From these landed many of the natives, "swarthy in complexion, short and savage in appearance, with ugly hair, great eyes, and broad cheeks." When they had stayed some time, and gazed at the strangers with astonishment, they departed, and retired beyond the promontory to the south-west (Bristol Neck).

The winter proved very mild, and their cattle remained without shelter. On the following spring (1009) they again saw a multitude of canoes coming round the promontory, and on their arrival, much bartering was carried on; the Indians readily giving their skins for strips of red cloth, and especially for *milk porridge*, which some of the women prepared, and with which they seemed excessively delighted. Finally all were frightened away by a bull, which suddenly came in from the woods, and, bellowing lustily, drove them to their canoes.

Three weeks afterwards, a vast number of canoes were seen coming from the same direction, evidently with a hostile intention. The savages "howled right sharply" (probably the war-whoop), and gave other tokens of defiance. Thorfinn and his company raised the red shield, the signal of war, and a combat commenced. The Northmen retreated to some rocks, behind which they fought stoutly, though greatly annoyed by the

slings and arrows of their numerous assailants. Freydis, the daughter of Eirek, seeing her countrymen fly, rushed out of her dwelling, and upbraided them. She was pursued by the Skroellings, but could not run far, being near her time. "She saw a man lying dead. This was Thorbrand, the son of Snorri, in whose head a flat stone was sticking. His sword lay naked by his side. This she seized, and prepared to defend herself. The Skroellings came up with her. She struck her breast with the naked sword, which so astonished the Skroellings, that they fled back to their canoes, and rowed off as fast as possible."

A considerable number of the natives fell in this contest; and it is singular that the English settlers of the country found among the Indians in this place a tradition that "there came a wooden house, and men of another country in it, swimming up the River Assonet, who fought the Indians with mighty success," &c. This is what is now called the Taunton River, flowing into Mount Hope Bay.

Considering this place too dangerous for a habitation, on account of the enmity of the natives, Thorfinn and his companions prepared to depart. After making some exploration to the northward (probably up Providence River) they returned to Straumfiord, where they found abundant supplies. Hence Thorfinn went with one of the ships around Kialarness, in search of Thorhall, but without success. A singular account is given of a *uniped*, or one-legged animal (probably an Indian) which the Northmen met on this expedition, and which shot an arrow at them. They supposed, with probable correctness, the hills which they saw from the south-west of Cape Cod Bay to be the same which are visible from Mount Hope.

They passed the winter at Straumfiord, and in the spring of 1010, set sail for Greenland. On their way, they touched at Markland, and took two young Skroellings, whom they instructed and baptized. Thorfinn and his crew reached Eireksfiord in safety; but the ship of Biarni Grimolfson was driven out to sea, and, being bored with worms, began to sink. Lots were cast, and Biarni, with half the ship's company, gained

the privilege of taking to the boat. Moved, however, by the lamentations of a young Icelander, who had been entrusted to his protection, the generous chief relinquished his chance of life. "He replied, 'Do you come down into the boat, and I will go up again into the ship; for I see that you are fond of life.' So Biarni went into the ship again, and this man came down into the boat. Then those in the boat went on till they came to land, when they told all. It was generally believed that Biarni and his companions perished in that wormy ocean, for nothing more was ever heard of them."

Another expedition, in 1011, was made to Vinland, by Freydis and her husband, accompanied by some Norway merchants. But Thorfinn and his wife, having gained much renown by their adventures, settled in Iceland, where they became the founders of a numerous and distinguished race.

CHAPTER IV.

MENTION OF VINLAND IN VARIOUS MSS.—PROBABLE INTERCOURSE BETWEEN IRELAND AND AMERICA—STORY OF BIORN ASBRAND- SON—ICELANDIC AND OTHER REMAINS IN AMERICA— A SUPPOSED WELSH COLONY.

IN the ancient Norse manuscripts, for several centuries, references to Vinland are found, and the existence of that country seems to have been generally known to their authors. Thus in an exceedingly ancient ballad of the Faroe isles, Haldan and Finn, two princes of Sweden, are fabled, among other marvels, to have fought the many kings of this mysterious land, for the love of Ingeborg, the daughter of the king of Ireland. In the "Account of Eirik the Red and of Greenland" it is mentioned that after the voyage of Thorfinn, "Expeditions to Vinland became now very frequent matters of consideration, for that expedition was commonly esteemed both lucrative and honorable." In the "Annals of Iceland," an authentic

and *contemporary* authority, it is stated that in 1121, Eirek, the first bishop of Greenland, sailed from that country to Vinland; from which circumstance it seems probable that a colony, over which his pastoral care extended, had been founded there. In the same authority it is casually mentioned, that in 1347 a Greenland vessel, on her return from Markland (Nova Scotia) was driven to the shores of Iceland.

In the year 1285, two brothers, Adalbrand and Thorvald, whose names are well known in Icelandic history, accidentally touched upon a place which, from the situation and description, could be no other than the Helluland of the Greenlanders; and the name which they bestowed on it, "Nyja fundu Land" (Newfoundland), sufficiently indicates that this was considered but the re-discovery of a land formerly known. The fact that Cabot, in his voyage of 1497, called it by the same name, is fair presumptive evidence that he was acquainted with these facts. Eirek, the king of Norway, was interested in the account of this voyage, and in 1288, sent out one Rolf expressly to explore the country. The particulars of his expedition have not survived, but it is supposed that he made extensive explorations.

It is probable that many adventurous excursions were made to the northern shores of America, which have never been recorded, and others, the records of which have perished or remain obscurely in manuscript collections. In fact, there seems little doubt that an occasional, if not a regular intercourse was kept up with these places for some centuries after their discovery, and that temporary colonies were planted there.

The gradual disuse and almost total oblivion of this intercourse was involved in the fate of Greenland, which had hitherto been the connecting link between America and the old world. That colony, after a prosperous existence of four hundred years, was finally shut off from Europe by that vast and extending barrier of ice which, with the increasing coldness of the seasons, advanced southward from the pole. "There is," says Mr. J. T. Smith, "a remarkable obscurity, it may be termed mystery, hanging over the fate of the colony in Greenland.

The last bishop was appointed in 1406. *Since that time the colony has never been heard of.* When the colony was last heard of, in the 15th century, it consisted of 280 villages. * * * Certain it is, that while extensive ruins have been found all along the line of the ancient settlements, no living traces of the colony itself have ever been discovered." For more than three centuries, these desolate shores were hardly visited by a keel except that of the adventurous whaler. In 1721, colonies were again planted there, by Denmark, and the region has since received some degree of attention.

When Iceland was first settled by the Northmen, a small colony of Christians who are supposed to have come from Ireland, was found there. The intercourse between these two islands became frequent, and it would not be unlikely that in voyages of such length, through tempestuous seas, a bark should occasionally be driven to the coasts of America. That such was the case, appears probable from several ancient Norse records, all treating of persons historically known to have existed. In an old geographical work, the following description occurs:

"To the south of habitable Greenland there are uninhabited and wild tracts, and enormous icebergs. The country of the Skrœllings lies beyond these: Markland beyond this, and Vinland the Good beyond the last. Next to this and something beyond it, lies Albania, that is Huitramannaland, whither, formerly, vessels came from Ireland. There several Irishmen and Icelanders saw and recognized Ari, the son of Mar and Kotlu of Reykianess, concerning whom nothing had been heard for a long time, and who had been made their chief by the inhabitants of the land." This Ari Marson is elsewhere described as having been driven in a tempest (983) to the region called Huitramannaland (white man's land), or Irland it Mikla (Ireland the Great), which lay far to the west of Ireland, and may perhaps have been the southern or middle states of America.

Another, and most romantic and interesting story, is that

of Biorn Asbrandson, an Icelandic champion of great fame and courage, distinguished for his achievements in Denmark and Pomerania. Returning to his native country, he was involved in an unfortunate attachment to Thurid, the wife of one of the chief men in his neighborhood. In the frays occasioned by the jealousy of the latter, Biorn killed several men, and found it necessary to quit the island. He set sail about the year 998, "with a north-east wind, which wind prevailed for a great part of that summer. Of the fate of that ship nothing was for a long time heard." The narrative of "Gudleif Gudlaugson" furnishes a singular sequel to his adventurous career. About the year 1030, this Gudleif, who was a noted merchant and sea-warrior, had made a voyage to Dublin. "On his return to Iceland (says the narrative) he fell in with north-east and east winds, and was driven far into the ocean towards the south-west and west, so that no land was seen, the summer being now far spent. Many prayers were offered by Gudleif and his men that they might escape their perils; and at length they saw land. It was of great extent, and they knew not what land it was."

On landing, they were seized by the inhabitants, and carried to a great assembly, where their fate was to be decided. They were rescued, however, by an aged, gray headed man, to whom all present paid the greatest deference. This man addressed them in the Norse tongue, and made many inquiries concerning the people of Ireland, and especially concerning Thurid, to whom he sent a golden ring as a token. He likewise delivered to Gudleif an excellent sword for her son Kiartan, (of whom Biorn had been commonly reputed the father.) He refused to tell his name, saying that he wished none of his relatives or friends to come to such a dangerous coast—and withal advised the immediate departure of his guests.

They sailed, and in the course of the autumn reached Ireland, whence in the spring they proceeded to Iceland. The ring was delivered to Thurid, and all concluded that the giver could be no other than the long-lost Biorn Asbrandson. The region

where he dwelt, judging from the course of the vessel, may have been Georgia or the Carolinas; and the description of the coast given by Gudleif, strikingly corresponds to the shores of that portion of America.

It has been considered probable, by several authors, that the Northmen established a colony, of considerable duration, somewhere on the shores of North America. It is known that Thorfinn and his company took out live stock, for the purpose of making a permanent settlement; and while his return is duly chronicled, no mention is made of that of Thorbrandson and others of his companions. The fact, too, that Bishop Eirek sailed from Greenland to these parts, would seem to indicate that some objects of his pastoral care might yet be lingering in Vinland.

Among the various conjectured memorials of the European races found in America, the most famous is the celebrated "Written Rock," on the Assonet or Taunton river, near Dighton, Mass. For nearly two centuries it has been an object of great curiosity and interest; and from the year 1680 to the present time, numerous copies of the inscription have been taken. The more sanguine of our antiquarians have considered the entire pictograph as Icelandic, and have supposed that the name of Thorfinn, and the number of his men, were yet distinctly to be traced. Mr. Schoolcraft, however, who has given the latest and most correct description of it, has, by his own knowledge and that of his Indian interpreter Chingwauk, sufficiently proved that nearly all these mysterious symbols are of an Algonquin character. There remains, however, besides these, a genuine Icelandic inscription, which is believed to represent, without question, "one hundred and fifty-one men"—the precise number, it may be remembered, of which the expedition of Thorfinn consisted, after the departure of Thorhall and his companions. Other characters, in which over-zealous researchers have imagined the name of the leader, yet remain to be deciphered. It is very remarkable, that in the Indian portion, representing a victory, there is the figure of a

·huge war-club, or rather *balista*, which the Icelandic MS. describes the Skroellings to have used in their engagement—and it has been conjectured that the natives, seeing the original inscription of their invaders, may have added a symbolic commentary of their own.

There is an ancient stone building at Newport, resting upon pillars, which has been considered as an erection of the Northmen. Some peculiarities in its construction, however, would seem to assign to it a later date, and its resemblance to similar structures in England, used as windmills, perhaps warrants the popular appellation, which it has long borne, of “the old stone mill.”

The most extraordinary and authentic document of this nature, however, is a small stone, covered with a *Celtic* inscription, which has been excavated at a depth of seventy feet, from one of the highest mounds of the West. This remarkable relic, as yet undeciphered, may throw some light upon the early migrations of European adventurers to these shores.

Mr. Catlin, the distinguished painter and historian of the Western Indians, has written a curious and ingenious dissertation on the origin of the famous Mandan tribe, lately and suddenly extinct from the ravages of the small-pox. This once numerous and warlike people differed widely from the nations around them, both in appearance and characteristics. Though evidently modified, from intermixture, by some aboriginal blood, their complexions were light, and their hair strongly resembling that of Europeans. Their domestic articles were of superior manufacture, and their canoes, formed of hides stretched upon a frame, were almost exactly like the “coracles” even now used in Wales. From these and other circumstances, and especially from a most extraordinary resemblance of their language to that of the Welsh, Mr. Catlin thinks it probable that they were the descendants of those venturous emigrants who, early in the fourteenth century, put to sea in ten ships, under Madoc, Prince of Wales, and who have been supposed to have landed in some part of America. He

has traced them, by their peculiar remains, from the Gulf of Mexico up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; and attributes to them the construction of many of those mounds and fortifications, evincing a skill in engineering far beyond the capacity of the aborigines. He supposes that, after a flourishing and prosperous existence for a considerable period, these intruders were destroyed by the combined hostility of the aboriginal tribes; that only those escaped who were allied with the natives by marriage; and that from such a race of half-breeds the late tribe of the Mandans originated.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,
BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY LIFE OF COLUMBUS—HIS MARITIME AND GEOGRAPHICAL
ACQUIREMENTS—THE GENERAL PASSION FOR DISCOVERY—
THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS SCHEME.

———“My purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down—
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.”—
TENNYSON'S *Ulysses*.

“But thee, *Columbus*, how can I but remember? but loue? but admire? Sweetly may those bones rest, sometimes the Pillars of that Temple, where so diuine a spirit resided; which neyther want of former example, nor publicke discouragements of domesticall or forren states, nor priuate insultations of proud Spaniards, nor length of time (which usually deuoureth the best resolutions) nor the vnequal Plaines of huge vnknowne Seas, nor grassie fields in Neptune's lap, nor importunate whisperings, murmuring, threatenings of enraged companions, could daunt: O name *Colon*, worthy to be named vnto the world's end, which to the world's end hast conducted *Colonies*: or may I call thee *Colombo* for thy *Doue-like simplicitie* and patience? the true *Colonna* or Pillar, whereon our knowledge of this new world is founded, the true *Christopher* which, with more than Giant-like force and fortitude hast carried Christ his name and religion, through vnknowne Seas, to vnknowne Lands.”—*Purchas his Pilgrimage*.

LITTLE authentic is known of the nativity or the youth of Christopher Columbus—a name the mightiest in the annals of navigation and discovery. The honor of his birth has been

claimed by almost as many cities as formerly strove for that of Homer's. It seems, however, satisfactorily proved that he was a native of the ancient and renowned city of Genoa—a city which, in all her wealth of maritime glory, has ever regarded as her choicest jewel the nativity of the great adventurer. He was born about the year 1435, of poor, but respectable parents, his father, like Shakspeare's, being an obscure wool-comber. Two younger brothers, Bartholemew and Diego, and a sister succeeded him. The Italian name of his family is Colombo—a name which (according to the custom of the time) he latinized into Columbus, and which, on his adoption into Spain, he changed into Colon, according to the language of that country.

At an early age, he acquired considerable skill in arithmetic, drawing, and painting; and for a brief time enjoyed the advantages of education at Pavia, then one of the most reputed seats of learning in Europe. His education, like that of many of the Genoese youth, was principally of a maritime tendency. "Hee beganne of a chylde to bee a maryner," says one, and to the rude geometry, geography, and astronomy which, during a brief period, he acquired at this celebrated school, the world is probably indebted for the most momentous of discoveries. These studies, however, were soon interrupted. At the age of fourteen, the young adventurer, like great numbers of the youth of his city, went to sea, and for many years pursued an obscure, though active and perilous career, in the commerce and wars of the Mediterranean.

That sea, always the scene of contention among the nations of southern Europe, was at this time especially the theatre of dispute between the powerful maritime republics of Venice and Genoa, the Turks, and the kingdoms of France and Spain. Columbus appears to have sailed with two Genoese commanders of his own name, of some celebrity, and probably his relations; but for a long series of years only a faint glimpse of his career can be discerned. It is known that he held a separate command under René, king of Naples, and was often engaged in the stirring and hazardous adventures of the day. He was

also, it is supposed, employed for some time in commerce with the eastern ports of the Mediterranean.

A romantic, though unauthenticated story is told of his arrival on the shores of Portugal. Commanding a vessel under the admiral Colombo, he was engaged, it is said, in a desperate sea-fight with certain Venetian galleys, not far from Cape St. Vincent. By the conflagration of his vessel he was compelled to betake himself to the water, and, with the help of an oar, succeeded in gaining the land, two leagues distant. It is certain, however, that he journeyed to Portugal long before the occurrence of this fight; drawn thither, like other adventurous spirits, by the fame of the brilliant discoveries already achieved by the enterprising genius of Prince Henry.

That high-souled and sagacious sovereign had for some time devoted his eager attention to maritime research, and to the advancement of discovery. He had revived the sciences essential to geography and navigation, and was now deeply engaged in the splendid enterprise of the circumnavigation of Africa. Much of the African coast had already been explored under his auspices, and the Azores and the Cape de Verd islands had been added to the possessions of civilized mankind. This illustrious prince, however, died in the year 1473, having laid the foundation of that wonderful series of maritime achievements which distinguishes, above all other epochs, the close of the fifteenth century. His favorite object, a few years afterwards, was accomplished, under his successor, John II., by the famous Vasquez de Gama.

At this period (1470) when the noble fever for adventure and geographical discovery was slowly attaining its height, Columbus, already in middle age, arrived on the shores of Portugal. He was of a grave, dignified and commanding presence—the result of deep reflection, hazardous experience, and the habit of authority. His hair was already quite white, and his countenance at the same time animated and deeply thoughtful. His manners were gentle, courteous, and refined; and he was deeply attached to the ceremonies of his church, as well

as to the higher principles of devotion and accountability of which they are but the representatives.

Soon after his arrival, he was married to the daughter of Palestrello, a distinguished navigator in the service of Prince Henry, and once governor of Porto Santo.

The widow of this mariner, with whom Columbus and his wife resided, gave him the charts, journals, and other sea-faring relics of her husband. His interest in African discovery was thus vividly awakened, and he occasionally sailed to that coast as well as to the islands, residing for some time with his wife at Porto Santo, the lesser of the Madeiras. He was, for the most part, in straitened circumstances, and procured a living by making maps and charts—no mean accomplishment, at a time when the zeal for geography was highly excited, and when almost all representations of the world were lamentably defective and imaginative—when the ocean was represented as the final boundary of all things, and any land little known to the artist was pictured out as filled with alarming and fabulous monsters. His skill in this accomplishment soon procured him consideration among the most scientific men of the time.

It is not easy to conjecture at what time that grand conception, destined to haunt the long, glorious, and unhappy remainder of his life, first entered the mind of Columbus. It was probably slowly elaborated by the continual suggestions of his occupation, by his geometrical knowledge, and by the frequent reports of excited voyagers and adventurers. Since the discovery of the Western Islands of Africa, many ancient legends had been revived, and frequent reports had been spread of lands seen still further in the westward. The fabulous Atlantis—Antilla—The Seven Cities—and the island of St. Brandon, were still believed in, and were frequently laid down on the most authentic maps and charts. Continual, though erroneous, accounts were given by tempest-tossed mariners of imaginary islands seen still farther in the recesses of the ocean. Alike hampered and encouraged by a vast mass of fanciful conjecture and imaginative tradition, his ardent and practical mind



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

was slowly forcing its way to a fixed theory and an immutable purpose.

He was a firm believer in the sphericity of the earth, but from the want of geometrical data, supposed it much smaller than the reality. As early as 1474, he was in correspondence with Toscanelli, an eminent learned Florentine, who applauded his intention of sailing westward, and who considered the distance from Portugal to India, by a western route, to be only four thousand miles. The opinions of the ancient Greek and Roman geographers strengthened this conclusion, and the wonderful narrative of Marco Polo, describing the vast extent of the Orient, convinced him still further of his proximity to the western shores of Europe. Moreover the Portuguese voyagers and colonists of the islands had occasionally seen the evidences of other lands in objects drifted from the westward—huge reeds and pine-trees, pieces of carved wood, and bodies of men of a race unknown to Europe.

Still, all was uncertainty. The mysterious ocean intervening between the Asian and the European shores, might be of vast and innavigable extent, and filled with new and unheard-of terrors. The sail might be spread for those unknown regions, but who could tell if it should ever retrace the hazardous way—if fearful seas and currents would not ingulph the audacious keel, or some fixed and awful law of nature forbid the possibility of return. These very doubts and marvels served, perhaps, only as new incentives to a mind alike daring, romantic, and practical. It is certain that from the time when the project of sailing westward to solve the grand problem of the earth first entered the mind of this obscure wanderer, there commenced a career of patience, perseverance, sagacity, and courage, such as the world, it is probable, had never before witnessed.—Though mistaken in the particulars of his geographical plan, he would seem from the first to have had a certain premonition of the vastness and real grandeur of his future discovery.

“When Columbus,” says Mr. Irving, “had formed his theory, it is singular the firmness with which it became fixed in

his mind, and the effect it produced upon his character and conduct. He never spoke with doubt or hesitation, but with as much certainty as if his eyes beheld the promised land. No trial or disappointment could afterwards divert him from the steady pursuit of his object. A deep religious sentiment mingled with his meditations, and gave them at times a tinge of superstition, but it was of a sublime and lofty kind. He looked upon himself as standing in the hand of heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of its high purpose. He read, as he supposed, his contemplated discovery foretold in holy writ, and shadowed forth darkly in the mystic revelations of the prophets. The ends of the earth were to be brought together, and all nations and tongues and languages united under the banners of the Redeemer. This was to be the triumphant consummation of his enterprise, bringing the remote and unknown regions of the earth into communion with Christian Europe, carrying the light of the true faith into benighted and pagan lands, and gathering their countless nation under the holy dominion of the church."

But a long and lamentable experience of delay, disappointment, and neglect was destined to intervene between the conception and the accomplishment of this magnificent idea. The world, united, enlightened, and emboldened by science, can now look back with wonder upon a spectacle strange indeed—the stranger that it should have had so many and so miserable parallels—a great soul tendering in vain to the human race the highest achievement of its courage and intellect, and wandering from kingdom to kingdom, with the scarce-heeded offer of a hemisphere.

CHAPTER II.

DEALINGS WITH THE COURT OF PORTUGAL—TREACHERY OF JOHN II.—
COLUMBUS JOURNEYS INTO SPAIN—HIS POVERTY—HIS APPLICATION
TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA—THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA.

YEARS passed by, and Columbus, still obscure, but adventurous, was deeply cherishing his grand scheme, and brooding on the means for its fulfilment. In 1477, according to an account in one of his letters, he voyaged a hundred leagues beyond Thule (Iceland), his curiosity still leading him to distant seas. A splendid era, however, was approaching. With the revival of letters, and the mighty invention of the press, maritime discovery, which for some time had languished, received a new and forcible impetus. Another enlightened and sagacious sovereign filled the throne of Portugal. John II., who, in the year 1481, assumed the crown of that kingdom, had imbibed from his grand uncle, Prince Henry, the generous passion for discovery and colonization. Vague and chimerical projects, indeed, were among the first fruits of the newly awakened enthusiasm. The idea of converting the Grand Khan of Tartary, long a favorite object with pious sovereigns, appears to have been still entertained; and the Portuguese king actually sent emissaries in quest of Prester John, a fabulous Christian potentate of the distant Orient. The more practical and feasible project of circumnavigating Africa was resumed; and by the king's direction, his scientific men proceeded to experiments, which resulted in the invention of the astrolabe, or quadrant, by which, in the remotest seas, the latitude might be ascertained.

Immediately after this admirable invention had been made, Columbus obtained an audience before the sovereign, and unfolded his grand scheme, as assuring the most direct and the quickest route to the shores of India—at that time the main object of Portuguese enterprise. He proposed to sail due westward, and supposed that he should first light upon the island

of Cipango, or Japan, of which Marco Polo, from hearsay, had given a glowing and exaggerated account. The terms which he demanded for making the proposed discovery, were of a princely nature, probably the same which he afterwards obtained of the Spanish sovereigns. There is something singular in the confidence and pertinacity with which he adhered to these magnificent demands. "He conferred with sovereigns almost with a feeling of equality. His views were princely and unbounded; his proposed discovery was of empires; nor would he ever, even after long delays, repeated disappointments, and under the pressure of actual penury, abate what appeared to be extravagant demands for a mere possible discovery."*

At the very outset of his undertaking, he was beset by the most unworthy opposition, "by reason whereof," says an old writer, "he was very sad and pensive; but yet was not discouraged or despaired of ye hope of his goode aduventure." The learned men to whom John referred the project, treated it as vain and chimerical. The king, unsatisfied, summoned his council, by whom it was in turn condemned. Still uneasy, he listened too willingly to a perfidious stratagem, suggested, it is said, by his confessor, the bishop of Ceuta. Columbus was invited to furnish the council with all his plans and charts for the purpose of examination. The requisite information thus obtained, John, with incredible meanness, dispatched a vessel on the proposed track, thus hoping to gain the magnificent prize, and to defraud the inventor of his reward. But the heroic zeal, patience, and energy of its projector were wanting to the venturous expedition. The weather was stormy, and the crew, discouraged, put back into Lisbon.

Justly indignant at this unworthy attempt to rob him of the fruits of his enterprise, Columbus resolved to leave the country. His wife was dead, and, rejecting a fresh attempt at negotiation by the king, he secretly quitted Portugal, taking with him his little son Diego (1484). Where he passed the following year is unknown; but it has been said that in that interval he offered

* Irving's *Life of Columbus*.

his scheme and his services to his native republic of Genoa, which, however, exhausted by warfare, refused to entertain them. Such, indeed, was the obscurity of his life at this epoch, that nothing certain can be alleged of his movements. His reëpearance was in poverty and distress.

Near Palos, a little sea-port of Andaluzia in Spain, still stands an ancient convent, of the order of St. Francis, called Santa Maria of Rabida. One day a stranger, travelling on foot with his little boy, stopped at the gate of this convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. The worthy prior, Juan Perez, chancing to pass, was struck with his demeanor, and still more with his conversation and acquirements. Himself a man of much information, the pious recluse was fired with admiration at the grand conceptions of his guest: many conferences were held in the old convent, where Columbus was honorably entertained; and it was resolved that he should try his fortunes at the Spanish court. Accordingly, armed with a letter to Talavera, the queen's confessor, in the spring of 1486, he set out for Cordova, where the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon were making preparations for the war with the Moors of Granada.

By the marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon to Isabella of Castile, the greater part of Spain had now become, as it were, consolidated into a single kingdom. The cold, ambitious, and selfish policy of Ferdinand was in some measure illustrated by the more generous and noble spirit of his consort; and in all respects their joint reign has justly been considered as the most brilliant and successful of any in European history.

The zealous patronage which the queen had already bestowed on literature, science, and the general distribution of knowledge, seemed to promise the fairest opportunity for the advancement of this new and admirable project; yet such was the pressure of circumstances, and such the influence of ignorance and bigotry, that weary years were yet to be spent by the adventurer in urging on the court his magnificent proposals. At first he could not even obtain an audience. The sovereigns were

engrossed with military preparation: the confessor regarded his plan as chimerical: and his attempt seemed almost hopeless. "Because hee was a straunger, and went but in simple apparel, nor oitherwise credited then by the letter of a gray fryer, they beleevved him not, neyther gave eare to his woordes, whereby he was greatly tormented in his imagination." Indeed, the career of war and activity in which the Spanish court was at this time involved, precluded the possibility of bestowing the requisite attention or providing the requisite means for such an undertaking.

During the stirring events which signalized this year, he remained at Cordova, supporting himself, it is supposed, by making maps, and gradually, by his intelligence and eloquence, acquiring powerful friends and advocates. Among these were Quintanilla, comptroller of finance of Castile, Geraldini, the papal nuncio, and, above all, Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, archbishop of Toledo and grand cardinal of Spain.

The intercession of this powerful prelate finally procured Columbus the desired audience. He appeared before the sovereigns with great modesty, yet with self-possession, and so engaged their interest, that a grand commission was appointed to decide upon his claims at the university of Salamanca.

At this famous seat of learning, therefore, was assembled a council of the most learned and distinguished scholars in the kingdom. Like nearly all professors of learning at the time, they were, for the most part, friars and prelates of the church, and perhaps more competent to detect the smallest flaw of heresy than to behold a new world, though placed directly before their eyes. Before this erudite and dignified body, the projector presented himself with that modest and manly confidence which always distinguished his interviews with the great and influential. He stated his scheme, with the grounds on which it rested, in the most simple and forcible manner. To his great disappointment, a large proportion of his scientific hearers "entrenched themselves behind one dogged position; that after so many profound philosophers and cosmographers

had been studying the form of the world, and so many able navigators had been sailing about it for several thousand years, it was great presumption in an ordinary man to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make."

The greater portion of his auditors, also, seemed far more anxious to display their own ingenuity, erudition, and orthodoxy, than to give an impartial hearing to the audacious scheme they were to judge. Thus, theological scruples, founded on his plan of the sphericity of the earth, were urged against him. "At the very threshold of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the orations of the Prophets, the epistles of the Apostles, and the gospels of the Evangelists. To these were added the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators; St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith."* This latter worthy had written a vehement and elaborate treatise against the sphericity of the earth, and the doctrine of the antipodes. Moreover, the heavens, both in the Old and New Testaments, were compared to a tent extended on the earth—which, according to the natural inference, must needs be flat. Another and more practical portion of the assembly, though admitting the roundness of the earth, and the possibility of antipodes, maintained that the torrid zone, an impassable barrier of heat, would prevent the voyager from ever arriving there. Besides, Epicurus had asserted that the Northern hemisphere only was covered by the heavens, the remainder of the earth being a mere aqueous wilderness. Moreover, supposing that the ship had arrived at India by this new-fangled route, how could she ever retrace her course up the enormous hill down which she had slidden to the antipodes!

Such were probably the most absurd of the numerous objections which the bold projector was forced to encounter and

* Irving's Life of Columbus.

refute. This he did with great force and ability, avoiding, as far as possible, any offence to prejudice, or any interference with the doctrines of the church, in which he was a devout communicant. His arguments and his eloquence convinced the most learned and rational of the assembly; but such was the bigotry and obstinacy by which the greater portion of his judges were possessed, that he could gain no favorable report at their hands. Several conferences took place, but comparatively few of the council would risk committing themselves by a decision in favor of such an unheard-of novelty.

CHAPTER III.

DELAYS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS—FINAL SUCCESS OF COLUMBUS WITH THE SOVEREIGNS—DIFFICULTIES OF PREPARATION—ASSISTANCE OF THE PINZONS—DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE Moorish contest still raged, and Columbus, in following the movements of this warlike and transitory court, suffered much from poverty, disappointment, and ridicule. Even the children, it is said, were accustomed to point to their foreheads as he passed, considering him a madman. He supported himself in part by his old craft of map-making, and was frequently indebted to the hospitality of the sovereigns or of his more enlightened admirers. He is said, also, to have fought in the campaign of 1489, and to have given distinguished proofs of valor.

The stirring events of the time repeatedly disappointed him of promised audiences with the sovereigns. His brother Bartholomew had journeyed into England to make application to Henry VII., and it would seem met with much encouragement. An invitation to return to the court of John II., he rejected, the remembrance of former perfidy overcoming his eager desire for assistance in his project. It was not until the winter of



COLUMBUS AT THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA.

1491 that he could gain a conference with the sovereigns. The illiberal councils of Talavera, however, and the cares of state, procured a further postponement of his business, and he was informed that until the war was concluded, he must not hope for assistance in so expensive an undertaking. He next tried the powerful dukes of Medina Sidonia, and Medina Cœli. After receiving great encouragement from the latter, he was again doomed to disappointment; and sick at heart with many years of hope deferred, he took his melancholy way back to the convent of Rabida.

The good prior was filled with grief at the miscarriage of this noble undertaking; and, on learning that Columbus was about to carry his scheme and his services to the court of France, again actively exerted himself to prevent such a loss to his own country. Entreating his guest to delay, he wrote earnestly to Isabella, and received an invitation to wait upon her immediately. He forthwith mounted his mule, and betook himself joyfully to court. He had formerly been confessor to the queen, whose ears were always especially open to the clergy; and he pleaded the cause of his friend and of scientific enterprise with such force and eloquence, that her majesty immediately recalled Columbus to her presence, considerably sending him a sum of money to purchase a mule and respectable apparel for the audience. The adventurer once more turned his steps courtward, and was soon in the royal camp, which lay before Granada.

That celebrated and beautiful city, the last stronghold of the Moorish sovereigns, had just fallen before the Spanish arms, and he arrived in time to witness its memorable surrender. Freed from the engrossments of war and victory, the sovereigns found leisure to attend to overtures which promised a nobler and mightier conquest. Eminent persons, among them Talavera, now archbishop of Granada, were appointed to negotiate for the discovery of a new world. But the adventurer, though the entire success or failure of his life seemed hanging on the result, proudly refused to abate a single item of his

magnificent conditions. To the taunt that he was anxious to try his hazardous experiment at the cost of the crown, he replied by offering to bear a portion of the expense. Neither party would yield; the queen was informed of his obstinacy, and the negotiation seemed finally broken off. Eighteen years had now elapsed since the grand project had possessed his mind. In those years what poverty, disappointment, and weary protraction of court-attendance had been his lot! Seven years had been wasted at the Spanish court, and he was now growing old. Still undisheartened, the indefatigable projector mounted his beast, and set off to carry his proposal and fortunes to the court of France.

Great was the grief and mortification of the friends of discovery at this untoward result. They waited on the queen, and with generous eloquence besought her not to suffer an enterprise of so much moment to the glory of the nation and the extension of Christianity to escape from her hands. Isabella was moved; but how were the requisite funds for such an undertaking to be drawn from treasuries exhausted by long and expensive warfare? The difficulty was but momentary. With a queenly and generous enthusiasm she exclaimed, "I will undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my private jewels to raise the necessary funds." A messenger was instantly dispatched to recall Columbus. He had only journeyed a few miles; the courier soon overtook him; and after a brief interval of delay and hesitation at again committing himself to the mercies of the court, he turned his mule, and took the way back to Granada.

All was now interest and enthusiasm with the high contracting powers. The pious zeal of the queen and the avaricious ambition of Ferdinand were alike to be gratified. The Grand Khan was to be converted, and vast and wealthy provinces were to be added to the Spanish dominions. The Holy Sepulchre, with the treasures thus acquired, was to be rescued from the infidels. Such was the generous though mistaken plan of the enthusiastic negotiator, whose spirit, though highly ambi-

tious, was incapable of cherishing plans of mere selfish aggrandizement.

The conditions annexed to his possible discoveries were, indeed, of a princely nature. It was stipulated (April 17th, 1492) that he and his heirs for ever should enjoy the high office of "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" in all the seas, islands and continents which he should discover; that he should be viceroy and governor-general over the same, with hereditary rights, and with high powers and privileges; and that he should be entitled to one-tenth, or (if he paid an eighth of the expenses), an eighth of all the profits to be derived from the expected traffic or discovery of treasure. These anticipated gains he had piously resolved to devote to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Royal orders were issued, commanding the authorities of Palos to equip and man two caravels or small vessels, and place them, with their crews, under the command of Columbus. "You are well aware," commenced this requisition, "that in consequence of some offence which we received at your hands, you were condemned by our council to render us the service of two caravels armed at your own expense," &c.—A penalty of ten thousand maravedis was announced, in case of any failure or non-performance.

Full compliance was promised. But when the object of the projected voyage was made public, a general thrill of horror ran through the vicinity. This little port was one of the most enterprising in Spain, and its mariners were among the boldest in venturing into the dreaded waters of the Atlantic. But to sail into this unknown ocean without a land to steer to, seemed to them the height of desperation and a mere temptation of Providence. All the wild and fabulous terrors of this untraversed sea were revived and eagerly caught up. The distant gulfs would overwhelm and swallow up the audacious voyagers—the torrid fervors of the line would blast and wither them—or they would fall victims to those strange and terrible monsters, with which imagination peopled every distant and unknown region. Not a vessel or a sailor could be procured, and stricter

and more peremptory mandates were issued by the despotic court. Little practical effect, however, was produced, and the enterprise seemed at a stand, when the influence of a private individual turned the scale. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, one of the boldest and wealthiest navigators of the place, had always looked with favorable eyes upon the undertaking. He now came forward, with his brother Vicente, and, by their wealth and personal influence, greatly forwarded the work. They furnished at least one vessel, and induced great numbers of their friends and relations to embark in the enterprise. One vessel, the *Pinta*, with all on board, was likewise pressed into the service by the royal authority. For the greater encouragement of the expedition, a royal edict was issued, not only exempting all the adventurers from civil suits, but declaring them "privileged from arrest or detention on account of any offence or crime which may have been committed by them up to the date of this instrument, and during the time they may be upon the voyage, and for two months after their return to their homes."

By the beginning of August, three small caravels were ready for sea. One only was provided with a deck, the others being open vessels, with only a cabin at the stern and a forecabin at the bow. In the first and largest, called the *Santa Maria*, Columbus hoisted his flag; the second, the *Pinta*, was commanded by Alonzo Pinzon; and the third, a little bark called the *Nina*, by his brother Vicente. In these frail and perilous crafts were crowded an hundred and twenty persons. All was now in readiness. The admiral was provided with letters from the sovereigns, addressed to that mysterious potentate, the Grand Khan, whose territories, it was supposed, he would first light on, and whose conversion, with that of his people, was the first ostensible object of the expedition. Deeply aware of the risk and importance of his undertaking, Columbus, now in his fifty-sixth year, confessed himself to his friend, the worthy Perez, and solemnly received the communion. The others devoutly followed his example. Gloom and lamentation over-

spread the whole community. Nearly all had relations or friends on board, and regarded them as sailing, never to return, on a hopeless voyage to imaginary shores. On Friday the 3d of August, 1492, at eight in the morning, this little fleet set sail, on the most daring enterprise ever undertaken by the genius or audacity of man.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS—THE TERRORS OF HIS CREW—DISCOVERY OF GUANAHANI AND OTHER BAHAMA ISLANDS—SIMPLICITY OF THE NATIVES—CONTINUAL EXPECTATIONS OF FINDING ASIA.

THE plan of Columbus was to make the Canary Islands, and thence to sail due westward until he should fall in with undiscovered lands. According to an ancient globe constructed at this time, his chart probably represented Europe, part of Africa, and a conjectural Asia, with an ocean of a few thousand miles stretching between them—Cipango or Japan being supposed to be nearly in the situation of Florida. The little squadron arrived at the islands on the 9th of August, but was detained for three weeks by the necessity of repairing and taking in supplies. Its departure was hastened by the rumor of suspicious Portuguese vessels hovering in the neighborhood; and the commander, dreading some fresh treachery from the disappointed monarch, hastened to set sail. On the 6th of September amid the tears and lamentations of his crews, he once more spread his sails for the undiscovered continent.

Cheering the disheartened mariners by magnificent promises, he issued his directions to the other commanders. All were to steer westward, in company, if possible, for seven hundred leagues, then to sail only in the day, lest they strike on the shores of India or Cipango. He kept two reckonings, one for his own use, carefully accurate, another for the inspection of the crew, in which the daily progress was considerably dimin-

ished, in order to allay the apprehensions of his people. Many years before, he had resorted to a similar stratagem, when conducting a reluctant crew on a hazardous expedition against a vessel in the port of Tunis.

By the 13th he had sailed two hundred leagues, and now for the first time observed the mysterious variation of the needle. The alarm which was excited by this threatened failure of their only guide, he allayed by a plausible explanation. With a favorable wind the ships made great headway, and on the following day the voyagers were cheered with pleasing, though fallacious promises of land. They were now in the trade-winds, and for many days fled steadily before them without even starting a sheet. The sea was smooth and the air deliciously mild and refreshing. All nature seemed unusually kindly and propitious to this daring and momentous enterprise. Their spirits were also elated by the sight of many floating weeds and other indications of the vicinity of land.

Still, no shore met their straining and disappointed gaze. With a line of two hundred fathoms, no soundings could be gained. The admiral thought he might be passing between unseen islands, but resolutely adhered to his plan of steering steadfastly to the west. His followers, however, became more anxious and excited with every tranquil day and its many leagues of onward though imperceptible progress. In these mysterious seas, the wind, they feared, was always blowing from the east, and would never permit them to regain their homes. When this alarm was dispelled by a slight shift of wind, fresh terrors beset them. The sea, to its whole horizon, was covered with weeds, through whose thick and matted masses the vessels slowly made their way. They might be imbedded in these treacherous meadows of the sea, and their vessels rot away in the lifeless calm, without the possibility of succor. Or beneath them might lie concealed fatal rocks and shoals, the relics of a submerged continent, like the ancient drowned Atlantis. The admiral was beset with continued murmurs and vague apprehensions.

His situation, indeed, was daily growing more perilous. The mutinous spirit of his crew, developed by alarm, began to show itself more and more openly against the envied foreigner, who for his own advancement was thus leading them on to perish in the unknown wilderness of waters. A project was even formed for throwing him into the sea, and, on their return, alleging that he had accidentally fallen overboard while contemplating the stars. Though aware of his critical position, the admiral maintained a calm and steady demeanor, conciliating his crews with persuasive arguments, and awing with open threats the more refractory. Frequent, though deceptive signs of the vicinity of land aided him in dispelling their fears and luring them farther to the westward. By the 1st of October, they had sailed seven hundred leagues from the Canaries; though the reckoning kept for the inspection of the crews only showed five hundred and eighty.

On the 7th, seeing no signs of the island of Cipango, Columbus altered his course to the south-west, and sailed steadily on for three days. Still no shore appeared, and the seamen broke forth in clamorous mutiny. The commander in vain endeavored to pacify them with promises and soothing words. Finding these ineffectual, he told them resolutely that he had been sent to seek the Indies, and that nothing should induce him to relinquish the enterprise. There seems no sufficient ground for the report that he agreed, after sailing for three days longer, to retrace his course. Overawed by his dignity and resolution, the crews sullenly submitted.

The indications of land, however, now became so frequent as to revive the confidence of all. Specimens of fresh vegetation, and a staff artificially carved, were successively seen and picked up. On the 11th they had fresh breezes, and ran rapidly onward. At evening the course was again altered to the westward, and throughout the night every eye was strained with expectation. Columbus, stationed on the high cabin of his vessel, watched more eagerly than the rest, stimulated with ambition to become the personal discoverer of the expected

continent. About 10 o'clock he saw a faintly gleaming and uncertain light. Few were encouraged by this sign, though the admiral regarded it as a certain proof of the vicinity of an inhabited region. At about two o'clock on the morning of the 12th of October, the *Pinta*, which, from her superior sailing, took the lead, fired a gun as an indication of land: and the little squadron lay to, eagerly awaiting the dawn of day.

As the light slowly broke over this newly-discovered world, a green and beautiful island was seen stretching before the delighted eyes of the voyagers. Even had it been otherwise,

"Lovely seemed any object which should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep."

Numbers of people, perfectly naked, were seen running along the shore, and apparently filled with amazement. The admiral, richly attired, and bearing the royal standard, entered his boat; and accompanied by the principal persons of the expedition, rowed to the shore. Landing, he kissed the earth, and with tears of joy returned his thanks to God. The rest followed his example. All were intoxicated with joy. Thronging round their leader, they embraced him, kissed his hands, and almost worshipped him. With solemn ceremonies he took possession of the island in the name of the two sovereigns, bestowing on it the name of *San Salvador*. It was called by the natives *Guanahani*, and is one of that great cluster of the *Bahamas* which thickly studs the sea from *Florida* to *Hispaniola*.

The simple islanders had watched with fearful anxiety the winged monsters which the morning had revealed hovering on their shores. On the approach of the strangers, glittering in armour and gorgeous raiment, they fled to the woods. Perceiving no attempt to injure them, they ventured forth, and approached the Spaniards, with frequent prostrations and signs of adoration. They supposed that these marvellous beings, with their floating habitations, had come from the heavens; and



THE FLAMINGO.

This beautiful bird, one of the gayest denizens of the American tropics, is a marine aquatic, and especially delights in haunting the peaceful and surfless shores of the West India Islands. It is of a brilliant crimson color, (whence its name,) and when standing erect, is fully five feet high. In the long lines of these creatures, at times, regularly drawn up on the shore, the fanciful imagination of the early voyagers led them to see ranks of red-coated soldiery arrayed in military order.

examined, with wondering curiosity, their beards, and the whiteness of their complexion.

These natives, the first of their race seen by European eyes, were beardless, of a copper hue, were entirely naked, and adorned with a variety of fantastic paintings. Their hair, unlike that of the African races, was straight, and their features, where unobscured by paint, were agreeable. Their disposition appeared eminently child-like, simple, and affectionate. In his journal, the admiral quaintly remarks: "I am of opinion that they would very readily become Christians, as they appear to have no religion."

Supposing himself near the eastern extremity of Asia, Columbus described these people under the name of Indians, a name which has since been applied to all the native races of the Western hemisphere. He gave them various little presents, such as colored beads and hawks' bells, which they received with transport as celestial gifts. They cried to one another, he writes, "with loud voices, '*Come and see the men who have come from heaven. Bring them victuals and drink.*' There came many of both sexes, every one bringing something, giving thanks to God, prostrating themselves on the earth, and lifting up their hands to heaven." On the following day, they came off to the ships in great numbers, swimming or in canoes; and eagerly brought their offerings to exchange for any memento of these heavenly visitors—their tame parrots and their balls of cotton yarn being the principal and the most abundant of their simple wares.

The avarice of the discoverers, however, was speedily excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, which the natives wore in their noses, and which they readily exchanged for European trifles. This metal, as they informed the admiral by signs, was procured from the south-west; and he understood them to describe a prince of great wealth, who was served on vessels of the same precious substance. This and other vague information confirmed him in the belief that he was in the vicinity of the wealthy Cipango and the golden potentate

described by Marco Polo. Eager to prosecute his discoveries, and to land on this famous island, he weighed anchor, and left San Salvador on the evening of the 14th.

He hardly knew whither to steer; for all around him were green and beautiful islands, which, as his Indian guests assured him, were innumerable. Deluded by his ever-present expectation of beholding India, he at once concluded that these were part of that great Archipelago, described by his favorite author as covering the coasts of Asia, and consisting of seven thousand four hundred and fifty-eight spice-bearing islands. On the 16th he landed on one of the largest, of which he took formal possession, bestowing on it the pious title of Santa Maria de la Conception. The people were simple and confiding as usual: but no amount of gold was found, and the adventurers again set sail.

The benignity and gentleness of the admiral's demeanor, and the kindness with which he treated the natives, conciliated their deepest veneration and good will. At the beautiful island of Exuma, where he next landed, they thronged around the vessels, bringing the simple offerings, which were all their poverty could afford, for the refreshment of the strangers. The inhabitants of this island seemed more intelligent than those of the others, having neat and comfortable cabins, with hammocks for their beds.

Still, little gold was found; and on the 19th he left Exuma, and sailed south-east for the island of Saometo, where, in the confused communications of the natives, Columbus imagined the description of a wealthy sovereign, having much gold and great authority. He found the island, and was charmed with its beauty, though all his attempts to find the monarch were in vain. He appears to have had a most keen and exquisite appreciation of the beauties of nature, and, in his communications to the sovereigns, often breaks into ecstasies at the charming places which he discovers. Of this island (Exumeta) he says, "It seems as if one would never desire to depart from hence. I know not where first to go, nor are my eyes ever

wearry of gazing on the beautiful verdure. * * *
 Here are large lakes, and the groves about them are marvellous, and here and in all the island every thing is green, and the herbage as in April in Andalusia. The singing of the birds is such, that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence. There are flocks of parrots which obscure the sun, and other birds, large and small, of so many kinds and so different from ours, that it is wonderful: and besides there are trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit, and all of marvellous flavor, so that I am in the greatest trouble in the world not to know them, for I am very certain that they are each of great value. * * * As I arrived at this cape, there came off a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers or trees of the land, that it was the sweetest thing in the world." He appears likewise to have had a strong taste, though uncultivated, for natural history, and omits no opportunity to increase his knowledge. Describing the killing of a certain snake, he adds, with pleasant simplicity, "and I have kept the skin for your Highnesses." Soon after, he chronicles the taking of a strange fish (which he salted down as a curiosity) "resembling a hog, totally covered with a shell of exceeding hardness, being soft no where except at the eyes and tail."

The natives still averred that there was much gold to the southward, and described to Columbus a great island called Cuba which lay in that direction. In the uncertain communications of the Indians, they were understood to say that it abounded in gold and spices, and that large ships came there to trade. The sanguine mind of the admiral, ever intent on Asia, and seeing every thing through the medium of Polo, at once fired up. This island must be Cipango, and the ships in question those of the Grand Khan, whose vast territories formed the main land. He would depart at once for this island, and open a new and wealthy channel of traffic for Spain. He would then steer to the great continent of India, and at the magnificent city of Quinsai, the capital of the Khan, would deliver his letters to that mysterious potentate, and sail back

in triumph to Spain with the answer. With these glowing visions of oriental success and discovery, on the 24th of October he set sail from Exumeta.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERY OF CUBA—DESERTION OF PINZON—DISCOVERY OF HAYTI, OR HISPANIOLA—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—THE CACIQUE GUACAN-AGARI—WRECK OF THE SANTA MARIA—THE FORTRESS OF LA NAVIDAD—DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS FOR SPAIN.

FOR three days, with a gentle breeze, the squadron stood south-west; and on the 28th of October the noble shores of Cuba loomed high in the western horizon. The vessels anchored in a beautiful river, and the admiral in his boat explored the country, enchanted with its beauty. The rude huts, however, and the simple implements which he discovered, betokened no higher degree of civilization than he had already discovered. The vegetation was beautiful and magnificent, and the eye was delighted with a variety of palms, differing from those of the Eastern Hemisphere. He imagined that he smelt the fragrance of oriental spices, and that he heard the voice of the nightingale. "He was, in fact, in a mood to see every thing through a fond and favouring medium. His heart was full even to overflowing, for he was enjoying the fulfilment of his hopes, and the hard-earned but glorious reward of his toils and perils. Every thing around him was beheld with the enamoured and exulting eye of a discoverer, where triumph mingles with admiration: and it is difficult to conceive the rapturous state of his feelings, while thus exploring the charms of a virgin world, won by his enterprise and valor."—*Irving's Columbus.*

Coasting westward, the voyagers examined several villages, and found the evidence of greater ingenuity and art than they had hitherto met with. Implements of fishing and rude statues

were discovered in several of the habitations. The admiral now became the victim of a strange delusion. He imagined his Indians to have described the abode of Kublai Khan, the great Tartar sovereign, and supposed that, instead of Cipango, he must have landed on the mainland of India. Perceiving the terror of the natives, he sent an Indian interpreter to assure them of his peaceable intentions, and that he had no connection with the Grand Khan, whose vessels, he supposed, were the objects of their alarm. Assured by the first part of this message, they ventured to the ships in great numbers.

By another singular misconception, Columbus, who believed himself not far from the Tartar capital, was induced to send emissaries to an imaginary prince, whose city he supposed to lie a little way in the interior. One of them, a converted Jew, was armed with a knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic—languages with which it was supposed that this oriental potentate might be acquainted. These ambassadors penetrated some distance, and discovered a village of more than a thousand inhabitants. They were treated with great reverence and hospitality: but the Arabic and other languages of the East were quite thrown away upon their entertainers. They returned, after an absence of a few days, giving glowing accounts of the beauty of the country and the simple happiness of its inhabitants. They were astonished at beholding for the first time the use of tobacco, which the natives smoked in the form of cigars—a custom since so universally prevalent throughout the world. At this time, also, the potato, cultivated by the Indians, was first brought to the notice of Europeans. Great quantities of cotton were found under cultivation or manufactured into the simple fabrics of the natives.

Columbus was now inspired with fresh hope of finding treasures, by the discourse of his Indians, that in a certain place called Bohio or Babeque, much gold was collected and hammered into bars. They occasionally called this place Quisqueya—a name which his vivid imagination instantly converted into Quisai, or Quinsai, the celestial city, the seat of the redoubtable

Khan. Eager to carry home a supply of treasure or merchandise, which should evince the utility of his discoveries, he determined to steer south-east in quest of this ever-retreating Land of Promise.

Turning from a course which would soon have conducted him to the mainland of America, the admiral, on the 12th of November, sailed for the famed Barbeque. He was, however, baffled by contrary winds, and during this delay, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who commanded the *Pinta*, deserted him, and, from the superior sailing of his vessel, was soon lost to sight. Much disheartened at this piece of treachery, he turned back to Cuba, and for some time renewed his exploration of the coast. He was again charmed into ecstasies by the beauty of the climate and scenery, and the splendor of the vegetation. The canoes of the natives, hollowed from the gigantic Ceyba-tree, were of vast dimensions: one of them, he says, being capable of holding an hundred and fifty persons.

On the 5th of December, having passed the eastern extremity of Cuba, the voyagers beheld a new land, high and mountainous, looming in the south-east. It was Hayti, the most beautiful and unfortunate of islands. On the evening of the following day, they arrived there; and for several days coasted along its shores, enraptured by the beauty of the island—its verdant mountains, wide-spreading savannas, and green cultivated valleys stretching to the interior. In honor of his adopted country, the admiral bestowed on it the name of Hispaniola.

On the 12th, a young native female was captured by a party of the sailors, and a golden ornament in her nose inspired them with fresh hopes of treasure. She was dismissed with kind treatment and presents, to conciliate the people. A party dispatched inland on the following day found a large village, the inhabitants of which fled at their approach. Being reassured by an Indian interpreter, they ventured back, to the number of two thousand, and approached the Spaniards with gestures of the deepest reverence and submission. They entertained the strangers in their houses with their frugal fare of fish, roots,

fruits, and cassava bread, and brought their tame parrots and other simple offerings in great numbers as presents. Some peculiarity of these birds occasioned Columbus and others to imagine that he had now found a confirmation of his theory of India—a sanguine bit of induction, which is thus quaintly set forth by one of his learned friends.—“Also Popiniayes, of the which some are greene, some yelow, & some like them of India, with yelow rings about their neckes, as Plinie describeth them. Of these they brought fourtie with them, of most lively and delectable colours, hauing their feathers entermingled with greene, yelow, and purple, which varietie delighteth the sense not a little. Thus much thought I good to speake of Popiniayes, (right noble prince) specially to this intent, that the Popiniayes and many other thinges brought from thence, doe declare that these Ilands *savour somewhat of India*, eyther being neare vnto it, or else of the same nature.”

The party returned to the ships in raptures at all they had experienced; the beauty of the scenery, the mildness of the air, and the gentle manners of the inhabitants. Indeed, no more pleasing picture of the simplicity, kindness, and happiness of a primitive life has ever been presented than that drawn by their first visitors, of the inhabitants of these beautiful islands. Freed by the softness of the clime and the fertility of the soil from the necessity of toilsome labor, they passed their days in that indolent and uncaring repose which forms the chief happiness of the savage race. Their wars were unfrequent and not sanguinary. In general they mingled among each other throughout the islands with perfect confidence and friendliness. “They are a very loving race,” says the admiral, “and without covetousness; they are adapted to any use, and I declare to your Highnesses that there is not a better country nor a better people in the world than these. They love their neighbors as they do themselves, and their language is the smoothest and sweetest in the world, being always uttered with smiles. They all, both men and women, go totally naked; but your Highnesses may be assured that

they possess many commendable customs; their king is served with great reverence, and every thing is practised with such decency, that it is highly pleasing to witness it." "They display," he says elsewhere, "a frankness and liberality in their behavior, which no one would believe without witnessing it. No request of any thing from them is ever refused, but they rather invite acceptance of what they possess, and manifest such a generosity, they would give away their own hearts." They believed in the one supreme and eternal Being, but looked for especial protection to their *Zemies*, or tutelary deities, whose images, carved in wood or painted and tattooed on their bodies, were regarded with horror by the Spaniards as so many representations of the devil. Even the learned Peter Martyr, writing to Ludovic, cardinal of Arragon, gravely assures him that these figures are "much like vnto the pictures of spirits and deuilles which oure paynters are accustomed to paynt vpon walles; but forasmuch as I my selfe sent you foure of those Images, you may better presently signifie to the kinge your vncler, what manner of paynted thinges they are, and howe like vnto oure deuilles, than I can express the same by writing." They believed that the spirits of the good inhabited a region near the beautiful lakes in the western part of Hayti, and there partook of the delicious tropical fruits, which grow abundantly in those parts.

Thus protected by the kindness of nature from feeling the privations of poverty, consoled by their simple and imaginative theology, and exercising freely to each other the natural rites of kindness and hospitality, their lives passed pleasantly and dreamily away. Mournful is the reflection, that this charming and untroubled, though barbarous existence, was to fade so remorselessly before the footsteps of so-called civilization and Christianity; that the gentle race, now welcoming these strangers as celestial visitants, were so soon to find them the bearers of oppression, murder, and extermination; that hundreds of leagues of coast once dwelt in by a populous, happy, and peaceable race, should now be left a wilderness, desolate,

unhealthy, uninhabitable, and overgrown with the rank and tangled vegetation of the tropics.

The admiral still cherished the hope of finding the famed Babeque; but was detained by contrary winds at his anchorage in a harbor of Hayti. Here he was visited by a cacique, who came in great state, borne on a litter, and attended by a vast concourse of his subjects. He and his people readily gave to the Spaniards whatever gold they had, and still repeated the flattering account of islands, rich in the precious ore, lying still beyond. Here, as at several other places, the devout admiral erected a large cross, and from the ready imitation of the natives in all acts of adoration, and especially from the facility with which they made the sign of the cross, inferred a little too hastily that they were ripe for conversion, and would easily come into the pale of the holy church.

On the 22d he received an embassy, with presents, from an important cacique, named Guacanagari. The messengers dispatched in return, found his town large, neat, and well built, and were received with great honor and hospitality. Two days afterwards, while sailing nearer to the residence of this friendly chief, a grievous accident occurred. Columbus, usually ever on the alert, was asleep in his cabin, and the careless mariners, during the night, ran his vessel on a shoal. The sea and the force of the current, in spite of all his skill and exertions, soon rendered her a wreck, and he was compelled, with his crew, to take refuge in the little caravel *Nina*, now his last resort.

The good cacique was deeply affected by the misfortune of his guests. He wept, and afforded them every relief in his power. With all his people, he rendered the most active assistance; and the effects of the Spaniards, though to the eyes of these simple beings inestimable treasures, were all, even to the most trifling article, carried on shore, and religiously preserved for their owners. "They showed," says Martyr, "much humanitie towards our men, and helped them with their lighters or smal boates, (which they call canoas) to vnlade their broken

shippe, and that with such celeritie and cheerefulnesse, that no friende for friend, or kinsman for kinsman, in such case moued with pitie, coulde doe more."

Guacanagari in person came on board the caravel, and seeing the dejection of the admiral, shed tears of sympathy, and bade him be of good cheer, generously offering every thing that he possessed. Considerable gold was brought in by the natives, and readily exchanged for trifles; and the cacique, perceiving the cheering effect of this circumstance, assured Columbus that in the mountains, at a place called Cibao, there was great plenty of the precious metal. This name Columbus, his head still filled with the visions of Marco Polo, supposed must of course be identical with the famed Cipango.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of the generous cacique, and his sympathy with the misfortunes of his guests. He ordered national games and dances for their amusement; and, with all his people, was struck with amazement at the invincible weapons of the Europeans, the use of which the admiral, in return, caused to be exhibited. Repeated presents were made to the adventurers, and the smallest article in return was received with transport, and was declared to smell of *Turey* or heaven. Even the rude sailors were enchanted with the beauty of the land, and the kindness and gentleness of their entertainers; and a considerable portion of his people, viewing with apprehensions the voyage to Europe in a crowded caravel, besought of Columbus permission to remain on the island.

This idea harmonized with the views of the admiral. Indeed, he now began to look upon his shipwreck as a providential dispensation for the colonization of the island and the exploration of its resources. The wreck was broken up and brought to shore, the Indians eagerly assisting in the work; and in ten days a substantial fortress was constructed of its remains, and mounted with the guns of the vessel.

Reports of the neighborhood of the *Pinta* frequently reached the admiral, and he endeavored to find her, but in vain. He was fearful that Pinzon, resolved to forestall the glory of his

discovery, had sailed to Europe. If, on the contrary, he and his vessel had perished, nothing remained but the frail and diminutive caravel, the *Nina*, to carry the news of his grand exploit to the shores of Europe, and rescue the western world from its oblivion. He determined therefore, resigning for the present the magnificent temptations to discovery which lay around him, to hasten his return, and to secure the preservation of his first achievement before attempting fresh enterprises.

The fortress, called *La Navidad*, or the Nativity, was manned by thirty-nine volunteers, under the command of *Diego de Arana*, a civil officer of the expedition. The admiral gave them full directions for their conduct, and especially enforced the necessity of kind and conciliatory conduct towards the Indians. The friendly cacique promised his protection and assistance to the little colony. Taking an affecting and tearful leave of his generous entertainers, *Columbus*, on the 4th of January, 1493, set sail to carry the tidings of his eventful voyage to the shores of Spain.

CHAPTER VI.

MEETING WITH PINZON—THE VOYAGE HOMEWARD—PERIL FROM
TEMPESTS—TREACHERY OF THE GOVERNOR OF ST. MARY'S—
ARRIVAL AT LISBON—AUDIENCE BEFORE JOHN II.

FOR some days the little caravel, fraught with the tidings of a new world, coasted along the shores of Hayti, delayed by baffling winds. On the 6th, to the surprise and joy of all, their consort, the *Pinta*, was seen coming down with full sails before the easterly gale. Both vessels anchored near the island. *Pinzon*, by frivolous excuses, endeavored to account for his desertion; and the admiral, though aware of his treachery, thought it prudent to pass the matter over. In truth, actuated by his avarice, that commander had made sail for an imaginary

island, abounding in gold; and had since been trading at Hayti for the precious metal, of which he had collected a considerable quantity. Columbus, however, compelled him to restore to their homes, with many presents, a number of the Indians, whom he had kidnapped for the purpose of selling them in Spain as slaves.

Having joined company, they coasted along for some days, during which, according to Columbus, they saw the wonderful spectacle of three mermaids, probably sea-calves. In the great Gulf of Samana, where for a time they anchored, they found a fiercer and more warlike race than their gentle entertainers at the other end of the island. These were the Ciguayans, a bold and fearless tribe of mountaineers, who possessed the elevated regions of the coast. Their bows and arrows, their clubs and their heavy swords of palm-wood, were of an effective and formidable kind. After some peaceable intercourse, they approached in a hostile manner: but were put to flight by the superior weapons of the Spaniards. Two of them were wounded; and thus were spilt the first drops of that vast ocean of blood, which for three centuries has been poured out by the unhappy aborigines of all America, as a libation to the cruelty and avarice of the European races.

The admiral grieved over this untoward chance; but the frank and fearless natives came as readily as before to see the mysterious strangers. Their cacique sent a string of wampum, in token of amity, and soon visited the admiral's ship in person. So pleased was he with his reception as to send Columbus his coronet of gold—a princely compliment, the same which Guacanagari had already paid to his majestic visitor.

On the 16th of January, 1493, the two caravels again set sail, and Columbus, with difficulty repressing his desire for further discoveries, ordered his prow, to the great joy of his followers, to be turned directly homeward. The weather was calm and mild, but owing to the adverse direction of the trade-winds, little progress was made. Early in February, having run as far north as thirty-eight degrees of latitude, they found

more favorable winds, and were enabled to make good headway to the eastward. On the 13th of February a violent storm set in; and these little vessels, undecked, and ill fitted to stand the fury of the Atlantic, were in the most fearful peril. On the night of the 14th the *Pinta* was lost sight of; and Columbus, with gloomy forebodings, was compelled to use his utmost skill and exertion to keep his own vessel alive in the tremendous seas before which he was scudding.

According to the pious custom of the day, many penances and other devout engagements were undertaken in the event of their surviving the tempest—among others, that the admiral and all hands, at the first land they touched, should go bare-footed, and in their shirts, to offer up their prayers in some church before the Holy Virgin.

The chief anxiety of Columbus was lest his grand discovery should perish with its author. He took the precaution of writing two accounts of his voyage, and securing them by wax from the action of the water; one of these he put in a barrel and threw it overboard; the other he placed on the stern, secured in a similar manner, that it might float off, if the little bark should be swallowed up by the waves. The natural feelings of the discoverer are eloquently and piously expressed in his letter to his patrons. "I could have supported this evil fortune with less grief, had my person alone been in jeopardy, since I am a debtor for my life to the Supreme Creator, and have at other times been within a step of death. But it was a cause of infinite sorrow and trouble to think that, after having been illuminated from on high with faith and certainty to undertake this enterprise; after having victoriously achieved it, and when on the point of convincing my opponents, and securing to your highnesses great glory and vast increase of dominion, it should please the Divine Majesty to defeat all by my death. * * * * And although, on the one hand, I was comforted by a faith that the Deity would not permit a work of such great exaltation to his church, wrought through so many troubles and contradictions, to remain imper-

fect; yet, on the other hand, I reflected on my sins, for which he might intend as a punishment, that I should be deprived of the glory which would rebound to me in this world."

The fury of the storm gradually abated, and on the morning of the 15th an island, to the great joy of all, was descried in the north-east. For two days longer, the continuance of the tempest kept them at sea; but on the 18th they were enabled to cast anchor under the lee of St. Mary's, a Portuguese island, the most southern of the Azores.

The colonists were astonished that so frail a vessel had been able to live through the fearful storms which for many days had been raging around their island. The greatest curiosity prevailed, and the governor dispatched presents and a courteous message to the admiral. This, it would seem, was merely a treacherous snare, as appeared by his subsequent conduct. Half the crew had landed, and were performing their vow, *sans culottes*, in the chapel of the Virgin, when the perfidious Portuguese, acting on the instructions of his court, surrounded the sacred building with an armed rabble, and took them all prisoners. The admiral, narrowly escaping a similar fate, was compelled, by the increasing tempest, to stand to sea, in great peril, for two days; and it was not until the 23d that the governor, disappointed in his chief prey, consented to release his captives.

After this ungenerous reception at the hands of civilized men, the tempest-wearied voyagers, on the 24th, again set sail. Fresh storms soon overtook them, and for some days the prospect of reaching their native land seemed hopeless. Fresh vows and penances were undertaken; and on the 4th of March, 1493, the little bark, preserved from such unheard-of perils, anchored safely in the mouth of the Tagus. The admiral immediately dispatched a courier to the sovereigns with the tidings of his momentous discovery

The highest interest and curiosity were instantly excited throughout the vicinity: the Tagus was covered with boats: and Columbus was invited to appear before the king. Stifling

the distrust inspired by repeated treachery, he appeared in the royal presence; and was received with those high honors which John, himself an enthusiast in maritime enterprise, well knew were due to the discoverer of a world. The monarch, devoured by chagrin at the splendid prize which he had allowed to slip through his fingers, listened with deep interest and mortification to his wondrous story. "He was much concerned," says a Portuguese historian, "on perceiving that the natives of the newly-discovered countries were not black and woolly-headed, like those of Guinea, but similar in features, complexion, and hair to the people of India, where he was engaged in such important undertakings." Unwilling to relinquish all hold on these magnificent expectations, he raised a doubt whether the newly-found territories were not included within his own bull, issued by the pope, and granting him all lands which he might discover from Cape Non, in Africa, to the Indies. His counsellors, ever seconding his worst impulses, eagerly encouraged these ideas; and it is said that some proposed the villanous scheme of assassinating the great discoverer, and thus reaping the fruits of his enterprise. The king, however, was incapable of so cruel and inhospitable a deed; but he resolved forthwith to dispatch a powerful expedition to seize by force of arms on the tempting provinces which he had described.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL OF COLUMBUS AT PALOS—DEATH OF PINZON—ENTHUSIASTIC
RECEPTION OF THE ADMIRAL—HONORS CONFERRED UPON HIM—
PAPAL BULL—PREPARATIONS FOR A SECOND EXPEDITION.

ON the 15th of March, Columbus again cast anchor in the port of Palos, from which, a little more than seven months before, he had sailed on this most eventful and wonderful of

voyages. The people of that place, who had long given over their friends and relatives as lost in the obscurity of the unknown ocean, were filled with joy and exultation. The bells were rung, and a solemn procession was formed to the principal church. In the midst of this general rejoicing, Pinzon, who had made the port of Bayonne, and, coveting the chief honor of the exploit, had thence dispatched his tidings to the court, entered the harbor. When he saw the vessel of the admiral already at anchor, his heart died within him. He kept in private till Columbus had departed. A reproachful letter from the sovereigns added to his shame and remorse. In a few days he died of a broken heart, the prey of grief and humiliation. Such was the end of the man to whose daring, liberality, and enterprise, the discovery of America was, in a great degree, indebted; and who, if he had been content with his just share in the glory of the enterprise, would have held a place in the public estimation second only to his great commander.

The court of Castile and Arragon had been filled with exultation at the letter of the admiral. This splendid addition to the empire was regarded as an immediate gift of Providence, the reward of their pious crusade against the Moors. Columbus was enjoined to make immediate preparation for another and a more important expedition, and then to present himself before the sovereigns at Barcelona. His journey thither resembled a triumphal procession. The roads were thronged with people, eager to catch a glimpse of the trophies, the Indians, and, above all, of the great discoverer.

As he approached the city, a number of noble cavaliers, with a great multitude of the citizens, came forth to meet him. The streets were almost impassable with the crowd, and all gazed with insatiable curiosity on the productions of the new world triumphantly paraded before him—the ornaments and coronets of gold, the gift of Indian princes; the bright birds from the equatorial forests; and, more than all, the six natives, so different from aught that European eyes had yet beheld. All the ceremonial was on the grandest and most imposing scale. The

sovereigns, in a great public assembly, rose from their thrones to receive him, and bade him be seated in their presence—honors, according to the proud etiquette of the age, due only to the visits of royalty.

When he had finished his eloquent and engrossing narration, the sovereigns and the whole court fell on their knees, and returned thanks to God for so signal a dispensation—all were moved to tears—and the *Te Deum*, solemnly chanted by the royal choir, seemed the fittest expression of the overflowing emotions which this grand event so naturally excited.

All was now sunshine and prosperity with the fortunate adventurer, so long the victim of poverty, obscurity, and neglect. Wherever he went, multitudes of admiring gazers surrounded him. He received the highest personal honors and privileges from the elated sovereigns. To his own proper coat of arms were added those of the royal family, and a group of islands, surrounded by the waves, with the proud inscription

“POR CASTILLA Y POR LEON,
NUEVO MUNDO HALLO COLON.”*

The tidings of his vast discovery spread rapidly through Europe, and were received with ecstasy by the learned and generous of every nation. It is evident that he greatly enjoyed the splendid success which he had merited so nobly; yet his mind still dwelt eagerly on further and more extensive explorations, and on the grand object to which he had vowed the profits of his enterprise—the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

The real magnitude of his discovery, indeed, was as yet unknown and even un conjectured. It was supposed, as a matter of course, that Columbus had touched on the islands or perhaps the mainland of India (as all Asia was then called); and the exultation of mankind seems to have been principally founded on this practical proof that the earth was round, and that its continents were accessible from opposite quarters.

* “For Castile and for Leon
Columbus found a new world.”

The Spanish government took immediate and vigorous precautions to insure possession of their new discovery. In accordance with the custom of the time, the Pope, at the request of the sovereigns, issued a bull, granting to the crown of Spain the full possession of all territories which they should discover to the westward of a line of longitude, drawn an hundred leagues west of the Azores. The Portuguese, in fulfilment of a previous bull, were to enjoy the right of discovery in all the vast oceans eastward of this line. His Holiness does not appear to have anticipated the possibility of the rival nations meeting by too persevering a search in their allotted directions. As for any claim which the native inhabitants of these undiscovered lands might have upon them, no scruple seems to have troubled any of the high contracting parties. They were sure to be pagans and heathen, if nothing worse, and the obligation to Christianize them, stipulated in the two bulls, seems to have been considered ample compensation for any temporal loss, however grievous.

Portugal, indeed, despite this pious arrangement, continued to regard the new enterprise with the deepest jealousy; and John even went so far as to fit out a powerful armament for the seizure of these tempting possessions. Circumstances, however, led him to prefer negotiation, and in the following year, after an infinity of intrigue and finesse, a treaty was signed, by which the papal line of partition, by mutual agreement, was removed to three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Azores.

Meanwhile, the greatest activity was used by Columbus and the royal commissioners in fitting out a second and more extensive expedition. The principal control of Indian affairs in Spain, then, as for thirty years afterwards, was vested in the bishop Fonseca, an able, but unscrupulous man, whose treachery and prejudice were the cause of great misfortunes, not only to Columbus, but to the extensive regions over whose interests he had control. In accordance with the arbitrary character of the government and the age, almost unlimited authority over

the persons and property of the subjects was given to Columbus for the purpose of forwarding the expedition; but so great was the enthusiasm of the nation, and the desire of visiting the new lands, that the only difficulty was in selection from the host of eager volunteers. The avarice and cupidity of great numbers had been powerfully excited; and there were many who, elated by glory in the recent conquest of the Moors, longed for a more extensive and renowned field of arms—for the invasion of the wealthy empires of Cathay and Cipango, and for the subjection and, if necessary, the forcible conversion of the mysterious Khan. “Hereupon,” says old Galvano, “there grewe such a common desire of trauaile among the Spanyards, that they were ready to leape into the sea to swim, if it had been possible, into those new found parts.”

A fleet of seventeen vessels, mostly of a small class, was speedily equipped; and great preparations were made, not only for traffic with the Indians, but for the foundation of permanent colonies. Twelve pious and zealous ecclesiastics were provided for the conversion of the natives. Besides its enjoyment by the papal bull, this devout project was an object of especial interest to the queen, whose kind and womanly heart was moved with great tenderness toward this gentle and unsophisticated race of people.

Columbus had been formally invested with numerous and honorable titles. He was “High Admiral of the Ocean Sea,” and viceroy over all countries which had been or might be discovered. He was entrusted with the royal seal, with power to appoint a substitute in his stead, and with authority to fill all offices and vacancies by his own appointment. Such were the honors and authorities, never forfeited by misconduct, which, for a brief period, shed a gleam of the brightest prosperity on a life, for the most part, clouded by persecution or neglect.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND EXPEDITION OF COLUMBUS—DISCOVERY OF DOMINICA, AND
OTHER ANTILLES—THE CARIBS OR CANNIBALS—RETURN TO HAYTI
—DESTRUCTION OF THE GARRISON OF LA NAVIDAD.

It had been intended that only one thousand persons should sail in the expedition; but this number, by stealth and impurity, was found, on the day of sailing, to have swelled to fifteen hundred. These sanguine expectants, doomed, for the most part, to disappointment or death, were regarded by the reluctant lingerers on shore as the most favored and fortunate of mortals. Three vessels of tolerable size and fourteen caravels had been equipped in the harbor of Cadiz, and on the 25th of September, 1493, with a favorable breeze, the fleet set sail for the golden shores of India. A few days brought it to the Canary islands, and here Columbus took in necessary supplies for his voyage, as well as a considerable quantity of useful seeds and plants, and a variety of live stock—all of which proved the origin of a vast increase to the wealth and prosperity of the new world.

On again setting sail, they were becalmed for a few days within sight of shore; but on the 13th of October, with a favorable breeze, again launched forth into the Atlantic, no longer the object of vague and superstitious terrors. Their course lay more to the southward than in the former voyage, and they sailed rapidly onward with, for the most part, propitious and favorable gales. On the 2d of November, the nautical sagacity of Columbus detected many signs of the approaching vicinity of land. Vigilant watch was maintained during the night, and on the following day, they perceived with shouts of joy the lofty peaks of Dominica—so named by the pious admiral, in honor of its discovery on the Lord's-day. This island is one of that beautiful chain of the Antilles, which, from Porto Rico to the coast of Paria, displays a magnificent variety of mountainous and tropical scenery.

As the fleet, with a gentle breeze, swept onward in the stillness of the Sabbath, island after island arose amid the tranquil sea. Green forests, enlivened with myriads of parrots and gay-colored birds, were seen clothing their declivities. On one of these, which, in honor of his ship, he named the *Marigalante*, (a name which it still bears) the admiral landed, and took formal possession, but discovered no trace of the existence of human beings. On the 4th he landed at *Guadaloupe*, whose lofty and volcanic precipices form one of the most striking features of the archipelago. The natives, like most savages, fled from the unaccustomed sight of the white men; and to secure their good will, the Spaniards bound hawks' bells and other trinkets upon the children which they had left in their dwellings. These, and their simple utensils, indicated greater comfort and ingenuity than any which they had hitherto seen. There were many tame geese around their houses, and domesticated parrots of great size and splendid plumage. Here also the delicious flavor of the pine-apple first surprised and delighted the senses of the Europeans.

The discoverers, however, were soon struck with horror at the sight of numerous human remains, such as skulls, which appeared to be used as drinking-vessels and other domestic utensils. This convinced them that they had come upon the abode of the Caribs, a fierce race of cannibals, which had been described with horror by their former entertainers. This conjecture was speedily confirmed. On farther search, "Our men found in their houses all kinds of earthen vessels, not much unlike unto ours. They found also in their kytchens, mans flesh, duckes flesh, & goose flesh, all in one pot, and other on the spits ready to be layd to the fire. Entring into their inner lodgings, they found faggottes of the bones of mens armes and legges, which they reserue to make heades for their Arrowes, because they lack iron, the other bones they cast away when they haue eaten the flesh. They found likewise the head of a yong man fastened to a post, and yet bleeding." These accounts were received with a lively though horrific interest in

Europe—being considered as settling the doubtful question whether any race of men habitually preyed upon their fellow-beings. The relics in question were probably those of some unfortunate prisoners, taken in war.

At this island, nine mariners straggled into the woods, whose dense foliage prevented them from regaining the shore or even ascertaining the points of the compass. Search was fruitless, and it was not until after the expiration of several days that the fears of the admiral were relieved by their return. They were exhausted with wandering, and half starved; but they had not been eaten, and brought with them several native women and boys, whom they had captured, the men being absent on some expedition.

On the 10th they again weighed anchor, and stood in the supposed direction of Hayti, or Hispaniola, discovering as they went numbers of the islands which compose this splendid archipelago. While at anchor at Santa Cruz, a boat's-crew of the Spaniards became engaged in a fight with several of the Caribs who were in a small canoe. The fierceness with which they fought, the women as well as the men, rendered their capture exceedingly difficult. One of them was killed, and one of the Spaniards was mortally wounded by a poisoned arrow. The virulent effect of such a wound is described in curt but forcible language by a narrator of the time: "They poison their arrowes with an herbe, whereof he that is hurt dieth, biting himselfe like as a mad dog doth."

The chief prisoner was an Indian queen,—a perfect Amazon, it would seem. "Her son wayted vpon her, beeing a young man, strongly made, of a terrible and frowning countenance, and a Lion's face." These brave barbarians were daunted neither at their misfortune, nor at the sight of the white men, wonderful and novel as all must have been to them.

"When they were brought into the Admirall's shippe, they did no more put of their fierceness and cruel countenances, then do the Lions of Lybia when they perceiue themselves to bee bound in chaynes. There is no man able to behold them,

but he shall feele his bowells grate with a certayne horroure, nature hath endued them with so terrible menacing and cruell aspect."

Still steering to the north-west, in quest of Hispaniola, Columbus discovered fresh clusters of verdant islands arising from the sea—to some of these, from their surpassing number, he gave the name of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. He soon arrived at a large and beautiful island, called by the natives Boriquen, and now stiled Porto Rico. Its inhabitants were enemies of the Caribs, but like them were cannibals, devouring their prisoners. On landing, well-built and neatly-ornamented huts were seen, and the signs of industrious cultivation; but the natives had fled in terror from their formidable visitors.

On the 22d, the fleet arrived at the eastern extremity of Hayti; and the greatest excitement and the most glowing expectations prevailed among the adventurers. These sanguine hopes were soon destined to be miserably disappointed. A party of sailors, ranging along the shore, discovered several decaying bodies, one of which, from its beard, was evidently that of a European. The greatest alarm was now felt for the safety of Arana and his garrison; but the fearless and confiding manner in which the Indians came off to the fleet, in some measure dispelled these apprehensions. On the evening of the 27th the admiral arrived at La Navidad, and fired cannon as a signal to his friends on shore. No answering report was given. A deadly silence seemed to prevail. The suspense of the voyagers, during the night, was in some measure relieved by the arrival of a messenger from Guacanagari, bringing presents to the admiral, and charged with an account of the misfortunes of the colonists.

It would appear that, after the departure of Columbus, the mutinous and undisciplined spirits, whom he left behind, abandoned all restraint and obedience to order. They quarreled fiercely among themselves, and grievously ill-treated the unoffending natives. Eleven of them, inflamed by accounts of the riches of Cibao, had started on an expedition to amass treasure.

Over this coveted district ruled Caonabo, a powerful cacique, a Carib by birth, and possessing all the fierce and warlike qualities of that dreaded race. This despotic chieftain, jealous and alarmed at the invasion of the strangers, was also, perhaps, influenced by an ancient tradition, long current with his people. "The Deuill," says Purchas, "had forewarned them by Oracle a bearded Nation shoulde spoile their images and spill the bloude of their children." Accordingly, on their entrance into his territories, he had seized the whole party, and put them to death. Then joining his forces with those of a neighboring cacique of the mountains, he had secretly traversed the forests, until he arrived in the neighborhood of the fort. The garrison, unsuspecting of any hostility, were buried in slumber, when a furious midnight attack, accompanied with frightful yells, was made upon their quarters. Taken by surprise and overpowered by numbers, they found that flight or defence were alike futile. All were slaughtered, and the village of Guacanagari, who fought faithfully in defence of his guests, was burned to the ground.

The morning brought a sad confirmation of these disastrous tidings. The shores were deserted, the fortress lay in ruins, and the simple habitations of the Indians were reduced to ashes. Eleven bodies of the colonists were found buried in the vicinity. The Indians gradually relinquished their fears, and thronging around the whites related the mournful fate of their comrades. The admiral, numerously attended, repaired to the cacique, whom he found suffering from a wound received in the conflict. The prince shed many tears while describing the fate of the garrison and his own misfortunes. Several of his people were present, and the wounds which they exhibited had evidently been inflicted with Indian weapons.

Columbus, recalling the kindness and hospitality of the cacique, readily believed his tale; and liberal presents were exchanged. Several of the Spaniards, however, considered it merely a fabrication to conceal his own share in the destruction of his guests; and Friar Boyl, the chief of the ecclesiastics, in

a sanguinary spirit, advised his immediate execution. The admiral, however, still reposed confidence in his good faith, and invited him on board his ship. Here the simple chieftain was again amazed by the display of European art and luxury, the strange plants and fruits of the old world, the animals, and especially the horses, whose imposing appearance filled the natives with astonishment. All were supposed to be a fresh importation from the celestial shores.

The evident distrust with which he was regarded, however, inspired the cacique with alarm. His reluctance to wear the mysterious emblem of the cross probably increased the ill will of the missionaries. He went on shore, and soon afterwards strengthened suspicion by enticing from the ship some Indian women, with whom he made good his retreat into his native mountains. The shore was again left silent and deserted.

CHAPTER IX.

FOUNDATION OF THE CITY OF ISABELLA—NATURAL WEALTH OF THE ISLAND—CONSPIRACY AGAINST COLUMBUS—GRAND EXPEDITION TO THE INTERIOR—SUFFERINGS OF THE COLONISTS—SEVERITY TO THE INDIANS.

ON account of the melancholy associations and somewhat unfavorable location of La Navidad, Columbus resolved to leave it, and to found his new settlement in some more eligible spot. He weighed anchor on the 7th of December, and while cruising along the coast, was compelled by adverse winds to put into a harbor about ten leagues east of Monte Christi—a bold and lofty promontory, which still bears the name bestowed by its discoverer. Struck with the natural advantages of the place, both for fortification and improvement, he determined to found a city, the earliest built by Europeans in the new world, and to name it in honor of his magnanimous mistress, Isabella. The harbor was spacious and commodious, with two

rivers, and a beautiful plain in the background. The golden mountains of Cibao, the objects of such sanguine anticipations, lay inland but a moderate distance.

Accordingly a busy scene of disembarkation was soon presented. The crowds so long pent up in the confinement of shipboard joyfully landed, and the numerous stores and materials for colonization were piled upon the beach. Streets and squares were laid out, and houses were diligently constructed of wood and other convenient materials; the church, the public magazine, and the admiral's residence being, however, built of stone.

The maladies incident to a change of climate soon broke out among the colonists; and were greatly aggravated by the disappointment of these too sanguine spirits, who, in lieu of the chivalrous adventures and golden harvest which they had confidently looked for, found themselves absorbed by the toilsome and exhausting labor of founding a settlement in the wilderness. Columbus himself was attacked by the prevailing disorder, and for several weeks, during which he was confined to his bed, could only evince his accustomed energy by direction and advice.

To satisfy, in some measure, the extravagant expectations of the colonists as well as the nation, he resolved to send an expedition into the interior, with a view to exploration, and especially to the discovery of treasures hidden in the recesses of the mountains. The command was entrusted to Alonzo de Ojeda, a young cavalier of high reputation for activity and daring. With a small body of well-armed and resolute companions, he started, early in January, 1494, to explore the interior of the island. For six days they traversed difficult mountains and forests, meeting the greatest kindness and hospitality at the Indian villages. In the mountain torrents they found golden sand and small masses of the virgin ore, which were considered as affording a rich promise of the value of the mines whence they had been scattered. Another expedition returned with similar flattering reports.

The admiral now dispatched to Spain twelve of the vessels, and with them sent specimens of gold, and of the productions of the island. In his letters he described in glowing terms the beauty of the scenery and the fruitfulness of the soil, which was evinced by the rapid growth of the sugar-cane and of other plants introduced from the old world. The necessities of the colony, however, compelled him to solicit further supplies for its present subsistence. He also sent to Spain quite a number of the natives whom he had taken in his cruise among the Caribbee or Cannibal islands. These pagans, he thought, being duly converted, might be useful as interpreters and missionaries, and might aid in spreading Christianity through their heathenish and man-eating Archipelago. To further this pious purpose, he also proposed that a regular trade should be established with the mother country, by which the latter should supply the colony with live stock, receiving in return all the Caribs, who might be caught, as slaves. The salvation of their souls, he thought, would be an abundant recompense for their involuntary servitude. "In this way, the colony would be furnished with all kinds of live stock, free of expense; the peaceful islanders would be freed from warlike and inhuman neighbors; the royal treasury would be greatly enriched; and a vast number of souls would be snatched from perdition, and carried as it were by main force to heaven." This insidious scheme, in which interest and authority appear to have vanquished the more kindly feelings of Columbus, was not sanctioned by the court: the gentle and womanly sympathies of the queen, strongly enlisted in behalf of the simple natives, interposing in their favor.

As the returning sails disappeared in the eastward, the hearts of the colonists sank within them. Wearied of labor, privation, and illness, a return to their homes became the object of feverish anxiety. A dangerous conspiracy was set on foot for the seizure of the remaining vessels, and an immediate abandonment of the colony. Bernal Diaz de Piza, the comptroller, a man of factious and intriguing temper, was the chief mover of

this sedition; but before it could take effect, all was discovered by the vigilance of the governor. A slanderous memorial against him was discovered in the buoy of one of the ships. The ringleaders were promptly arrested. Diaz was sent to Spain for trial, and the less important conspirators received a moderate punishment. But, though successful in maintaining his authority, the admiral, already jealously regarded as a foreigner, awakened enmities and resentments, which pursued him through life, and hampered all his future enterprises.

On his recovery, he resolved on a grand expedition to explore the resources of the country. All the available force of the colony was mustered; and leaving his brother Diego in command of the infant settlement, Columbus, on the 12th of March, with four hundred men, gallantly armed and equipped, set forth into the mountainous wilderness. On the second day, after toiling through forests and difficult passes, the little army arrived on a summit, and beheld with rapture that beautiful plain, to which their leader gave the name of the Vega Real, (the Royal Plain) and which stretches eastward, it is said, for eighty leagues, through the most beautiful portion of the island. The numerous Indians whom they encountered, and through whose villages they passed, were at first struck with terror at the martial array, glittering in steel, and especially at the cavalry, which they supposed to be strange animals, half man and half beast, like the fabulous Centaurs: but the kind and conciliatory treatment, enforced by the governor, soon dispelled their fears, and caused them to delay the march by their profuse and simple hospitality.

Marching over the plain, the explorers crossed the beautiful river Yagui, which still bears its native appellation. The mountains of Cibao (or the Stony Region) lay before them, and as they toiled up the difficult passes, the glittering particles of gold, mingled with the sands of the torrents, consoled them for the asperity of the way. The natives readily brought them what gold they could collect, and gave glowing accounts of the wealth concealed among the rugged ravines which lay still

further inland. There, they averred, were masses of the precious ore as big as an orange, or even as large as a child's head. The main body of the expedition was able to penetrate the mountains only for a distance of eighteen leagues from the city; but Columbus dispatched a small force into the country for further exploration, meanwhile employing the remainder of his people in the erection of a fortress. His emissaries returned with favorable accounts of the mineral wealth and even the fertility of the regions they had explored. Leaving fifty-six men, under the command of Pedro Margarite, in the newly-constructed fortress, (which he named St. Thomas) the governor, with the rest of his command, took the way homeward to Isabella.

He arrived there on the 29th of March, well satisfied with his expedition, and found much encouragement in the successful cultivation and the rapid growth of the plantations he had commenced. In this warm and tropical climate, the fruits of the earth had matured with a quickness and perfection wonderful to European eyes. The sugar canes especially, destined to form the principal wealth of these splendid possessions, had thriven wonderfully, and wheat had come to perfection in a little more than two months from the time of its sowing.

But the human portion of the settlement, which was to benefit by these bounties of nature, was languishing and withering beneath the genial and sultry influences so favorable to vegetation. Fevers and other tropical maladies were prevailing; and a terrible disease, the scourge of licentiousness, communicated by the Indians, now for the first time struck with horror the inexperienced Europeans. The activity of the colony languished, and sedition again began to rear its head. This discontent was greatly aggravated by the severe and impartial discipline of the governor, who compelled the cavaliers and men of noble birth to labor indiscriminately with the rest—thus exciting enmity and hostility in powerful and influential quarters. The dangerous ill-will of the chief friar, Father Boyl, was also awakened, it is said, by an order that he and the other ecclesiastics should be put on short allowance, like the rest.

Many of the unfortunate colonists perished from disease, from toil, and the change from their accustomed food and manner of living.

Tidings soon came of the unfriendly disposition of the Indians in the neighborhood of the fort, exasperated by the ill usage of the Spaniards. Caonabo, the redoubted Carib cacique, it was reported, was preparing for a fresh attack on the whites. Columbus now resolved, as a means of inspiriting and refreshing the colonists, to dispatch another large expedition into the interior. An army of about four hundred men, well armed, was accordingly equipped, and placed under the command of Alonzo de Ojeda, with orders to proceed to the fortress of St. Thomas. Here Ojeda was to take command of that important post, while Pedro Margarite, in whom Columbus reposed great confidence, was to explore the island, especially Cibao, with the army, visiting the several caciques, and displaying to the natives the force of the Spaniards.

Strict directions were given to Margarite that the Indians should every where be treated in the mildest and most conciliatory manner, and that no provisions should be taken from them without a fair compensation from the public funds; any theft or other injury committed by them, however, was to be exemplarily punished, to exhibit the power of the white man. Caonabo and his brothers were, if possible, to be secured and made prisoners. The infraction by Margarite of these judicious regulations was destined to provoke the enmity of the natives, and to lead to their cruel oppression and final extermination.

Ojeda, with his force, left Isabella on the 9th of April, and, on his way, provoked by a theft, cut off the ears of one of the natives, and sent others in chains to Columbus. The latter, with a cruel and sanguinary policy, ordered that their heads should be publicly struck off—death being the penalty among the natives for the offence charged upon them. He was, however, prevailed on by the entreaties of a friendly cacique to remit this punishment, the actual fulfilment of which, it is to be hoped, he had never intended.

CHAPTER X.

EXPEDITION OF COLUMBUS TO THE WESTWARD—DISCOVERY OF JAMAICA
—COASTING THE SOUTH OF CUBA—THAT ISLAND SUPPOSED TO BE
THE CONTINENT OF ASIA—INTERCOURSE WITH THE
INDIANS—TEDIOUS VOYAGE IN RETURNING.

COLUMBUS, having thus for the present arranged the affairs of the colony, prepared for a new voyage of discovery. He appointed his brother Diego as President during his absence, with a council of some of the chief persons in the settlement. Of the five vessels remaining in the harbor he selected the three smallest, being the *Nina* and two other caravels, for his intended expedition. On the 24th of April, 1494, he left the harbor of *Isabella*, and steered to the westward. In a few days he made the eastern extremity of *Cuba*, and sailed along the southern shore. The natives, on the landing of the Spaniards, at first fled precipitately to their mountains; but being reassured by an Indian interpreter, ventured back, and received the strangers with much gentleness and hospitality.

As the squadron coasted along, the Indians, in great numbers, crowded to the shores, and, holding up their provisions, invited the crews to land. Many came off in their canoes, with offerings, to the ships, and were transported at the gifts which they received from the admiral. They informed him that a great island, abounding in gold, lay to the southward; and accordingly, on the 3d of May, he once more turned into the open sea in quest of the ever-vanishing *Babeque*. Lofty mountain summits soon appeared above the horizon, and in two days he reached the magnificent island of *Jamaica*, which still bears its aboriginal name.

After meeting a hostile reception from a large fleet of Indian canoes, the Spaniards approached the beach, which was lined with a great number of the natives, yelling fiercely, and hurling their javelins at the intruders. The superior courage and weapons of the Europeans soon put them to flight, and Colum-

bus, landing, took formal possession of the island, which he called Santiago. The cacique presently made overtures of peace; and in a brief time the natives, with their customary placability, were in full and friendly intercourse with their visitors. As the squadron sailed along the coast, it was continually surrounded by their canoes. Many of these were of extraordinary size, one of them being ninety-six feet in length and eight in breadth, hollowed from a single tree. These people were more bold and warlike, and were farther advanced in art and industry, than any which the Spaniards had yet encountered. Gold, however, was not found, and the admiral again steered for Cuba, whither he arrived on the 18th of May. He found the natives, where he landed, full of reports of these wonderful strangers, who were supposed to have descended from the sky. He endeavored to ascertain from them whether Cuba was an island, or part of the great continent of Asia. Their ignorance of its extent confirmed him in the supposition that it must be the latter. Still sailing westward, he found the sea studded with an innumerable archipelago, mostly uninhabited, to which, from its beauty, he gave the name of the Queen's Garden, and which he supposed to be identical with that great cluster of islands described by Polo as fringing the territories of the Khan. From the violence of the currents and the intricate nature of the navigation, the little squadron was here involved in great peril and perplexity. Freed from this danger, Columbus stood westward, through a more open sea, and on the 3d of June again landed, and made inquiries of the Indians. Their misunderstood replies and gestures confirmed his error, and he joyfully coasted on along the supposed continent of Asia, cheered by the hospitality of the natives, who thronged with ecstacy about his vessels. These coasts, then swarming with a kindly race, ignorant but happy in its simple barbarism, are now a deserted and unwholesome wilderness.

Passing another intricate and dangerous archipelago, Columbus arrived in a more open sea, probably the great bay of Batabano. He still cherished the hope of arriving at a wealthy

and civilized region, and imagined that the savages whom he had hitherto found were but the inhabitants of its wilder and remoter provinces. In their vague communications he thought he had got a glimpse of that fleeting and mysterious dignitary, the fabulous Prester John. He continued to struggle westward through innumerable shoals and islands, where the ships were in constant peril, and where vast swamps and far-stretching thickets of mangroves forbade all access to the coast. He was reassured, however, by finding the coast bending to the southwest, and by the hope of a new and brilliant route of discovery for his return. He supposed that by sailing on, he should pass the Great Gulf of the Ganges and the Arabian Sea, and arrive at the straits of Babel-mandel. Thence he would travel overland to Jerusalem, the object of his deepest interest and veneration, and pass to Spain through the Mediterranean. Or he would sail triumphantly round Africa, putting to shame the timorous efforts of the Portuguese, and securing the glory due to the first circumnavigator of the globe.

This magnificent project, if founded on a correct theory, must, however, have failed from the necessities of the squadron. The ships were miserably leaky and sea-worn; the provisions were falling short; and the crews were disheartened by the constant peril and exhausting toil of their intricate navigation. They earnestly remonstrated against a continuance of the voyage. The admiral could not but see the futility of proceeding further; but was strongly desirous of substantiating his belief that he had explored the coast of Asia. Accordingly, having arrived near the Bay of Philippina, a most singular method was taken for authenticating his discovery. All hands, including several experienced geographers and navigators, were called on solemnly to declare their opinion, before a notary public, of the nature of the newly-discovered country. Stimulated by a desire to return, and probably actually supposing it to be a fact, they universally concluded that the fleet had reached the shores of Asia; and grievous penalties were proclaimed by the notary against any person who should presume

thereafter to recant his opinion. At this very time Columbus was so near the western extremity of the island, that two or three days' sail would have carried him to the gulf of Mexico, and disabused him of the error, in which he continued to his dying day, of supposing that Cuba was the eastern projection of the Asiatic continent.

On the 13th of June, retracing his course, he stood south-east, and soon discovered the Isle of Pines, which he named Evangelista. All on board were greatly exhausted by toil and privation; and it was with great joy that on the 7th of July they cast anchor in a beautiful river of Cuba, and found the natives generous and hospitable in the extreme. A large cross, as usual, was erected on the shore, and mass was solemnly performed. The Indians beheld with wonder and reverence the mysterious ceremonies of their guests; and an ancient counselor of their cacique addressed Columbus with simple and forcible eloquence. "This which thou hast been doing," he said, "is well; for it appears to be thy manner of giving thanks to God. I am told thou hast lately come to these land's with a mighty force, and hast subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people; but be not, therefore, vain-glorious. Know that, according to our belief, the souls of men have two journeys to perform after they have departed from the body; one to a place dismal and foul, and covered with darkness, prepared for those who have been unjust and cruel to their fellow men; the other pleasant and full of delight, for such who have promoted peace on earth. If then thou art mortal, and dost expect to die, and dost believe that each one shall be rewarded according to his deeds, beware that thou wrongfully hurt no man, nor do harm to those who have done no harm to thee."

Columbus, a man of strong devotional feelings, was deeply moved and edified by the natural piety of this native philosopher. He commended his speech, and gave assurances, which, it is to be feared, from his personal ambition, and the false doctrines of his time, were in the end but grievously ill-fulfilled.

On the 16th, he took his departure, amid the sorrow of his simple entertainers, and again stood eastward for Hispaniola. Storms and contrary winds delayed his voyage. For nearly a month he continued slowly beating along the southern shore of Jamaica, holding much friendly intercourse with the natives, who came off in great numbers with presents and refreshments. Their ornaments and their dresses of tropical plumes exhibited much art and ingenuity. Here, as at other places, the simple people besought him to take them with him to his own country, of which the native interpreters had given them such glowing and wonderful descriptions. It was not until the 23d of August, that the exploring squadron, having rounded the eastern end of Jamaica, was gladdened by the sight of Hispaniola, and the friendly attentions of its inhabitants. A month longer was consumed in gaining its eastern extremity; and here the vigorous frame and tireless energy of Columbus were suddenly struck down by sickness. For five months he had been exposed to the most exhausting watchings and exposures, the effect of which was aggravated by his constant anxiety and responsibility. He was carried, completely insensible, and apparently dying, into the port of Isabella.

CHAPTER XI.

DISORDERS OF THE COLONY—HOSTILITIES OF THE INDIANS—THEIR DEFEAT AND SUBJECTION—THEIR OPPRESSION BY THE SPANIARDS.

DURING the protracted absence of the governor, the island had become a prey to anarchy and disorder. Pedro Margarite, who had been dispatched with the army, on the important mission of conciliating the caciques and exploring the resources of the country, had neglected these important duties, and had abandoned himself to luxury and licentiousness. The natives, heretofore so friendly and hospitable, were shocked and alarmed at the excesses of those whom they had so lately regarded as

celestial beings. Their provisions were seized and wasted; their little stock of gold was wrested from them; and their women were subjected to the licentiousness of the intruders.

Diego Columbus, an amiable, but unenergetic man, was unable to repress these excesses. Margarite, supported by a discontented faction, jealous of their foreign commanders, openly disavowed his authority. Father Boyle, too, who remembered with anger the short allowance on which he had been put, added his powerful weight to the rebellious party. Finally, these worthies, having by their excesses and indiscretion embroiled the whole colony, seized on certain of the ships, and, before the return of the admiral, left precipitately for Spain.

The disorders which they had excited remained behind them. The army, now without a leader, roved through the country, committing all manner of outrages and wrongs upon the Indians, who were thus converted into implacable enemies. The island of Hayti, at this time, was ruled by five sovereign caciques, to whom all the smaller chieftains paid submission. Guacanagari, the friend of Columbus, ruled over the territory of Marien, on the northern part of the island, in the immediate vicinity of the settlement. Another, named Guarionex, held sway over a great part of the Royal Plain. The province of Xaragua, so called from the lake of that name, lay to the west, and was governed by Behechio. Higüey, which occupied the eastern portion of the island, was the territory of Cotubanama. Last and most dreaded of all was the fierce Carib chieftain of Maguana, Caonabo, among whose domains were the golden mountains of Cibao. The population of the island is said, perhaps with exaggeration, to have been a million of people.

This numerous, though unwarlike race, was now deeply incensed at the outrages of the marauding Spaniards. Though not daring to attack the main force, they began to cut off stragglers from the army. Emboldened by success, they proceeded to further hostilities. Guatiguana, a cacique under Guarionex, put to death ten of the invaders, who had injured his people, and set fire to a house in which a large number of

them were confined by sickness. Caonabo, remembering his triumph at La Navidad, marched, it is said, with ten thousand men against the fortress of St. Thomas, where Ojeda was stationed with only fifty Spaniards.

That redoubted cavalier, however, was fully on his guard; and the strength of the fort and its insulated position enabled him to set the besiegers at defiance. For thirty days he was closely invested in his stronghold; during which time, by several daring sallies, he struck terror among the enemy, making great slaughter, and escaping unhurt. The Indians, weary of the fruitless siege, finally broke up, and returned to their homes.

Caonabo, undiscouraged by the failure of this attempt, meditated fresh plans for the extirpation of the invaders. He proposed a league among the caciques for a general attack on the settlement, and a war of extermination against the Spaniards. He met with favorable answers from all except the weak and generous Guacanagari, whose territories surrounded and protected the colony, and who still remembered with affection the friendship of the admiral. He refused to join the league, and, with his wonted generosity, succored a large number of the unfortunate soldiers, thus drawing on himself the enmity of the neighboring caciques. They invaded his territory, killing one of his numerous wives and carrying off another. He still remained faithful to the colonists, and, soon after the arrival of the admiral, stood by his sick bed, proffering his sympathy, and his assistance against the hostile coalition.

The situation of the governor was painful in the extreme. He was confined to his couch by severe illness, and the whole colony was disturbed by rebellion, and exposed to the attacks of a powerful and justly-incensed confederacy. To his great joy, however, he found, at Isabella, his favorite brother Bartholomew, who had arrived from Spain some months before. This celebrated man, whose character, though more stern and worldly, bore a strong resemblance to that of the admiral, had, for many years, been a sharer in his projects, his hopes, and disappointments. He had been dispatched by the latter into

England, to engage the attention of Henry VII. to the grand proposals of Columbus, and had met with a favorable reception from that unprincipled, but enlightened monarch. Hastening to Spain with the joyful tidings, he learned on his way the astounding news that the grand discovery had already been made. Arriving at the Spanish court just after the second departure of his brother, he was received with high favor, and was soon dispatched with three ships, freighted with supplies for the colony. On their meeting, Columbus, incapacitated for a time for business, invested him with the honorable title of *Adelantado* or lieutenant-governor, to conduct the affairs of the colony. This appointment, though within the limits of his authority, was regarded with evil eyes by the jealous Ferdinand, and probably contributed much to his subsequent ill-usage of the great discoverer.

Vigorous measures, considering the feeble state of the colony, were immediately taken for its defence, and for reasserting the authority of the Europeans over the natives. An armed force was dispatched to the relief of fort Magdalena, which was besieged by Guatiguana. That hostile chief was defeated, and many of his people were slain. A strong fortress, named fort Concepcion, was erected in the territories of Guarionex, the powerful sovereign of the Vega. Caonabo, the most dangerous and inveterate enemy of the white men, was secured by a singular stratagem. Ojeda, already distinguished for his daring and enterprise, undertook his capture, relying on the assistance of the Virgin, under whose special protection he placed himself, and whose picture he always carried as his safeguard. With only ten companions, he made his way for sixty leagues through the forests, and suddenly presented himself before the cacique. The latter, charmed with his audacity, was easily persuaded to accompany him in a friendly manner to the settlement. He started, accordingly, with a large force, and on the way was induced by his perfidious guest to mount behind him on horseback, and to decorate his wrists with a pair of brilliantly polished shackles. Secure of his prey, the Spaniard started

off at full speed, and after a most difficult and toilsome march, succeeded in reaching the city with his companions and his prize.

The fierce cacique, undismayed by captivity, preserved his haughty demeanor, and boasted of the destruction which he had wreaked upon La Navidad. He always, however, treated Ojeda with marked respect, admiring alike his craft and his audacity. He was confined closely, but not rigorously, in the house of the admiral, "fretting and grating his teeth, as it had been a Lion of Libia, and dayly and nightly devising with himself howe hee might bee deliuered." To effect the release of the captive cacique, one of his brothers, a brave and able warrior, raised a force of seven thousand men, and advanced to attack the Spaniards at their fortress. The simple weapons, and the undisciplined array of the natives, however, proved unequal to the terrors of European arms, and the charge of cavalry. The Indians were defeated by Ojeda with much slaughter, and their leader was taken prisoner.

The colony, whose condition, from warfare, neglect of cultivation, and the search for gold, had become miserable in the extreme, was relieved, in the autumn of 1494, by the arrival of four vessels from Spain, bringing supplies and also a number of mechanics, husbandmen, and other persons essential to its prosperity. By these vessels, on their return, Columbus remitted all the gold which he had been able to collect, and, sad to relate, five hundred Indian captives, for sale in the slave-market of Seville. This cruel proceeding, so dishonorable to his fame, was, however, only in strict accordance with the usage of nearly all the European nations at this period. The cruelty inspired by avarice was justified by the bigoted reasoning, that all Mahometans, pagans, and other dissenters to Christianity, were fair objects of oppression, and that their chance of conversion was an ample recompense for their present temporal injuries. To the eternal honor of Isabella, on the arrival of these unfortunates, she interfered in their behalf, and, although a royal order had been issued for their sale, commanded that they should be sent back to their homes. She

also gave strict charge to treat the natives with kindness and conciliation—a mandate which, unfortunately, arrived too late to benefit the objects of her compassion.

The captivity of Caonabo excited the greatest indignation among his people and his allies. A new and powerful confederacy was formed against the Spaniards. Guacanagari alone remained friendly to the oppressors of his people. By March, 1495, an immense force of the natives, intended to overwhelm the feeble remains of the colony, was mustered not far from Isabella. Columbus, with his brother Bartholomew, at the head of all the available forces of the settlement, sallied forth to meet the enemy. His little army consisted of only about two hundred men; but these were formidably armed, and were provided with twenty horses and as many blood-hounds, both of which animals were an especial terror to the unclad and superstitious natives. The governor encountered the Indians in overwhelming number, near the site of the town of St. Jago. The usual result, where European courage and discipline were opposed to savage ignorance and undirected numbers, soon followed. By a skilful manœuvre, the ill-arranged mass of the natives was thrown into confusion; the cavalry charged among them, cutting them down almost without resistance; and the ferocious blood-hounds, the disgrace of Spanish warfare, tore them in pieces, while almost unnerved with terror. Great numbers were slain or taken; the remainder fled to the mountains, and this great and menacing confederacy was, by a single battle, completely broken up and dispersed. The unfortunate Guacanagari, who, with his people, had been present at this scene of slaughter, returned laden with the curses of his countrymen; and soon after, overwhelmed with grief and mortification, took refuge in the mountains, where he perished miserably.

After this decisive victory, the whole island appeared to be at the mercy of the victors. Columbus, marching through the most fertile and accessible portions of the country, easily reduced them to submission. All the caciques, except Behechio,

who ruled the remote western extremity, were compelled to sue for peace, and were unable to attain it, except on severe conditions, involving their subjects in miserable servitude. Numerous fortresses were erected in their territories, and garrisoned by their conquerors, to keep them in more complete subjection. Besides the large tribute exacted from the chieftains, each of the natives, above the age of fourteen, was compelled to furnish, every three months, the measure of a hawk's bell filled with gold dust—these baubles, which so little time before had charmed the poor creatures as celestial gifts, being appointed to mete out the miseries of their enslavement.

While admiring the genius, the courage, and the indomitable perseverance of Columbus, it is impossible to restrain an honest indignation at the oppressions which he contrived and authorized. Such was the change from his former benignant intentions; and such, unfortunately, is the change which the temptations of power and the insidious plea of necessity can work too often upon natures otherwise kindly and magnanimous. Gold must be sent to Spain, to satisfy the court, to keep up the popular excitement, and to support his own standing—to effect this, a whole nation was to be reduced to unaccustomed and intolerable servitude. “The pleasant life of the island was at an end; the dream in the shade by day, the slumber during the sultry noon-tide heat by the fountain or the stream, or under the spreading palm-tree; and the song, the dance, and the game, in the mellow evening, when summoned to their simple amusements by the rude Indian drum. They were now obliged to grope, day by day, with bending body and anxious eye, along the borders of their rivers, sifting the sands for the grains of gold which every day grew more scanty; or to labor in their fields beneath the fervor of a tropical sun, to raise food for their task-masters, or to produce the vegetable tribute imposed upon them. They sunk to sleep weary and exhausted at night, with the certainty that the next day was to be but a repetition of the same toil and suffering.”*

* Irving's Columbus.

In the forlorn hope of inducing their oppressors by famine to depart, they finally laid waste their plantations, abandoned their homes, and took refuge in the mountains. But the vigilant and remorseless invaders pursued them, determined to enforce a return to their labors. They wandered from one refuge to another, vainly seeking some secure asylum from their unrelenting masters. Many thousands perished of starvation, exposure, and disease, and the survivors, seeing the fruitlessness of the endeavor, ventured back, and resumed the heavy yoke of their invaders.

CHAPTER XII.

INTRIGUES AGAINST COLUMBUS—DISCOVERY OF GOLD MINES—HIS RETURN TO SPAIN—PREPARATIONS FOR A THIRD EXPEDITION.

THE misrepresentations of Margarite, of the friar, and other refugees from the land of disappointment, who now besieged the court of Spain with their complaints, exerted an influence most unfavorable to the interests of Columbus. Numbers of adventurers, eager for the discovery of golden shores, entreated permission of the government to fit out expeditions at their own expense, paying a proportion of the profits to the crown. The avarice of Ferdinand induced him to comply, thereby violating the privileges already assured to the admiral. Such weight indeed did the slanders of his adversaries possess with the court, that it was resolved to send out a commissioner to investigate the affairs of the island.

Juan Aguado, the person selected by the sovereigns for this delicate task, was under obligations to Columbus, and therefore, it was supposed, would be less repugnant to his feelings, in such an invidious office, than any other. With four vessels, freighted with supplies, he set sail, and arrived at the town of Isabella in October, 1495, while the governor was absent,

arranging the affairs of the interior. This weak and ungrateful man, puffed up with his new authority, immediately commenced a system of vexatious interference with the affairs of the colony. He paid no deference to the officers of Columbus, and, with indecent haste, commenced the collection of evidence against him—an easy task in a settlement swarming with malcontents and conspirators. The calm and moderate manner in which Columbus submitted to his intermeddling, as authorized by the royal authority, served only to inflame his pride and insolence. Every description of questionable evidence was admitted; and, most dangerous of all, the defeated caciques joined in an appeal to the court of Spain against their late conqueror. Such a complaint, addressed to the sympathetic nature of Isabella, was calculated to injure the governor more than any other species of accusation.

Columbus, perceiving the influence of the hostile faction at the court, resolved to return to Spain with Aguado, and defend his reputation in person. But when all was prepared for embarkation, a terrific hurricane arose, which destroyed all the vessels in port, except the *Nina*, and laid waste the island in the most fearful manner. The natives had never witnessed such a storm before, and regarded it as a direct indication of the anger of the Deity at the cruelties and oppressions of the white men.

“Hark, he answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.”

The delay which this accident occasioned, enabled Columbus to return under the favorable auspices of a profitable discovery. A young Spaniard flying from the law, had formed a tender connection with an Indian woman of the southern coast. To secure his affection, she informed him of the locality of the richest gold region. He purchased his pardon with the tidings, and the messengers, dispatched by Columbus, reported the discovery of valuable mines of the precious metal in the vicinity

of the river Hayna. Indeed, the whole soil in its neighborhood seemed to abound with the ore. The enthusiastic imagination of the admiral led him at once to jump at the conclusion that these were the mines of Ophir, so famous in the days of Solomon, and he thought he must have passed the southern coast of the Orient, in attaining the fancied extremity of India.

The Nina being repaired, and a new caravel built from the wrecks of the others, on the 10th of March, 1496, the rival authorities set sail in company. These little vessels were crowded with more than two hundred passengers, consisting of the sick, inefficient, or disappointed colonists. There were also thirty Indians, among them the redoubted Caonabo. Through ignorance of the peculiar currents of the trade-winds, the vessels were a whole month detained in slowly beating to Guadaloupe. Here, after some skirmishing with the natives, the voyagers remained ten days, taking in supplies, and on the 20th of April again set sail. Another month was tediously employed in beating against the trades. Famine began to stare them in the face. The daily allowance was reduced to six ounces of bread and a pint of water, and all the authority of Columbus was required to repress the inhuman expedient of devouring or throwing overboard their Indian prisoners. The unfortunate Caonabo and his brother "dyed by the way, for very pensiueness and anguish of minde." It was not until the 11th of June, that the caravels, after a miserable voyage of three months, cast anchor in the bay of Cadiz.

During the long absence of Columbus, his enemies had been industriously employed in tarnishing his reputation. Popular sentiment, with a réaction common enough, disappointed of immediate golden returns, now began to undervalue his discoveries as useless and deceptive, and to sneer at their lately-idolized author. Columbus himself, as if to conciliate fortune by humiliation, at this time appeared in the homely garb of a Franciscan, girt with a cord, and with his beard grown long like a friar's. To propitiate the popular taste, and to revive the interest in his discoveries, he was compelled to the miserable

expedient of ostentatiously exhibiting, in the towns through which he passed, the coronets, armlets, and other trophies of the simple state of Indian princes.

The sovereigns, still mindful of his great services and capacities, received him kindly, and made no mention of the calumnies of his enemies, or of the sinister report of Aguado. He represented to them the value of his late discovery (which must, of course, he concluded, be the Ophir of Solomon), and besought six ships for a fresh voyage of exploration along the promising coasts of the Mainland (Cuba). His patrons readily assented; but the absorbing objects of European ambition and the intrigues of his enemies in office doomed him to a fresh experience of Spanish procrastination. He was repeatedly disappointed in procuring the means for his expedition; and the king, prejudiced by his enemies, began to look coldly on him. Isabella still stood his firm friend, and conferred many favors upon him. Various provisions of the contract, injurious to his interest, were suspended, and an edict was issued, retracting any licenses for discovery, if prejudicial to his rights and privileges. She even offered him the title of duke, with a splendid landed principality in Hispaniola; but his fear of exciting fresh envy in his adopted country led him to decline accepting this brilliant token of royal favor. He was much pleased, however, by a solemn edict making his titles and estates hereditary; and forthwith made an official testament, that his chief heir should never sign by any other than the honorable title of "The Admiral."

In spite of the royal favor, fresh difficulties beset the path of the eager adventurer. It was found impossible to enlist the requisite number of mariners and colonists from among a people alarmed at the disastrous reports of the disappointed refugees. An arbitrary order to impress vessels and their crews seemed to remedy a part of the deficiency; and, to supply the other, resort was had to the forlorn expedient of embarking numbers of convicts and other evil-doers to increase the population of the settlement, at the expense of its morality. Meanwhile, the

vile intrigues of Bishop Fonseca, the superintendant of Indian affairs, and the secret enemy of Columbus, produced delays the most intolerable to his ardent and adventurous spirit. Nothing but his gratitude to the queen, and his desire of serving her, and fortifying his reputation by fresh exploits, prevented him from abandoning his discoveries altogether. Finally, when all was ready for departure, the insolence of Briviesca, the treasurer of the bishop, whose impertinence assailed him at the very water's edge, overcame his accustomed patience and self-control. He seized on his tormentor, dashed him to the ground, and repeatedly kicked him—thus losing, by a moment of unguarded passion, much of that credit with the sovereigns which his prudence and forbearance had already secured to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIRD VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS—DISCOVERY OF SOUTH AMERICA— EXTRAORDINARY THEORY—ARRIVAL AT HAYTI.

ON the 30th of May, 1498, Columbus with six vessels set sail from the port of San Lucar, on his third voyage of discovery. Touching at Porto Santo and Madeira, he arrived, on the 19th of June, at Gomera, one of the Canaries. Hence he dispatched three of his vessels, with supplies, to the relief of the colony, and with the remainder of his squadron pursued his course to the Cape de Verde islands. On the 5th of July he took his departure from them, and steered south-west, intending to strike the continent of Asia near the equator. After sailing in this direction more than a hundred leagues, he found himself in that terrible region which extends for several degrees on each side of the line, and which is known to mariners as the "calm latitudes." Here he first experienced those sufferings which are the terror of voyagers caught within these baleful precincts. A dead calm set in, accompanied by such sultry and oppressive heat that it seemed as if the old stories

of the torrid zone were to be verified. "Hee was so vexed with maladies and heate (for it was the moneth of June) that his shippes were almost set on fire." The tar melted from the seams, the provisions spoiled, and the hoops shrank and fell from the water casks. The men, enfeebled and withered by the heat, had no strength to remedy these evils.

Emerging at last from this dismal region, the ships entered a milder climate, and found cooling and favorable breezes; but such was the miserable condition both of his vessels and stores, that the admiral perceived the danger of standing further to the southward. He therefore, for some time steered due west-ward, and finally bore to the north in search of the Caribbee Islands.

On the 31st of July, when there was only a single cask of water in each ship, land was descried from the mast-head. It consisted of three mountains, which soon appeared joined at the base. Columbus had already resolved to name the first land he should discover in honor of the Holy Trinity; and this appearance, from its singular coincidence, struck him in the light of a mysterious providence. He therefore, with great solemnity, amid the joy of his companions, bestowed on it the name of La Trinidad, which it still retains.

Coasting along this beautiful island, the voyagers were charmed with the magnificence of the scenery and the amenity of the climate. Villages and scattered dwellings were seen along the shore. On the 1st of August, they made land to the south, which they supposed to be an island, but which, in reality, was the coast of South America. The natives came around them in canoes, but could not be persuaded to venture on board. They were a fairer and finer race of men than any of the aborigines hitherto seen.

Passing the narrow and boisterous strait which separates Trinidad from the continent, and to which he gave the name of "Boca de la Sierpe," (Serpent's mouth) Columbus entered the tranquil gulf of Paria. On the west he beheld the long promontory of that name, which forms its northern boundary

and which he supposed to be another island. He steered along the southern coast of this projection a considerable distance, surprised to find the water grow fresher as he advanced. Several of the natives, venturing near in a canoe, were captured, and on receiving presents and friendly treatment, returned to shore, and dispelled the fears of their countrymen. The most amicable intercourse soon ensued; and the Spaniards who landed were entertained with profound reverence by the caciques, as beings from the celestial region. These people were of a fine appearance, being fairer than any yet seen, and of a frank and martial demeanor. The attention of their visitors was soon excited by the numerous ornaments of pearls which they beheld, and which the Indian women gladly exchanged for the trifles of civilization.

Finding the water shallower as he coasted westward, the admiral sent a light vessel to explore the coast. The mariners of this craft affirmed that a continent lay to the westward, from whence flowed a great body of fresh water. Turning eastward, he passed the narrow and tumultuous strait which forms the northern outlet of the gulf, bestowing on it, from its terrors, the name of "Boca del Dragon" (Dragon's mouth). He ran along the northern coast of Paria, and on the 15th of August discovered the islands of Margarita and Cubagua, since famous for their pearl fisheries. At the latter he procured some splendid specimens, as presents for the court.

The romantic mind of the admiral, by this time, had conceived a most extraordinary theory, which he detailed at full length in a letter to the sovereigns. The vast body of fresh water which he had found in the gulf of Paria, he justly concluded could only be the outpouring of a continent, which he straightway proceeded to supply with "a local habitation and a name."

Now, all philosophers had agreed that some one part of the earth was of excellence and beauty superior to the rest, and this part might well be supposed to lie on the equator, where the genial rays of the sun ripened and refined all natural pro-

ductions—metals, jewels, and the precious products of the soil. But though (as he supposed) within five degrees of the line, the weather was temperate, cool and refreshing. What could produce this effect except a gradual elevation of the surface, up which he had gently slidden with his fleet, ever since he entered the favoring influence of the trades? The earth, he concluded, was not exactly spherical, but in one point approaching the purer region of the heavens. Within the external confines of this celestial region, then, he imagined he had come—and if all nature was so pure and charming at the base of this elevation, what must be its apex!—without doubt the original Garden of Eden, beautiful as ever, but perhaps inaccessible to the feet of mortals. And this vast body of water that found its outlet at Paria, had doubtless flowed from the River of Life, still gushing with perennial freshness from its fountain, by the mysterious Tree.* Such was the theory which Columbus gravely, and with much scientific argument, urged upon the court of Spain—fortifying his conclusion, moreover, with copious quotations from Aristotle, Seneca, St. Augustine, St. Isidor, St. Ambrosius, the book of Esdras, and the cardinal Pedro de Aliaco.

He was, however, at this time unable to prosecute his discoveries in these interesting regions, on account of a painful disease of the eyes, incapacitating him from observation. He therefore altered the course of his squadron to the north-west, and on the 19th of August, after five days' sailing, made the island of Hispaniola, and on the 30th arrived at the river Ozema, in the vicinity of the newly-discovered gold district.

* This strange theory is thus stated by one who probably heard it from his own lips. The admiral, he says, "hereby conjectured, that the earth is not perfectly round, but that when it was created, there was a certayne heape rayseed thereon, much higher than the other partes of the same. So that (so he sayth,) it is not rounde after the forme of an aple or bal, (as other thinke,) but rather like a peare as it hangeth on the tree, and that Paria is the region which possesseth the superminent or highest part thereof nearest vnto heauen; Insomuch that he earnestly contendeth the earthly Paradise to be sytuat in the toppes of those three hilles, which the watchman sawe out of the toppe castell of the shippe," &c.

He came into port as before, suffering under a complication of maladies, the result of age, anxiety and exposure.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISORDERS OF THE COLONY DURING THE ABSENCE OF COLUMBUS— THE REBELLION OF ROLDAN—HOSTILITIES WITH THE INDIANS—THEIR DEFEAT.

DURING the protracted absence of Columbus, the affairs of the settlement, by the turbulence of the colonists and the hostility of the natives, had become entangled and distracted to a miserable degree. His brother Bartholomew, who had been left in command, had, indeed, exhibited the greatest prudence and energy in conducting the government. He had founded an important settlement (the present city of St. Domingo,) on the river Ozema, in the neighborhood of the gold mines, and had taken every precaution to render available the resources of the country. He had made a formal visit to Behechio, the powerful cacique of Xaragua, the most fertile and beautiful region of the island. This wealthy chieftain received him with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and his people vied with each other in attentions to their distinguished visitors. For the amusement of their guests, the Indians performed their national games and tournaments; and fought each other with such spirit in the latter, that numbers were slain and wounded.

On this visit the Spaniards first learned to partake of the flesh of the guana, a species of lizard, hideous in appearance, but highly renowned as a West India delicacy. A writer of the time thus describes the experiment. "These serpentes are like unto crocodiles saving in bygness, they call them guanans. Unto that day none of owre men durste adventure to taste of them, by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and loathsomeness, yet the adelantado, being entysed by the pleasantness of

the kynge's syster Anacaona, determined to taste of the serpentes. But when he felt the fleshe thereof to be so delycate to his tongue, he fel too amayne without al feare. The which thing his companions perceiving, were not behynde him in greedynesse, insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they affirm to be of more pleasant taste than eyther owre phesantes or par-treches." Other adventurers appear to have taken to the same delicacy less kindly. An old English voyager writes surlily, "here we stayed certain days, feeding on a loathsome beast called a guana." It is probably to this same creature that another ancient writer refers: "In this island" (Cuba,) "the common people were prohibited the eating of Serpents, as being reserued for Royall dainties and the Prerogatiue of the King's Table." "This monstrous beaste" says another, "is goode to be eaten, and a beaste not to be rejected."

The kindly cacique of Xaragua was readily induced to submit himself to the sovereignty of his guests, and to consent to the payment of a large tribute in cotton and other useful articles—his country producing none of the precious metal. There is something exceedingly affecting in the cheerful and generous spirit which these gentle beings always evinced towards their visitors, until driven into resistance by oppression; and the readiness with which they yielded their simple allegiance to the evident superiority of this handful of strangers, proves the ease with which their happiness and the prosperity of the white men might have been reconciled by a humane and considerate policy.

But during the absence of the adelantado, the colonists, rapacious for gold, had inflicted fresh injuries and oppressions on their Indian serfs; and the latter, as already narrated, had fled in great numbers to the mountains, trusting that their tyrants, unprovided with the means of subsistence, would quit the island. Great distress thus ensued among the settlers, and Bartholomew, on his return, dispersed a considerable number of the discontented in a chain of military posts which he had

established, and also removed a large body to the settlement of St. Domingo.

The bigoted cruelty of the ecclesiastics soon rekindled a native war. Their efforts to make converts had hitherto been attended with little success, and although they had induced Guarionex, the cacique of the Vega, to repeat *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias*, with his household, yet, unable to resist the ridicule of his brother chieftains, he soon relapsed into infidelity. Moreover some of his people destroyed certain images, which the friars had erected in a chapel, and thus brought down on their heads the fiery indignation of the church. The unfortunate offenders, according to the merciless spirit of the age, were burned alive; and their cacique, enraged at this act of cruelty, set on foot a fresh conspiracy. It was agreed that, on the day of payment of the tribute, a general massacre of the oppressors should take place.

The adelantado, being apprised of the scheme, took the most vigorous measures to suppress it. He rapidly marched from St. Domingo with his forces, and found the Indians already assembled in the Vega, to the number of many thousands. By a sudden and well-concerted plan, he entered their quarters in the dead of night, and carried off as captives fourteen of their principal caciques. Two of them were executed, and the Indians, deeply attached to their rulers, and accustomed to obey them implicitly, gave up their intention, and filled the air with cries and lamentations. Guarionex, who had been deeply injured by the Spaniards, was pardoned, and the adelantado, by a judicious clemency, for a brief time, restored peace to the island.

Discontent and conspiracy, however, were busy among the colonists themselves; and Bartholomew, already hated as a foreigner, acquired fresh enmity by the necessary strictness and rigor of his discipline. At the head of the most factious spirits of the settlement was one Francisco Roldan, an ungrateful wretch, who had been raised by Columbus from the rank of a menial, to be chief alcalde, or judge of the island. He

was uneducated, but shrewd, daring, and ambitious, and resolved to take advantage of the admiral's absence and the general disaffection, to procure his own advancement. He resisted the authority of Diego at Isabella, and made several fruitless attempts to gain possession of some fortress. Finally, with a large band of desperadoes, whom he had conciliated by indulgence and by promises, he broke open the public warehouses at Isabella, and, having supplied his followers with their contents, set out for the delightful province of Xaragua, where, as he assured them, all should revel in ease and sensuality. To gain the assistance of the Indians, he proclaimed himself their protector and the redresser of their wrongs; and these confiding and generous creatures flocked around him, bringing an abundance of supplies, and all the gold which they could collect. These simple savages, however, were not long in finding that, like the doves in the fable, they had trusted to the protection of the hawk. The primitive happiness of Xaragua was soon at an end. "Here," says old Martyr, with honest indignation, "this filthy sinke of rebels liued in all kinde of mischiefe, robbing the people, spoyling the countrey, and rauishing both wyues and virgins."

The adelantado, unable to rely upon the obedience of his troops, had been without power to suppress this revolt; but in February, 1498, being reinforced by the arrival of two ships from Spain, felt more secure in his position. Having vainly attempted negotiation with the rebels, he proclaimed them traitors—a step which, however, only hastened their march to the inviting regions of Xaragua.

The spirit of revolt which Roldan had diffused among the Indians of the Vega, soon led them to engage in a fresh conspiracy. But their plans were disconcerted by the energy of Bartholomew, and the unfortunate Guarionex, with a few followers, fled into the mountains of Ciguay. Here Mayonabex, the bold and magnanimous chieftain of that district, accorded him his protection, and assisted him in a course of harassing warfare which he continued against the whites and their Indian

allies. Into these almost inaccessible fastnesses the adelantado, with a small force, made his way, in despite of a large body of Indians, who opposed him at the passage of a ford. These savages, says the chronicler, "came runnyng out of the woods with a terrible cry and a most horrible aspect: For they were all paynted and spotted with sundry colours, and especially with black and red; a man would thinke them to be deuills incarnat newly broke out of hell, they are so like vnto helhounds." They were, however, defeated and dispersed with much loss, by the energetic Bartholomew. He then sent a messenger to the hostile cacique, demanding the surrender of his guest as the price of peace and friendship, and threatening his territories with fire and sword, in the event of his non-compliance. The generous and haughty chieftain replied with a peremptory refusal. "Tell the Spaniards," he said, "that they are bad men, cruel and tyrannical; usurpers of the territories of others, and shedders of innocent blood; I have no desire of the friendship of such men. Guarionex is a good man, he is my friend, he is my guest, he has fled to me for refuge, I have promised to protect him, and I will keep my word."

The threat of the invader was speedily fulfilled, and the unfortunate chieftains, from their mountainous retreat, soon beheld the air thick with the smoke of burning villages. The usual fate of the natives, when opposed to the superior skill and courage of the whites, ensued. After a long and fatiguing campaign, the adelantado succeeded in completely overcoming the refractory province, and in taking captive Mayonabex and his guest, the latter worn out and overcome by fatigue and hunger. With comparative clemency, the lives of these unfortunate caciques were spared, and they were retained as hostages for the peaceful conduct of their subjects.

This protracted and harassing warfare being ended, the successful commander returned to the fortress of St. Domingo, where he soon had the joy of witnessing the arrival of the admiral, after an absence of two years and a half. During this period, the colony had been involved in almost continual dis-

sension and warfare; and the adelantado, though displaying prudence, courage, and sagacity in the highest degree, had been unable to restore its union and prosperity.

CHAPTER XV.

NEGOTIATION OF COLUMBUS WITH THE REBELS—HIS SUBMISSION TO THEIR EXACTIONS—INFLUENCE OF HIS ENEMIES IN SPAIN—THE APPOINTMENT OF BOBADILLA.

THE admiral, on his arrival, exhausted by illness and exposure, found the affairs of the colony in an exceedingly feeble and distracted condition. The quarrels of the Spaniards, and their rapacity for gold, had caused them to neglect the cultivation of the soil, and to expose themselves to the horrors of famine. Great numbers of the Indians had perished, and others were lurking in the mountains; nearly all were disaffected toward the whites. Many of the colonists, suffering from privation and disease, were clamorous for return.

A proclamation was issued against Roldan and his followers; but an unfortunate circumstance had greatly strengthened the hands of the conspirators. The vessels which Columbus dispatched from the Canaries had made the coast of Xaragua, and had entered into communication with the Spaniards, whom they found there. Deceived by the representations of Roldan, the commander supplied him plentifully with arms and other munitions. A large number of the crews (mostly convicts) deserted to the rebels, and the vessels reached St. Domingo in a forlorn condition.

Trusting to relieve the settlement of this dangerous band of malcontents, Columbus next offered a free passage to all who might desire it, in five vessels which he proposed to dispatch to Spain. He also sent a conciliatory message to Roldan, inviting an interview and assuring him of personal safety.

The latter dispatched an insolent reply, and at the same time proclaimed himself as a protector of the rights of the Indians—a most artful step, founded on his knowledge of the queen's sympathy for that oppressed people. Columbus, on mustering his forces, found that disaffection had spread so far that only a mere handful of men obeyed the summons. He was therefore obliged to send the ships to sea, without the restless and factious spirits whom he especially dreaded. He dispatched at the same time a long letter to the court, entreating countenance and protection, and making many valuable suggestions for the welfare of the colony. Unfortunately, both for the sake of his own interest and reputation, he advised the continuance, for some time longer, of the enslavement to which the Indian captives were held. He also gave a glowing account of his recent discoveries, accompanied by specimens of the gold and pearls which he had discovered. The rebellious faction also forwarded their statement, which, unhappily, was backed by influential friends at the Spanish court.

Negotiation with the insurgents was now resumed, but the terms of Roldan were too arrogant and grasping to be complied with. At length it was agreed that he and his followers should be honorably sent to Spain, with their effects, receiving full pay, and a certificate of good conduct (November, 1498). The effect of these terms, (in a manner extorted from him,) Columbus trusted to annul by a private letter to the sovereigns, in which he fully described the various atrocities which they had committed, and recommended the seizure of themselves and their ill-gotten wealth until the truth could be ascertained.

But when the time of sailing arrived, the revolted faction, unwilling to relinquish their life of indolent ease, and fearing investigation at home, refused to embark. Columbus at the same time received a disheartening letter from his old enemy Fonseca, by which it appeared that the sovereigns, prejudiced by the representations of his enemies, hesitated to confirm his authority against the rebellious party. Nothing, then, remained but to make peace at any sacrifice; and accordingly (August,

1499,) Columbus sailed in person to the neighborhood of Xaragua, and arranged conditions of agreement. He was compelled to submit to the hardest terms, and to reinstate Roldan in his office of *alcalde*, which he exercised with great insolence. Large grants of land, of Indian slaves, and other property, were made to him and his followers, and the admiral trusted that, by such unlimited concessions, he had secured for a time the tranquillity of the island.

He now meditated returning for a season to Spain, that he might reestablish his character in the eyes of the sovereigns; but a new and vexatious incident detained him. Alonzo de Ojeda, a favorite of Fonseca, inflamed by the late accounts of Columbus, had obtained permission to fit out a private expedition (May, 1499). Among the adventurers in this enterprise, was the famous Americo Vespucci, a Florentine merchant, whose name, in consequence of the events of the voyage, and his account of it, was unjustly bestowed on the lands already discovered by Columbus. Guided by the charts of the admiral, and directed by experienced navigators, the squadron of Ojeda, composed of four ships, had coasted along the shores of South America, for more than a thousand miles; and, following the track of Columbus through the Gulf of Paria, had kept westward, and discovered the gulf of Venezuela. Thence touching at various islands, these unprincipled adventurers had taken many captives for the purpose of selling them in the slave markets at home; and finally, needing supplies, had sailed for Hispaniola.

The governor, aware of the bold and unscrupulous character of Ojeda, and learning that he was carrying off the natives of Hayti, as slaves, was filled with apprehension. He accordingly dispatched against him the crafty and audacious Roldan, whose new acquisitions had rendered him anxious for an opportunity to display his loyalty. A series of stratagems and reprisals took place; but in the end the intruder, outwitted by his opponent, was compelled to retreat from the island; and, turning his prows to some quarter more suitable for kidnapping, made

up his freight of unfortunate captives, and carried them to the slave markets of Cadiz.

A fresh conspiracy, excited by the severity of Roldan, soon broke out, headed by Adrian de Moxica, and others of the old malcontents. But the admiral, with only ten attendants, hastened to the scene, and, coming on their quarters by night, seized upon the principal conspirators. Moxica was ordered to be hanged on the summit of Fort Concepcion; and on his proceeding to accuse some innocent persons, Columbus, in one of his rare but uncontrollable fits of anger, ordered him to be flung headlong from the battlements. Others were reserved for future execution; and the entire revolt was suppressed in the most stern and energetic manner. The prosperity of the colony, freed from sedition, and promoted by prudent management, began to rest on a more firm and settled foundation.

But while Columbus was engaged in arranging the distracted affairs of the island, his enemies in Spain, numerous and powerful, possessed the ear of the court. The jealousy of Ferdinand was aroused by continued insinuations against the man whom he had entrusted with such almost unlimited powers. Troops of vagabonds, shipped from the colony, disappointed in their hopes, and clamorous for pay or for charity, surrounded and annoyed the inmates of the palace. The queen was justly indignant at the pertinacity with which the governor urged the continuance of slavery; and the very excesses of the rebels, and the wrongs which they had done to the natives, were all laid at his door. She ordered as many of these unfortunates as possible to be restored to their country, and soon ceased to shield Columbus from the jealous designs of her consort.

The latter had long been anxious to find some pretext for resuming the authority which he thought he had so unwarily granted; and a suggestion of Columbus was seized upon to effect his purpose. The admiral had requested that a judge, learned in the law, might be sent to the island, and also an impartial umpire to decide the matters in dispute. Taking advantage of this opportunity, the king appointed one Fran-

cisco de Bobadilla, a needy, passionate and vain-glorious knight, to investigate the affairs of the colony. He was armed with several letters, one of which, conferring on him the supreme command of the island, he was not to produce, unless the culpability of Columbus should be fully proved.

CHAPTER XVI.

RASH AND OPPRESSIVE CONDUCT OF BOBADILLA—COLUMBUS SENT HOME
IN CHAINS—SENSATION AT THE SPANISH COURT—INJUSTICE OF
FERDINAND—APPOINTMENT OF OVANDO.

“Chains thy reward! beyond the Atlantic wave,
Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave.”

BOBADILLA set sail in July, 1500, and on the 23d of the following month arrived at St. Domingo. As he entered the river, he beheld the body of a Spaniard hanging on a gibbet on either bank. He was also informed that several of the insurgents had suffered a similar fate, and that others were in prison awaiting their doom. He was naturally excited at this instance of severity, and his ears were soon filled with the complaints of the disaffected. He demanded the custody of the persons in confinement to be committed to himself; and Diego Columbus, who was in command, imprudently refusing compliance, afforded him an excuse for producing his full powers. With great pomposity, he read before the church the final missive of the sovereigns, and then, with a huge and motley array, proceeded to the fortress. Opposition was, of course, impossible; but this doughty commander, provided with scaling ladders, attacked the prison with great fury. The doors flew open before his blows, the few officers in charge of the building making no resistance; and he took possession of the prisoners with great show of importance.

He followed up this step by occupying the house of the absent viceroy and seizing on all his property; and, in short,

conducted himself with all the insolence and rapacity which might be expected from a man of his character, whose elevation to office was dependant on his assertion of the guilt of his predecessor. The latter, who was at a distance, on hearing these tidings, could scarcely credit that the sovereigns had authorized acts of such injustice and ingratitude. He supposed Bobadilla to have greatly exceeded his powers, and wrote a letter cautioning him against the rash edicts which the latter, to secure popularity, had already issued. The reply was a peremptory command, backed by the mandate of the sovereigns, to appear before his rival at St. Domingo. On receiving this decisive intimation of the ingratitude of the court, he hesitated no longer, but set out for St. Domingo, and, travelling in a lonely manner, presented himself before the intruder. Bobadilla, swelling with importance, and aware that the presumption of the admiral's guilt was necessary to his own justification, at once ordered him to be put into irons; but such was the awe inspired by his age, his dignity, and his great name, that even among the hardened wretches who were his accusers, it was difficult to find one who would perform the infamous task. He submitted to the indignity with the calm endurance of a great mind. The malice of his oppressors could excite no expression of anger or impatience. "Columbus," says his distinguished biographer, "could not stoop to deprecate the arrogance of a weak and violent man like Bobadilla. He looked beyond this shallow agent and all his petty tyranny, to the sovereigns who employed him. It was their injustice, and their ingratitude alone that could wound his spirit; and he felt assured that when the truth came to be known, they would blush to find how greatly they had wronged him."

His brothers shared a similar fate, and all were separately confined on board of vessels, and were kept in entire ignorance of the nature of their accusation or of the evidence which was industriously collected against them. Every species of complaint found a ready market with the new governor, who knew that his own justification must depend upon the convic-

tion of the accused; and the imprisoned commanders were held responsible for every abuse which had been committed on the island, and even for the excesses of the insurgent faction, which now, by an alliance natural enough, was in close league with Bobadilla. The most ridiculous charges were trumped up against the admiral, for an accusation of him was the surest mode of securing the favor of his supplanter.

In October, 1500, this illustrious man was sent from the world which he had discovered, manacled like a common felon. Villedojo, a man of honorable feelings, who had charge of the prisoners, after the vessel was out to sea, would have taken off his irons; but the admiral proudly and gravely refused. "Their majesties," he said, "commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name; by their authority he has put upon me these chains: I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterwards as relics and memorials of the reward of my services." This striking resolution, the offspring of a deeply-wounded and indignant heart, he religiously fulfilled; the chains were always seen hanging in his cabinet; and he charged that they should be buried with him when he died.

On his arrival at Cadiz, and the publication of these circumstances, the Spanish nation experienced a universal shock of shame and indignation. The court, which probably had not contemplated such results, hastened to rescue itself from obloquy and to make ostentatious amends for its injustice. The sovereigns wrote to him, deploring the unhappy event of their mission, and making provision for his honorable appearance at court. He appeared before them at Granada with much state and dignity, and met with the most favorable and distinguished reception. Hitherto his soul, steeled by hardship and experience, had showed itself unmoved by prosperity or adversity; but when he beheld tears in the eyes of Isabella, his feelings utterly overcame him, and he threw himself on his knees before her, unable to speak from the excess of his weeping and emotion.

Being reassured by the kindest expressions, he recovered his self-command, and eloquently vindicated his character and the justice of his administration. He had already, in a letter to a friend at the court, explained the injustice of his treatment. "I have been much aggrieved," he had written, "that a person should be sent out to investigate my conduct, who knew that if the inquest sent home should be of a grave nature, he would remain in the government. * * * * *. I have been judged as a governor who had been sent to take charge of a well-regulated city, under the dominion of long-established laws, where there was no danger of every thing running to disorder and ruin; but I ought to be judged as a captain, sent to subdue a numerous and hostile people, of manners and religion opposite to ours, living, not in regular towns, but in forests and mountains. It ought to be considered that I have brought all these under subjection to their majesties, giving them dominion over another world, by which Spain, heretofore poor, has suddenly become rich. Whatever errors I may have fallen into, they were not with an evil intention."

His patrons expressed high indignation against the conduct of Bobadilla, which they entirely disavowed; and promised that he should forthwith be dismissed from office, assuring Columbus of his speedy restitution in all his honors and privileges. But he was doomed, during the brief remainder of his life, to experience, with continual disappointment, the fickle and faithless nature that is too generally the attribute of crowned heads. It is probable that Ferdinand never intended to fulfil his engagements. The daily-increasing evidence of the grandeur and extent of the new discoveries, had aroused his jealousy against the dangerous powers which, according to covenant, he had bestowed on the great admiral. Many expeditions of a private nature had been made, all tending to prove the vast extent of the newly-found continent.

One Niño, a pilot of Columbus, in a little caravel of fifty tons, had coasted a considerable distance along the northern shore of South America, and had returned richly freighted

with pearls and gold (1499). Vicente Pinzon, in January, 1500, crossing the line, had landed at Cape St. Augustine, in the Brazils, and had discovered the great river Amazon. Diego de Lepe, immediately afterwards, had explored a great tract of coast, and had ascertained that, below Cape St. Augustine, it ran to the south-west. The expedition of Sebastian Cabot, under Henry VII. of England, in 1497, had proved the existence of a great tract to the northward; and Alvarez de Cabral, a Portuguese admiral, in 1500, on his route around Africa, had accidentally fallen on the Brazils. These vast discoveries were, however, as yet, generally regarded as different portions of the coast of Asia.

Such evidences of the importance of the new acquisitions were quite sufficient to cause the resolve of the selfish and jealous monarch that Columbus should never again hold the high office of which he had been so opportunely deprived. His task had been performed, and the only question was, how to evade with decency the performance of the contracts which assured him of his reward. The king therefore amused him by promises, but adduced specious reasons against his immediate re-assumption of authority. Since he was at present unpopular on the island, it would be for his interest for a while to remain absent. Meanwhile, some officer of repute should replace Bobadilla, and arrange the troubled affairs of the colony. At the end of two years, it was promised he should be fully reinstated. With this treacherous assurance he was compelled to appear satisfied.

Nicholas de Ovando, a man of some reputation and of agreeable manners, but ambitious, ungenerous, and cruel in the extreme, was now appointed to the supreme government of the islands and the newly-discovered Terra Firma. Interference of some kind was much needed, for the affairs of the island, under the reckless administration of Bobadilla, were in a shameful condition. To secure popularity, he had allowed the colonists to indulge in great excesses; and these wretches, many of them convicts and criminals, exercised the most fright-

ful oppression toward their serfs, the unfortunate Indians. The latter were compelled to carry their tyrants in litters around the island, and to toil till nature was exhausted to satisfy their rapacity for gold. The benevolent feelings of Isabella caused her to make many stipulations with the new governor in their behalf; and, for their spiritual good, she sent out a fresh batch of ecclesiastics, consisting of a prelate and twelve of the order of Franciscans, which afterwards played such an important part in the affairs of Spanish America. These precautions, for want of proper enforcement, were all doomed to be unavailing; and the additional curse of negro slavery, afterwards destined to effect the ruin of the island, was now for the first time introduced to the shores of the new world. Considerable regard was shown to the interests of Columbus, and he, with his brothers, received some indemnity for their losses.

On the 13th of February, the fleet of Ovando, consisting of thirty sail, and carrying twenty-five hundred souls, sailed for Hispaniola. Many of those who embarked with him were persons of rank and distinction, and the remainder of the adventurers were of a far more useful and respectable class than had yet emigrated to the western world. Columbus, despite his injuries, had used his utmost exertions to promote the welfare of the colony and its establishment on a prosperous basis. Hardly had the expedition departed when a terrible storm arose. One of the ships was lost, with an hundred and twenty souls; and the shores of Spain were strewn with articles thrown overboard by the rest. The remainder were dispersed, but reassembled at the Canaries, and arrived at St. Domingo in the month of April.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRESH SCHEMES OF COLUMBUS—DEPARTURE ON HIS FOURTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY—DESTRUCTION OF HIS ENEMIES—CRUISE ON THE COAST OF HONDURAS ETC.—HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHILE Columbus, dispossessed of his rightful government, and amused by deceptive promises, haunted the court at Granada, his old scheme for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre revived in his mind with great enthusiasm. He prepared a careful statement, urging on the sovereigns the necessity of this pious undertaking, and also wrote to the pope, excusing his present inability to fulfil his former vows in behalf of that enterprise, which he said had been frustrated by the malicious arts of the devil. He was, however, unable to engage the cautious Ferdinand in an undertaking which certainly afforded a greater prospect of hard blows than of profitable returns; and soon afterwards terms were arranged with the infidel masters of Palestine, by which Christian pilgrims were suffered to journey without molestation to the sacred city.

The indefatigable projector soon conceived a fresh enterprise, far more useful, and better fitted to his natural genius. The late splendid and profitable adventures of the Portuguese, who, doubling Africa, had opened a channel to the wealth of the Orient, had fired the avarice and ambition of every commercial nation. Columbus was still persuaded that the most notable and brilliant discovery yet remained to be made, and the directest pathway to the land of jewels and spices was yet to be laid open. As yet, no token of Asian wealth and civilization had been met in any of the extensive tracts explored by himself or his contemporaries. He now began to consider South America as a separate main-land, but still clung firmly to the belief that Cuba was a part of the great Asiatic Continent. The impetuous current which runs between them, he concluded, must flow from the Indian Sea, which in his opinion was connected with the Atlantic by a strait somewhere in the neigh

borhood of what is now known as the isthmus of Darien. This strait, the pathway to the golden shores of the East, he now proposed to discover and explore.

This enterprising plan met with the favor of the sovereigns, who were still willing to employ in extending their territories the man whom they had deprived of his right to rule them; and he was accordingly empowered to fit out a suitable expedition forthwith. Certain persons, learned in Arabic, were provided to further communication with the Grand Khan, the capital of which slippery potentate he now fully expected to attain. He was also permitted to take with him his natural son Fernando, and his brother the adelantado. With great injustice, however, the sovereigns forbade him to touch at the island of Hispaniola, a matter almost of necessity in a voyage of such length as he contemplated. Indeed, they solemnly assured him that his honors and dignities should be restored to him, and be enjoyed both by him and his posterity; but he probably by this time began to be aware of the hollowness and insincerity of royal professions. Meanwhile, the preparations for his voyage went on slowly, owing to the insidious artifices and obstacles contrived by his enemy Fonseca. It was not until the 9th of May, 1502, that Columbus sailed from Cadiz on the last of his arduous voyages of discovery. At the age of sixty-six, with a frame broken down by hardship and exposure, and a mind depressed by persecution and ingratitude, he once more set forth on the noble enterprise of uniting the long-severed regions of the earth. His command consisted of four small caravels and one hundred and fifty men. He touched at the Canaries, and on the 25th took his departure for the western continent. After a brief stoppage at the Carribee islands, he sailed for St. Domingo, trusting to replace at that port one of his vessels, the bad sailing of which retarded the others. The jealous Ovando, however, would not permit him to land, and even forbade him to take refuge in the harbor against a storm whose approach he apprehended.

Thus ungraciously repulsed, yet ever mindful of the public

good, Columbus entreated the governor to delay for a short time the sailing of the fleet which was ready to depart for Spain—his experienced eye detecting, amid the apparent tranquillity of the weather, strong signs of an approaching hurricane. His counsel was disregarded, and he hastened to find shelter for his own vessels in some unfrequented harbor or river of the coast. The fleet set sail, and within two days an awful hurricane arose. Many of the vessels were entirely lost, among them the principal ship of the squadron, containing Roldan, Bobadilla, and the ill-fated Guarionex. A vast quantity of treasure, wrung from the sufferings of the Indians, was also swallowed up; and the only vessel which was enabled to pursue the voyage was one which contained the property of Columbus—a circumstance which occasioned him and his friends to look upon this terrible disaster as an especial judgment against his persecutors.

Escaping with much difficulty from the tempest which had whelmed his enemies, the admiral in the month of July steered for Terra Firma in quest of his conjectured strait. He was at first drawn by currents to the southern shore of Cuba, and thence stretching south-west he discovered on the 30th a small island, which still retains its Indian name of Guanaja. It lies near the coast of Honduras, whose mountains are visible to the south. Here the Spaniards were surprised by the appearance of an immense canoe, which had probably come from Yucatan. It was filled with Indians, whose utensils indicated a considerable degree of art and ingenuity. There were copper bells and hatchets, and many curious and useful fabrics on board. Columbus now reasonably supposed that he was approaching a more civilized country: and had he pursued the direction which these people indicated, might soon have fallen upon the wealthy regions which lie to the westward of the Gulf of Mexico.

Eager, however, to prosecute his intended discovery, he set sail for the mainland, and, passing Cape Honduras, steered eastward along the coast in quest of the desired strait. On

landing, the natives, as usual, displayed great kindness and hospitality.

The fleet now struggled eastward for forty days amid a succession of tropical tempests and continual foul weather. It was not until the 14th of September that they rounded that point whence the coast runs southward, and which, in gratitude for his success, the admiral named Cape Gracias a Dios. He coasted for about sixty leagues along what is now called the Musquito Coast, and lost a boat's-crew, which he had dispatched up a river, by one of those terrible conflicts between the ocean and the stream which are peculiar to these shores. Leaving this "River of Disaster," he sailed onward, and on the 25th of September anchored his tempest-worn squadron in a beautiful harbor, formed by an island and the main-land.

A friendly intercourse was soon established with the natives, interrupted only by the mutual superstition of both parties. Don Bartholomew, seeking information from the Indians respecting their country, had ordered a notary-public to write down their replies; but no sooner had that official produced his mysterious implements, than the Indians dispersed in great terror, believing that some magical spell was intended to be thrown over them. To counteract the supposed enchantment, they burned a fragrant powder, the smoke of which, wafted to the Spaniards, might dispel the evil effects of their necromancy. The latter, in their turn, supposed themselves to be bewitched by the natives, and attributed all the bad luck and tempestuous weather which they had encountered to the magical charms of these worshippers of the devil. Columbus himself inclined to the same belief, and, in a letter to the sovereigns, assured them that the natives of this place (Cariari) were notable enchanters.

On the 5th of October, he again set sail, following the shore of Costa Rica, and soon anchored in a great bay, where he had been assured gold was to be found in abundance. The channel of this bay (Carnabaco) by which he entered, is still called the "Boea del Almirante" (Mouth of the Admiral). The

natives were soon in friendly intercourse, and exchanged for trifles large plates of the precious metal.

Disregarding the eagerness of his men to pursue this lucrative traffic, the admiral pressed on in quest of the strait. He sailed by the rich coast of Veragua, finding gold very plentiful wherever he landed. The generous desire of effecting a grand discovery however, prevented him from lingering in these inviting regions. He had now found, as he imagined, a track to civilization. He had met with evidences of masonry, and his mind was inflamed by the misunderstood reports of the natives. They described a province to the westward, called Ciguare, of great wealth and prosperity, with all the appurtenances of art and civilization. This was probably an exaggerated account of the distant and powerful empire of Peru; and certainly Columbus was chiefly indebted to his own imagination for the artillery, the cavalry, and the navies, which he supposed the Indians to describe, and especially for his belief in the vicinity of the Grand Khan and the River Ganges. He pressed onward, and on the 2d of November anchored in the beautiful harbor of Porto Bello, which still bears the name which he bestowed.

He next made Cape Nombre de Dios; but the adverse and tempestuous weather prevented him from advancing any further. His crews were worn out with contending against storms, and his vessels were so leaky, from the ravages of worms, that it seemed almost hopeless to proceed. He relinquished, therefore, for the present, his search for the continually-retreating strait, the existence of which, perhaps, he began to doubt, and turned his prows to the rich coast of Veragua. "Here then," his biographer elegantly remarks, "ended the lofty anticipations which had elevated Columbus above all mercenary interests; which had made him regardless of hardships and perils; and had given a heroic character to the early part of his voyage. It is true he had been in pursuit of a mere chimera, but it was the chimera of a splendid imagination and a penetrating judgment. If he was disappointed in his expectation of finding

a strait through the isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed; for she appears to have attempted to make one, but to have attempted it in vain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ATTEMPT TO FOUND A SETTLEMENT—HOSTILITIES WITH THE INDIANS—
THE VESSELS STRANDED ON THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA—PERILOUS
SITUATION OF THE SPANIARDS—REMARKABLE DEVICE OF
COLUMBUS TO OBTAIN SUPPLIES.

FRESH storms and tempests beset the squadron on its return, and the lives of all, for many days, were in the most imminent peril; and it was not until January, 1503, that the sea-worn and almost foundering vessels arrived near the river of Veragua. Amicable intercourse was at once established with the Indians, and considerable quantities of gold were readily collected. In February, the adelantado, with a force of sixty-eight men, undertook to ascend the river and explore the mines, reputed to be of such incalculable wealth. Quibia, the powerful cacique of this region, though jealous of the intrusion, received him respectfully, and furnished him with guides. In this expedition and others, traces of great metallic wealth were found, both in the soil and on the persons of the natives, and large quantities of the precious ore were collected. The pious and classical imagination of the admiral, kindled by a suggestion in Josephus, now grasped the conclusion that he had arrived at the Aurea Chersonesus, whence Solomon had procured his gold for the building of the Holy Temple.

He resolved, therefore, to establish a colony in this inviting spot; eighty men were selected to remain; and preparations for the erection of a fortress and habitations were carried on with much energy. The enmity of the natives, however, prevented the success of the plan, and occasioned great disasters

to the expedition. Quibia assembled his men, and made every preparation for the surprise and massacre of the colonists. His intentions, for the time, were frustrated by the boldness and activity of one Diego Mendez, a notary, who penetrated to his town, and, undismayed by the hundreds of heads which lay bleaching before the palace, discovered the plot, and escaped unharmed to his countrymen.

On learning these ominous news, the adelantado, with a strong force, set out to surprise the hostile chieftain. Coming suddenly upon his quarters, the Spaniards seized their enemy and all his household, with much booty. All were conveyed safely to the ships, except their most dangerous prisoner, Quibia, who, with savage artifice and courage, escaped by flinging himself into the water. Though bound hand and foot, he managed to swim on shore, and betook himself to his desolated home. Filled with grief and indignation, he assembled his warriors, and made a furious attack on the settlement; but the Spaniards, protected by their houses, and ably commanded by Bartholomew and Mendez, succeeded in repulsing the savages, and they retreated with much loss.

The defeated cacique, however, obtained his revenge on the same day by the massacre of a boat's-crew of ten Spaniards, which had incautiously ascended the river for supplies. As the mangled bodies of their comrades came floating down the stream, the little garrison was filled with dismay, while the dismal whoops and drumming that resounded from the forest indicated that the number of their enemies was continually increasing. For nine days they remained in a state of siege and distress, nothing but the terror of their artillery saving them from destruction at the hands of the enraged savages. The admiral was prevented by the boisterous weather and the heavy surf from sending them any assistance. Of the numerous captives whom he held confined under hatches in his vessel, a part escaped by swimming, and all the remainder, in the most resolute manner, committed suicide by strangling themselves.

Communication with the shore was at last restored; and as

the settlement appeared devoted to certain destruction, if the garrison remained, Columbus, with much difficulty, succeeded in reëmbarking his men, with all their valuable stores. One of the caravels was left stranded and rotting in the river, and with the remainder, in the latter part of April, 1503, he made his way to the harbor of Porto Bello. Here another of his vessels, pierced in every direction by the worms, was abandoned, and all the crews were crowded into the two remaining caravels, which were little better than wrecks. The admiral tried to make Hispaniola, but was carried by strong currents to the westward, and on the 30th of May found himself on the southern shore of Cuba. Terrible storms again beset his course, and finding that he could not keep his ships afloat much longer, he was compelled to run for Jamaica. On the 24th of June he made a harbor of that island, which is called to this day "Don Christopher's Cove;" and as the ships were ready to sink, he ran them aground, where they soon filled with water up to the decks.

The situation of Columbus was now perilous and perplexing in the extreme; but he took the wisest and most energetic measures for the safety and rescue of his people. Houses were built upon the stranded caravels as a protection against any attack by the natives, and all precautions were taken to avoid hostilities. The neighboring caciques, by the untiring exertions of Mendez, soon entered into an engagement for supplying the shipwrecked mariners with provisions. Then this daring and admirable man, who had already performed the greatest services to the expedition, volunteered for the forlorn and hazardous enterprise of going to Hispaniola for relief. The distance was forty leagues, through a sea abounding in furious currents and liable to boisterous weather; yet with an Indian canoe, manned by six natives, he undertook to reach the Spanish settlement at St. Domingo. On his first attempt, he was taken captive by hostile Indians, while endeavoring to gain the eastern end of the island as a safer point of departure. He escaped with difficulty; but, undismayed, again set forth, ac-

accompanied by another canoe, under command of Fiesco, a Genoese, and captain of one of the caravels.

By these adventurers Columbus dispatched letters to Ovando, entreating assistance, and others to the court, detailing his discoveries, and enlarging on their importance. In this mournful seclusion from the world, his religious enthusiasm revived with great ardor, and he eagerly proffered his services as a missionary in the long-cherished enterprise of converting the Khan, whose dominions he supposed himself to have approached. In the midst of grand and enthusiastic anticipations, however, he suddenly awoke to a sense of his forlorn and desolate condition, and he breaks forth in an affecting appeal: "Until now," he says, "I have wept for others; have pity upon me, Heaven, and weep for me, earth! In my temporal concerns, without a farthing to give in offering; in spiritual concerns, cast away here in the Indies; isolated in my misery, infirm, expecting each day will be my last; surrounded by cruel savages, separated from the holy sacraments of the church, so that my soul will be lost, if separated here from my body. * * If it should please God to deliver me from hence, I humbly supplicate your majesties to permit me to repair to Rome, and perform other pilgrimages."

The little canoes receded till they were mere specks, and finally vanished in the ocean. Month after month elapsed, and still no tidings came of their adventurous commanders. The crews, weary of confinement and hopeless of relief, began to grow mutinous. One Francisco Porras, who had commanded a caravel, was the chief mover of sedition; and it was resolved to seize the canoes which Columbus had purchased, and to make an attempt to reach Hispaniola. On the 2d of January, 1504, forty-eight of the discontented faction openly defied the authority of the admiral, who, crippled by the gout and enfeebled by old age, was unable to exert his wonted energy and authority. They seized the canoes and put to sea, taking a number of Indians with them to serve as rowers. A stormy wind soon arose, and these cruel men, fearing for their safety, compelled

the Indians, at the point of the sword, to leap overboard. Eighteen were thus cruelly murdered, and the Spaniards, regaining the land, passed in a predatory way from village to village, plundering the natives, and committing various excesses.

The horrors of famine soon menaced the numerous body of men which still remained under the command of Columbus. The Indians were no longer covetous of the trinkets of the white men, which had become so common among them as to be almost valueless. They were also deeply provoked by the conduct of the rebels, and trusted, by withholding supplies, to starve the intruders or compel them to quit the island. In this emergency, the admiral conceived a subtle device, worthy of the genius of Ulysses. His skill in astronomy had informed him that there would occur in a few days a total eclipse of the moon. On the day before this event he summoned all the caciques to a grand council, and informed them that the God of the Spaniards, angry at their neglect of his worshippers, was about to visit their island with plague and famine. As a token of this, they would see the moon, on that very night, fade away from the face of the heavens.

Despite their scoffing, the natives awaited with anxiety the coming of evening; and when they beheld the truth of the fearful prediction, were seized with uncontrollable and frantic terror. They hurried to the ships with provisions, and with miserable lamentations besought the admiral to intercede with his Deity in their behalf, and promised implicit obedience for the future. Amid universal howlings and entreaties for protection, he retired to his cabin; and reappearing, after a decent interval, informed them that his God had consented to pardon them, on condition of their good conduct—in token whereof he would withdraw the moon from her engulfment in darkness. The Indians were overwhelmed with joy at the renewed splendor of that beautiful luminary; and from that time were diligent in supplying the mysterious strangers with all necessary provisions.

CHAPTER XIX.

DESPICABLE CONDUCT OF OVANDO—FINAL RESCUE OF COLUMBUS—ATROCITIES OF THE SPANIARDS IN HISPANIOLA—SUBJECTION AND EXTERMINATION OF THE NATIVES.

It was now eight months since the departure of Mendez and Fiesco, and even the most sanguine began to admit the grievous probability that their frail barks had been swallowed up in the ocean. These daring and resolute men, however, had accomplished their undertaking, and after a voyage of terrible suffering, during which several of their Indians perished, had succeeded in reaching the shores of Hispaniola. But the selfish and unfeeling Ovando, intent upon his own affairs, deferred month after month sending the desired relief, and even prohibited Mendez, for more than half a year, from using his personal exertions in behalf of his companions. He probably hoped that the renowned admiral, of whose fame he was jealous, and to whom he knew the succession of the viceroyalty had been promised, might perish in the mean time, for want of aid. At length, to satisfy his curiosity, he sent a small caravel to ascertain the condition of the shipwrecked mariners. This vessel, commanded by an enemy of Columbus, brought a mere mockery of relief and a promise of future assistance; but after a brief interview stood off to sea, without taking a single man from the wrecks.

The admiral, though deeply indignant at this neglect and desertion, endeavored to reassure his people and support their hopes. He even offered pardon to the rebels, and a passage home in the expected caravel, on condition of their return to allegiance. But Porras, dreading lest some punishment should be reserved for him, took all possible pains to rekindle the flames of mutiny. He encouraged his band by assuring them of the protection of his influential relations in Spain. He also asserted (and perhaps believed) that the caravel which had so

mysteriously come and disappeared in a few hours, was no real vessel, but a mere phantasmal appearance, produced by the necromantic skill of the admiral. By such representations he induced them to reject the proffered reconciliation, and even to resolve on seizing the person of Columbus, and plundering the vessels.

On learning of this nefarious project, Don Bartholomew, with fifty men, well armed, went forth to meet the mutineers. The latter attacked his party with great fury; but, by the skill and courage of the adelantado, were completely defeated. He killed several of them with his own hand, seized Porras, and put the rest to flight. On the following day, the fugitives (their insolence changed to the most abject submission) sent in a petition to the admiral, begging forgiveness. They swore fresh allegiance on a cross and a missal, imprecating fearful penalties on their heads if ever they should offend again; that they might die without confession or absolution from the pope, or from any cardinal, archbishop, bishop, or any manner of priest; that they should be deprived of the Holy Sacraments; that their bodies might be cast into the field as heretics and renegades; and, to make all sure, that they should take no benefit at their death from any bulls or indulgences. All were pardoned except Porras, who was detained as a prisoner.

At length, after a year of confinement in his island-prison, Columbus, with great joy, beheld two ships standing into the harbor. One of these had been dispatched by the faithful Mendez, who had finally, with great difficulty, gained permission to assist his suffering comrades. The other was sent by Ovando, whom the popular indignation had compelled to extend a semblance of assistance. On the 28th of June, 1504, the Spaniards, wearied by their long confinement on the island, embarked for Hispaniola; and, after a harassing voyage of nearly two months, landed in St. Domingo. The populace, by a revulsion of feeling common enough, welcomed the shipwrecked admiral with the greatest enthusiasm. The governor also received him with great distinction, and paid him many

hypocritical attentions, the true value of which their object fully appreciated.

During the long absence of Columbus, the most disgraceful and terrible scenes had occurred, and Ovando had loaded his name with eternal infamy. His administration had commenced with misfortunes. Of the numerous body of adventurers whom he had brought, upwards of a thousand soon perished from exposure, fatigue, and disappointment—the fruits of their eager and indiscreet rapacity for gold. The governor restored a semblance of prosperity to the island by inflicting incalculable oppressions on the Indians. These unhappy beings, reduced to the most intolerable servitude, wasted away rapidly before the unaccustomed toils and privations to which they were subjected. Within twelve years from the discovery of the island, it is said that several hundreds of thousands perished from this unendurable bondage.

Ovando, on some uncertain report of a conspiracy in Xaragua, hastened thither with his army, and was received by the Indian queen and her caciques with great friendliness and hospitality. After several days of apparently the most cordial intercourse, he suddenly seized a large number of the caciques, (more than forty,) and after inflicting the most cruel tortures, burned them all alive in a house which he set on fire. Meanwhile, his soldiery committed a horrible massacre upon the multitude of unarmed natives, who had assembled to do them honor, and to join in the simple national amusements. The generous queen, Anacaona, the constant friend and ally of the whites, was ignominiously hanged; and for many months afterwards the Spaniards ravaged this unhappy province, putting great numbers to the sword, and reducing the remainder to the most deplorable slavery.

All the native sovereignties of Hayti, except that of Higüey, had now been brought under the yoke of the Spaniards. The Indians of that warlike province were ruled by a cacique named Cotubanama, a man of gigantic size and intrepid courage. In a war which the cruelty of the Spaniards provoked, he con-

ducted himself with kingly resolution and magnanimity. After a long and desperate contest, however, the usual fate of the natives overtook them. Great numbers perished by the sword, and the prisoners were subjected to the most hideous and revolting torments. Their brave and chivalrous chieftain was finally taken and hanged, and the whole country was reduced to complete subjection.

The indignation of Columbus, who always cherished the hope of exercising a mild, if an absolute sway over the Indians, was strongly excited by these atrocities. In a letter to the court, he writes, "I am informed that since I left this island, six parts out of seven of the natives are dead; all through ill-treatment and inhumanity; some by the sword, others by blows and cruel usage, others through hunger. The greater part have perished in the mountains and glens, whither they had fled, from not being able to support the labor imposed upon them." Unfortunately, the evil example which the writer himself had set in enslaving the Indians, gave him less claim to complain of the atrocities by which the system had been disgraced; and the immense amount of gold, the price of all this suffering and extermination, was an ample apology to Ferdinand for the means which had been used to obtain it. The kind-hearted Isabella was overcome with horror and indignation on learning of these cruelties, and with her dying breath exacted from Ferdinand a promise that he would recall Ovando—a promise broken as lightly as others made by that selfish and false-hearted sovereign.

CHAPTER XX.

RETURN OF COLUMBUS TO SPAIN—INJUSTICE OF FERDINAND—DEATH OF
COLUMBUS—DISPOSAL OF HIS REMAINS.

ON the 12th of September, 1504, the aged admiral, having exhausted all his available funds in providing for his crews (the rebels as well as the others), set sail for Spain, on the last of his many voyages. After a tedious and tempestuous passage of nearly two months, he arrived at San Lucar, and soon after, exhausted by old age and toil, was borne to Seville. His few remaining days were doomed to privation, ingratitude, and fruitless appeals to the justice of the court. Through the dishonesty of Ovando, who withheld his funds, he was reduced to actual penury, and seems at times to have wanted the necessaries of life. "Little have I profited," he writes affectingly to his son, "by twenty years of service, with such toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no resort but an inn, and, for the most times, have not wherewithal to pay the bill."

Increasing infirmities incapacitated him from appearing at court, and urging his claims in person; by letters and by the intervention of his friends he vainly besought the restitution of his rights and dignities. He had trusted to the justice of Isabella, and her remembrance of his faithful services; but the death of that admirable princess, soon after his arrival in Spain, left him dependant on the caprice and selfishness of her unworthy consort. By May, 1505, he had recovered sufficiently to travel to court; where he was received by the king with many hollow smiles and insincere professions. The monarch continually evaded or delayed the fulfilment of his promises; and the aged admiral, feeling that his life was drawing to a close, ceased to urge his numerous claims upon the royal justice. He only besought that his son Diego might receive the appointment to which, by solemn agreement, he was entitled. "This" he said "is a matter which touches upon my honor.

As to all the rest, do as your majesty thinks proper; give or withhold, as may be most for your interest, and I shall be content." But the cold-hearted Ferdinand still procrastinated, well knowing that in a little time death would deliver him from an applicant whom he could not honorably refuse. "It appears," wrote the admiral from his sick bed, "that his majesty does not think fit to fulfil that which he has promised me by word and seal, with the queen who is now in glory. For me to contend for the contrary would be to contend with the wind. I have done all that I could do. I leave the rest to God, whom I have ever found propitious to me in my necessities."

The last moments of the great discoverer were drawing near. The iron frame which had proved equal to so many hardships, was finally worn out by old age and constant exposure, with their attendant maladies; and the brave and indefatigable spirit which no danger could awe, and no misfortune could discourage, was sinking fast under the weary burden of neglect and ingratitude. He made his will, providing carefully, from the value of his rightful possessions, for the maintainance of his honorable name and the welfare of all who had a claim on his protection or justice—taking care even for the payment of a single piece of silver to a poor Jew in the city of Lisbon. He also made liberal provision for the poor of his native city of Genoa. Having thus equitably settled his earthly affairs, and received those consolations of the church on which he set so high a value, he expired with great tranquillity, murmuring, with his last breath, "Into thy hands, oh Lord, I commend my spirit." He died on the 20th of May, 1506, being about seventy years of age.

The monarch who had meanly withheld his rights, and neglected his old age, erected a monument to his honor (and to his own disgrace), commemorating in simple words the inestimable services which had never been rewarded:

"POR CASTILLA Y POR LEON
NUEVO MUNDO HALLO COLON."

The remains of Columbus were first deposited in the Franciscan convent at Valladolid, and seven years afterwards were removed to that of the Carthusians at Seville. In 1536, the body of the admiral, with that of his son Diego, was transported over seas to the cathedral of St. Domingo, in his favorite island of Hispaniola. Even here these precious relics, condemned to wander like their illustrious tenant, were not suffered to find their final resting-place. After lying in this cathedral for two hundred and sixty years, they were again removed, in 1795, on the cession of that island to the French.

With the most solemn and impressive ceremonies, the mouldering remains of the great admiral were disinterred, enclosed in an urn, and, accompanied by the highest military and ecclesiastic pomp, were conveyed to the city of Havana, in the island of Cuba. There, amid all the honors which Spain could bestow on her greatest benefactor, they were deposited, with the utmost reverence and solemnity, in the wall of the cathedral, at the right of the grand altar. There they still remain, the object of eager interest and enthusiastic pilgrimage. No American, while standing, as the writer has stood, before this tomb, the most memorable in the western world, can feel other than reverent and sympathizing emotions toward the grand spirit by whose sublime conceptions and indefatigable endurance the ends of the earth, immemorably dissevered, were brought together; nor refrain from paying that sincere tribute of gratitude which, in common with a vast hemisphere, he owes to its discoverer.

SEBASTIAN CABOT,

THE DISCOVERER OF NORTH AMERICA.

YOUTH OF CABOT—HIS DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT
—HIS SECOND VOYAGE—FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO COLONIZE LABRADOR
—LONG BLANK IN THE LIFE OF CABOT—HE ENTERS THE SERVICE
OF SPAIN—RETURNS TO ENGLAND—UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDI-
TION UNDER HENRY VIII.—APPOINTED CHIEF PILOT OF
SPAIN—HIS EXPEDITION TO SOUTH AMERICA—HIS
RETURN TO ENGLAND—HIS USEFUL AND
HONORABLE OLD AGE.

It is to be lamented that so few and imperfect memorials exist of the life of one whose renown, as an American discoverer, should be second only to that of Columbus. Of the earliest and most interesting portion of his career, only the briefest details have survived. Sebastian, the son of John Cabot, an eminent Venetian merchant and navigator, was born at Bristol, in England, about the year 1477. At the age of four he was removed to Venice by his father, a man of considerable acquirements, and there, considering the period, received an excellent education. In that maritime republic he naturally became skilful in navigation and imbued with the taste for adventure. While still a youth he returned to England. All western Europe was at this time fired with enthusiasm by the splendid discoveries of the Great Admiral; and the enterprising family of the Cabots was especially excited to a generous emulation. "By this fame and report," says Sebastian, "there increased in my heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing."

In March, 1496, Henry VII., who had barely missed the renown of the first discovery, granted a patent to John Cabot and his three sons—Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius—"to sail to all parts, countries, and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North, to seek out and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they may be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." A north-western passage to India was the primary object of this expedition, in which, although his father, from his wealth and age, was first named, Sebastian, yet a youth of nineteen, was the chief mover and commander.

In the spring of 1497, with five ships, he set sail from Bristol, with his father, and first directed his course to Iceland. Hence, after some delay, they took their departure to the westward, and on the 24th of June beheld land stretching before them. It was a portion of the coast of Labrador, with the island of Newfoundland. This momentous discovery does not seem to have excited any great feeling of exultation. "After certayne days," says Cabot, "I found that the land ranne towards the North, which was to mee a great displeasure," "not thinking to find any other lande than Cathay." On entering the passage into Hudson's Bay, however, the desired channel seemed to have been found; and for several days the fleet pressed westward. But the crews, discouraged by the length of the voyage and the failure of their provisions, insisted on returning, and the youthful commander was compelled to comply. After coasting some way southward along the Atlantic shore, he returned to England.

In February, 1498, a fresh patent, in the same terms, was issued by the king, and soon afterwards John Cabot (to whom, without sufficient reason, the chief credit of the first discovery has been commonly given) expired. The particulars of this next expedition, which sailed under Sebastian, in the Spring of 1498, are scanty in the extreme. He took with him three hundred men, for the purpose of founding a colony, and landed

them on the inhospitable coast of Labrador. While, with the fleet, he was absent on an unrecorded and unsuccessful search for the north-west passage, these unfortunate people suffered greatly from cold and exposure, though "the dayes were very longe and in a manner without nyght." Numbers perished, and the remainder, on his return, refused to remain any longer in this inclement region. He took them on board, and then, after coasting the North American sea-board as far south as Florida, recrossed the Atlantic.

The king, disappointed in his expected profits, received him coldly, and would furnish no assistance for fresh explorations. Sebastian, however, from his own means, fitted out vessels at Bristol, and, as it is said, "made great discoveries," mostly to the southward. The account of his life, during a long period, however, is almost a blank, and little authentic is known of his movements until 1512. In that year Ferdinand of Spain, appreciating his abilities, sent for him, and secured his services by a liberal allowance. He was employed in the improvement of maps and charts, and in 1515 was made a member of the Council of the Indies. He was also appointed as commander of an expedition to seek the Indies by a westerly passage; but the death of his patron, in 1516, and the consequent ascendancy of his rivals, destroyed his prospects, and he returned to his native country.

He was soon distinguished by the favor of Henry VIII., then on the throne, and was entrusted with the command of a fresh expedition of discovery. Little is known of this voyage, except that he penetrated to the sixty-seventh degree of North latitude, and that Hudson's Bay was more thoroughly explored. But the severity of the climate, the mutinous disposition of his crews, and the timorousness of his second in command, Sir Thomas Pert, ("whose faint heart was the cause that the voyage took none effect,") prevented him from proceeding, and he returned to England.

Meanwhile, Charles V., who had succeeded Ferdinand, became aware of the intrigues of the enemies of Cabot. He

rēcalled him to Spain, and appointed him to the honorable and lucrative office of Chief Pilot, formerly held by Americus Vespuccius (1518).

The discovery of the Strait of Magellan had given a fresh impetus to Spanish adventure; and in 1525 Cabot was appointed to the command of an expedition of three ships to pass that channel in quest of the Moluccas. On this enterprise, which he had suggested, he embarked early in April, 1526, and after touching at the Canaries and the Cape de Verde Islands, arrived off Cape St. Augustine, and laid his course to the southward. The character of Cabot is described as having been exceedingly kindly and courteous; yet, on occasion, like Columbus, he could act with promptness and severity. Discovering, at this time, the existence of a dangerous conspiracy among his followers, he suddenly suppressed it by seizing the three ringleaders, though high in authority, and setting them ashore on the nearest island. These men, of course, were ever afterwards his bitter enemies.

One of his vessels was lost by shipwreck, and, considering the crippled state of the expedition, he relinquished his original project, and turned up the great river La Plata, to effect an inland exploration. In this attempt, a few years before, De Solis, his predecessor in office, had failed, and, with his crew of fifty men, had been killed and devoured by the savages. He left his ships at San Salvador, at the junction of the Parana and the Uruguay, and proceeded up the former river with his lighter craft. A little way up, he erected a fort, still called the "Sanctus Spiritus" (Holy Ghost), and despite the discontent and mortality of his people, proceeded to trace the river upward, through a land "very fayre and inhabited with infinite people." He made friends of these natives, and thus "came to learn many secrets of the country." From the abundance of gold and silver ornaments among them, he justly conjectured that wealthy mines lay at the head waters of the streams he was exploring. He finally passed into the Paraguay, which he ascended for thirty-four leagues. His party was then compelled to engage

in a fierce conflict with the hostile savages, whom they repulsed with a loss of three hundred men. Twenty-five of their own number had fallen.

The court of Portugal, jealous of the increasing colonies of the Spaniards, had secretly dispatched an expedition to follow the track of Cabot, and, if possible, to disconcert his enterprise. Garcia, the commander, in 1527, entered the La Plata, and demanded the surrender of the fort. This impudent request being refused, he proceeded up the river, and made a similar demand on the enfeebled party of Cabot. What passed between the rival commanders is not known; but both parties returned to the fort, and Garcia, having left a large force in its vicinity, sailed away.

Cabot sent an account of these transactions to the emperor, with a request for supplies and a strong reinforcement. Charles promised compliance, but his exchequer was empty; and the tempting offers of Pizarro, who at his own risk proposed extensive conquests for the crown, diverted the royal attention to this more profitable undertaking. Cabot was suffered to remain unrelieved, and finally, with the remnant of his company, was driven from the country by a tribe of savages, infuriated by the offences of the Portuguese. He landed in Spain in 1531, after an absence of five years, on an expedition which, though unsuccessful, had considerably added to the knowledge of the South American Continent.

He resumed his office of Chief Pilot, being at this time about fifty-three years of age. His reputation as a discoverer and a skilful mariner, despite his many misfortunes, was exceedingly high. A contemporary says, "He is so valiant a man, and so well practised in all things pertaining to navigations, and the science of cosmographie, that at this present he hath not his like in all Spaine, insomuch that for his vertues he is preferred above all other Pilots that saile to the West Indies, who may not pass thither without his license, and is therefore called *Piloto Maggiore* (that is *Grand Pilot*.)" Another writes, "I found him a very gentle and courteous person,

who entertained mee friendly, and showed mee many things, and among other a large mappe of the world," then doubtless a great curiosity. His cheerful and amiable temper caused his society to be much sought, and the doors of the learned and inquiring were ever open to him. "Cabot," says Peter Martyr, "is my very friende, whom I use familiarlie, and delight to have him sometime to keepe me company in mine owne house." A letter of his, written some years after his reinstatement in office, gives a pleasing picture of content and tranquillity. "After this I made many other voyages, which I now pretermit, and waxing olde, I give myself to rest from such travels, because there are nowe many young and lustie pilots and mariners of good experience, by whose forwardness I do rejoyce in the fruit of my labors, and rest with the charge of this office, as you see."

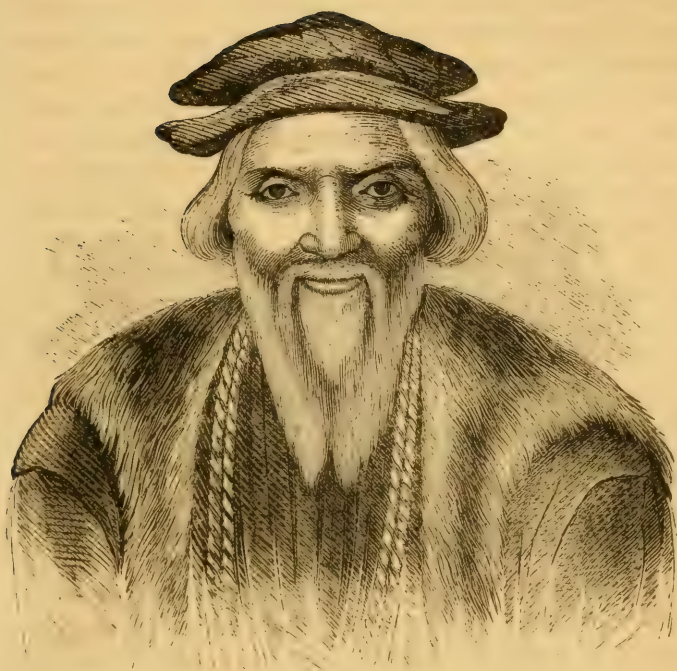
In 1548, the aged Pilot (now seventy years old) was seized with a desire to rēvisit his native country. Though in full favor with the emperor, he returned to England, where his high reputation and the enterprising genius of the young king, (Edward VI.,) ensured him the most welcome reception. Charles, however, aggrrieved at his departure, dispatched to the English Court a formal demand (which was not complied with) that "Sebastian Cabote, Grand Pilot of the Emperor's Indies, then in England, might be sent over to Spain, as a very necessary man for the emperor, whose servant he was, and had a pension of him."

It has been supposed that he was appointed to the office of Grand Pilot of England; and it is known that he received by grant of the crown a yearly pension of "one hundred, three score and six pounds thirteene shillings and fourpence," to be paid in equal portions, says the devout document, "at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativitie of S. John Baptist, S. Michael ye Archangel, and the Nativitie of our Lord." It is not certain what were the precise nature of his duties, and indeed, in the miserable and almost extinet condition of the English marine, the office of Pilot would have been a sinecure, until the creation of a fresh commerce.

To accomplish this laudable object, the chief men of London began "first of all to deal and consult diligently" with the experienced Cabot. He advised them to seek an opening for their enterprise in the dreary and untraversed seas of the North. Three vessels, the outfit of which he zealously superintended, were accordingly prepared, and placed respectively under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, Richard Chancellor, and Cornelius Durfoorth. On the 20th of May, 1553, this expedition sailed down the river Thames. "And being come neere to Greenwich (where the Court then lay) presently on the news thereof, the courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shoare; the privie counsel, they lookt out at the windows of the court, and the rest ranne up to the toppes of the towers."—*Hakluyt*. It seems evident that any thing in the shape of maritime enterprise was, at this period, matter of great novelty and interest to the English.

The melancholy fate of Sir Hugh, who, with all his company, perished on the dismal coast of Lapland, forms one of the saddest pages in the history of English enterprise. The adventurous Chancellor, more fortunate, sailed eastward, with perpetual sunshine, through the northern seas, and, to the wonder of the Russians, landed at Archangel. Hence he proceeded on a sledge to Moscow, and presented himself before the emperor. Thus was laid the foundation of the important commerce which has ever since subsisted between England and Russia.

Sebastian Cabot was made governor of the new company, and, though in extreme old age, by his experience, ability, and industry, soon placed the commerce of England on a respectable and lucrative footing. It is pleasant to read of the gayety and alacrity which the aged Pilot (eighty years old) displayed on a visit with some of his friends to a pinnace at Gravesend. "They went on shore, giving to our mariners right liberal rewards; and the good olde gentleman, master Cabota, gave to the poor most liberall almes, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous success of the *Search-thrijt*, our



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

pinesse. And then, at the signe of the Christopher, hee and his friends banketed, and made mee, and them that were in the company great cheere; and so very joy that he had to see the towardness of our intended discovery, he entered into the dance himselfe, among the rest of the young and lusty company; which being ended, hee and his friends departed, most gently commending us to the governance of Almighty God."

On the death of King Edward and the accession of Mary, Cabot met with much coldness and neglect from the court which he had so faithfully served. But royal favor was now of little importance to him, for his long and useful career was drawing to a close. On his death-bed, says an eye-witness, "he spake flightily" of a certain divine revelation (which he might disclose to no man) for the infallible ascertainment of the longitude. With his last thoughts thus amused by visions so suited to his mind and his past life, the Discoverer of North America died calmly—it is supposed in the city of London; but the date of his death, and the place where his remains are laid, have long been lost even to tradition.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

ACCOUNT OF VESPUCIUS—HIS VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA WITH OJEDA—
HIS VOYAGES TO BRAZIL—EXTRAORDINARY ATTEMPT AT DECEPTION.

COMPARED with the original traits, and the wonderful career of the Great Discoverer, there is little of interest in the life or character of one who, by a factitious, perhaps a designedly false claim, has conferred his name on the whole Western Hemisphere. Amerigo Vespucci (a name latinized into Americus Vesputius) was born at Florence on the 9th of March, 1451. He came of a noble, though reduced family, and received an excellent education, considering the times, from his uncle, Georgio Vespucci, a monk of the fraternity of St. Mark. Under the care of this learned man were several other pupils: among them, Renato, afterwards king of Sicily, with whom Americus subsequently corresponded.

Vesputius engaged in commerce in his native city, and acquired considerable wealth; but meeting with misfortunes, was finally, in 1493, compelled to accept a commercial agency in Spain. He went to Seville, and there, on the death of his employer, was engaged by the sovereigns in fitting out vessels for exploring expeditions. In this city, he also became acquainted with Columbus, with whom he held much discourse about his late discoveries.

The memorable voyage of the Admiral, in 1498, (when he discovered South America) and the glowing accounts which, in the following year, he dispatched to Spain, awakened fresh excitement among the ambitious spirits of the court. Alonzo de Ojeda, already mentioned, had, by the favor of Bishop Fonseca, been possessed of the information which Columbus had

forwarded to the court; and, with Vespuccius and others, forthwith fitted out an expedition for the tempting region. They set sail, in four ships, from near Cadiz, and with the chart of Columbus to guide them, and several of his late crew on board the fleet, they reached the continent in twenty-four days. They first made land at a point considerably south of that which Columbus had discovered, being what is now called Surinam.

Sailing northward along the Gulf of Paria, they remarked the immense quantity of fresh water which is here poured into the ocean from the Orinoco, the Essiquibo, and other great rivers, and finally landed on the island of Trinidad. Vespuccius, in his letters, has given an interesting account of the inhabitants of this island, as well as of other places where he touched. They stopped at the Gulf of Pearls, and at the Caribbee islands, where they had a battle with the natives, in which the latter, in spite of their bravery, were defeated, and their villages were burned to the ground.

They coasted along the island of Curaçoa, and in a beautiful lake-like harbor, were surprised to find a village of large houses, built upon posts in the water, and reminding them of Venice. (Hence the name Venezuela, Little Venice.) Though he had a sharp affray with the natives of this place, Ojeda, with unusual forbearance, spared their singular and ingenious habitations. Thence he sailed into the Gulf of Maracaibo, where the adventurers were received by the Indians with great kindness and hospitality. At one time more than a thousand of these simple people came on board the vessels, gazing with wonder at all around them. At the discharge of a cannon, however, they leaped overboard in great numbers,—“like so many frogs,” says Vespuccius. Some singular customs, half misconceived, are related of these Venezuelan tribes: “They pray to Idols,” says an old writer, “and to the Deuill, whome they paint in such forme as he appeareth to them. They lament their dead Lords in Songs in the night time, made of their prayses: that done, they rost them at a fire, and beating them to powder, drink them in wine.”

Disappointed in their expectations of gold and jewels, these rovers stretched over to Hispaniola, where, as has been related, their appearance caused some anxiety to Columbus. Repulsed by the craft of Roldan, they turned their prows to other islands, and busied themselves in the atrocious task of slave-catching. Finally, in June, 1500, they arrived at Cadiz, with their ships crowded with unhappy captives. These they sold as slaves, but the expedition proved an unprofitable one.

In the following year (1501) Vespuccius went to Portugal, and sailed in a vessel dispatched by King Emanuel, on a voyage of discovery. This vessel touched upon Brazil, of which Vespuccius naturally supposed himself the discoverer; and from the description which he wrote, (as from other circumstances presently to be mentioned) it became fashionable to compliment him by calling the country America, after his name. But this coast had already been partially explored by Vicente Pinzon, the preceding year, in his cruise which resulted in the discovery of the Amazon; and Alvarez Cabral, sailing on his memorable voyage to India, had, very nearly at the same time, accidentally touched upon its shores. But these circumstances were probably unknown to Vespuccius.

On the 10th of May, 1503, he sailed in another Portuguese expedition, of six vessels (one of which he commanded), intended for the discovery of Malacca, renowned by report for its wealth in spices. His vessel, by a disaster, was separated from all the squadron except one, with which he made his way to the Brazils, and discovered "All Saints' Bay." Here he waited for two months, hoping to be joined by the remainder of the fleet, which, in case of separation, were to hold a rendezvous on that coast. Seeing nothing of them, he sailed two hundred and sixty leagues further south, and there, during a stay of five months, built a fort, and loaded his ship with Brazil-wood. Leaving a garrison of twenty-four men, he then set sail for Lisbon, whither he arrived in June, 1504. Nothing more was ever heard of the vessels from which he had been separated.

Meeting with little reward for his services from the Portuguese monarch, in 1505 he again passed into Spain. Here we find him offering his services (which, however, proved unavailing) to procure for Columbus the rights and dignities withheld by the court. He was admitted a citizen of Spain, and, with Vicente Pinzon, was commissioned to sail on a fresh voyage of discovery. He remained at Seville for several years, endeavoring to fit out this expedition; but, from some unknown cause, it fell through; and Vespucius was appointed to the lucrative and responsible office of Chief Pilot. In this employment he continued until his death, February 22d, 1512.

By a most extraordinary piece of imposture, if committed by himself, or of forgery, if committed by another, the claims of Vespucius to the glory of the discovery of the new world, have now, for centuries, been seriously discussed—though, at the present day, few, except his Florentine countrymen, will allow them even the merit of plausibility, on grounds so utterly untenable. In a letter which he is said to have written to King Renato, and which was published in 1507, an account is given of a voyage which he claims to have made to the coast of South America in 1497—a year before the memorable expedition of Columbus. No assertion ever stood more utterly unsupported. By the unanimous testimony of a host of witnesses, it has been proved that, except in this letter, none of his contemporaries, or of those familiar with the Spanish marine, had ever heard of any such voyage. His own conduct and the tenor of his numerous remaining letters are all directly opposed to the reality of any such exploit; and at this distance of time we are unable to decide whether the account is a forgery of some other person, or whether, actuated by a miserable vanity, he thought it possible, at least with his correspondent, to arrogate to himself the discovery of the continent. It is certainly more agreeable to suppose the former, than to admit that a man of the real reputation of Vespucius, and to whose good character Columbus himself has borne testimony, should have been capable of such unblushing impudence and falsehood.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN,

BY VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA.

CHAPTER I.

ACCOUNT OF BALBOA—THE SETTLEMENT AT DARIEN—RUMORS OF A SEA
BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS—TRANSACTIONS WITH THE INDIANS.

“Silent, upon a peak of Darien.”

STIMULATED by the successes of Columbus, a host of Spanish adventurers started up, eager for the renown of discovery, ambitious for the rule of provinces, and athirst for the accumulation of unimaginable treasure. Ojeda and Vespucci, in 1499, had coasted along much of South America, and had explored the Gulf of Venezuela—Vicente Pinzon, sailing the same year, had crossed the line, and had discovered the great river Amazon. Other voyages, several of them exceedingly profitable, had been undertaken to the mainland; Ojeda and Nicuesa, had made explorations and founded settlements; and the Spaniards were becoming somewhat familiar with the coast of the isthmus. The most splendid and important discovery, after those of the great admiral, was in the year 1513, effected by the renowned Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

This indefatigable man, whose name ranks among the first of American pioneers, was born in 1475, at Xeres de los Caballeros, in the province of Estramadura. He was of a roving, perhaps of a profligate disposition, and had sailed in one of the early expeditions to the coast of South America. He afterwards took a farm in Hispaniola, but being unsuccessful, and fearing detention by his creditors, he smuggled himself in a

cast on board the vessel of Enciso, an adventurer who was sailing for the coast of the isthmus. This expedition at first met with several misfortunes, from accident and from the justly-provoked hostility of the natives; but finally, under the guidance of Balboa, who had explored the coast with Bastides, the Spaniards seized on the Indian village of Darien, (situated on the gulf of that name,) where great spoil and comfortable quarters were secured (1510).

By intrigue and by his natural talent for command, the late fugitive soon succeeded in deposing Enciso, and assuming to himself the supreme authority of the colony. Aware, however, of the necessity of propitiating the favor of Ferdinand by remittances, he made it his main object to gain an abundant supply of gold, and accordingly dispatched a small expedition into the interior, under the command of Francisco Pizarro, afterwards renowned and infamous for the conquest of Peru. This enterprise terminated in misfortune, the adventurers being put to flight and sorely wounded by the natives. Chance, however, soon crowned the designs of the governor. To bring the remains of an unfortunate colony from Nombre de Dios, he had dispatched two brigantines, which, coasting along the isthmus, picked up two Spanish refugees, who had been living with Careta, a wealthy Indian cacique. These ungrateful men, in return for the hospitality they had received, persuaded Balboa to attack and plunder their entertainer. With an hundred and thirty men, the governor marched to his village, and, taking him by surprise, captured all his household, and seized his goods. The unfortunate chief, on his arrival at Darien, sought an alliance with the victor, upon whom he bestowed his beautiful daughter. Peace was thus ratified, and the captives were released. Moreover, Balboa with a considerable force marched against Ponca, the enemy of his new ally, laid waste his territories, and gained considerable booty.

He next made a visit to the powerful cacique of Comagre, by whom he was most kindly entertained, and whose son, to propitiate his favor, presented him with sixty slaves and the

immense sum of four thousand ounces of gold. The royal portion being deducted, Balboa commanded the remainder to be shared among his followers. A noisy quarrel ensued around the scales. Inspired with sudden contempt, the prince struck the instrument, and scattered the gold over the floor. "Why should you quarrel for such a trifle?" said he: "Behold those lofty mountains. Beyond them lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summit. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into that sea abound in gold; and the kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels. Gold, in fact, is as plentiful and common among those people of the south as iron is among you Spaniards." He described the difficulties of the way, and the fierceness of the savage tribes by whom it was beset; yet offered his own services and those of his warriors to assist in an expedition to the tempting region.

His words sank deep into the heart of Balboa, whose whole soul was thenceforth engrossed by the noble ambition of enrolling his name on the list of great discoverers. Here was an enterprise worthy of the most arduous exertions, and promising the most splendid renown. After baptizing the friendly cacique and his household, he returned to Darien, and at once sent the intelligence to Diego Columbus, who was now viceroy at Hispaniola, entreating reinforcements, and fortifying his request with a large sum of gold for the royal coffers.

While awaiting the result of this application, he set forth with an hundred and seventy men in quest of the great temple of Dobayba, whose walls were said to be resplendent with golden ornaments, the gifts of Indian kings. In struggling through the difficult and marshy forests of the isthmus, he came upon a race of people who lived in strange dwellings, probably of wicker-work, among the spreading branches of the woods.

The story is quaintly told by a contemporary writer: "Vppon the banke of this riuer, next vnto the mouth of the same, there was a king called Abibeiba, who because the region was fulle of maryshes, hadde his pallace builded in the toppe of a hygh





*VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA,
VIEWING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE PACIFIC OCEAN.*

tree, a newe kinde of building and seldome seene." These trees, the common habitations of the natives, are described as being of immense size and height, and the agility of the servants, at royal entertainments, in "running vp and down the staires adherente to the tree," is amusingly described. "Our men therefore came to the tree of King Abibeiba; and by the interpretours called him foorth to communication, giuing him signes of peace, and thereupon willing him to come downe. But hee denied that hee would come out of his house, desiring them to suffer him to lyve after his fashione. * * When hee hadde denied them agayne, they fell to hewing the tree with their axes. Abebeiba seeing the chippes fall from the tree on euery side, chaunged his purpose, and came downe with onely two of his sons." This unfortunate potentate, thus summarily ejected from his airy habitation, told them that "hee had no golde, and that hee neuer had any neede therof, nor yet regarded it any more then stones." He promised, however, to go to the neighboring mountains and bring them some, but "came neither at the day, nor after the day appointed. They departed therefore from thence, well refreshed with his victualles and wine, but not with gold as they hoped." In the subsequent narrative there is a touching mention of "Abebeiba, the inhabitour of the tree, who had now likewise forsaken his countrey for feare of our men, and wandered in the desolate mountaines and woods."

After this disappointment, the Spanish leader explored the country for some distance, and gained considerable spoil; but the golden temple evaded all his researches.

The neighboring caciques, indignant at the outrages of the whites, soon formed a plan for their extermination: an hundred canoes and five thousand warriors were prepared for a midnight attack upon the settlement of Darien; but the treachery of one of their people defeated the enterprize. On learning their intention, Balboa marched secretly upon the hostile camp, and seized their leaders, whom he put to death. A fortress was then erected as a safeguard against future attack. The ener-

getic governor met with equal success in suppressing a most dangerous sedition among his own followers.

CHAPTER II.

EXPEDITION OF BALBOA IN SEARCH OF THE SEA—CONTESTS WITH THE NATIVES—DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN—APPOINTMENT OF PEDRARIAS—REAPPOINTMENT OF BALBOA— MISFORTUNES OF THE COLONY.

THE authority of Balboa had been confirmed by a letter from the treasurer of Hispaniola, but he was privately informed that the influence of his enemies at the court of Spain was sufficient to crush him. Some grand exploit was necessary to retrieve his fortunes; and he resolved at once to set forth in quest of the great sea, whose golden shores were said to lie in the south-west. An hundred and ninety of the most daring and resolute of his followers were selected to share the enterprise, and a number of bloodhounds were taken to overawe and discomfit the natives. On the first of September, 1513, after one of those solemn invocations to Heaven which usually preceded a Spanish expedition, whether for discovery or massacre, this little army set out to fight its way to the unknown ocean.

By the 8th, Balboa arrived at the territories of Ponca, his late foe, whom he readily conciliated, and who assured him of the reality of the object of his search. Leaving this cacique on the 20th, he pressed forward through a region of such terrible difficulties that four days were expended in passing a distance of ten leagues. The Indians, whose territory he was invading, under their cacique Quaraqua, now attacked his army in great numbers. But the unaccustomed terror of the fire-arms and bloodhounds overcame their courage: they soon took to flight; and the cacique, with six hundred of his people, was left dead upon the field. Much booty, in gold and jewels, was obtained from the Indian villages, and several prisoners, with execrable

cruelty, were given to be torn in pieces by bloodhounds. This piece of barbarism was indeed of common occurrence in the Spanish conquests. Sometimes the savage animals refused to touch the victims thus brutally offered to them—"Their very dogges," says an old author, with quaint indignation, "being less dogged than their doggish diuelish masters."

Many of the Spaniards, disabled by wounds or illness, were unable to proceed; and with only sixty-seven companions, the fierce and dauntless adventurer pushed forward up the mountain. On the 26th of September, 1513, as they were nearing its summit, he bade his companions to halt, and ordered that no man should stir from his place. With a beating heart, he ascended alone; and, standing on the summit of that mighty chain which divides the oceans, beheld the vast Pacific glittering in the south. In his joy at this sublime discovery, the grandest since the days of Columbus, he knelt down, and returned fervent thanks to God. His people crowded around him, and a solemn *Te Deum* went up to heaven. Formal possession, recorded by a notary, and witnessed by all, was taken of the new ocean, with all its shores and islands, in the name of Castile; a cross was erected, and a number of stones were piled up to mark the memorable spot.

Defeating the savages who opposed them, and receiving enormous tributes of gold, the Spaniards hastened to the shore of the still-distant sea. One Alonzo Martin reached it first, and leaping into a canoe, called all to witness that he was the first European who had floated on that sea. When Balboa arrived, seizing a banner, he plunged into the waves, and with a stately and swelling preamble took possession of the sea, offering to maintain in the name of his sovereigns against any other prince or people, "Christian or infidel," their "empire and dominion over these Indias, islands, and Terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the Arctic and Antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final

judgment of all mankind." Amid all the avarice and cruelty which stained the Spanish discoverers, there occasionally gleamed forth something exceedingly fine and classical, making them eager for honorable renown, and at times almost forgetful of their quenchless thirst for gold.

Launching forth, with sixty of his men, in nine frail canoes, this daring commander attempted to explore the coast; but after experiencing great peril and suffering, was compelled to relinquish his project. The Indians, however, assured him that the shore stretched on without end, and that in the remote south, was abundance of gold. Their cacique also moulded in clay the figure of an animal (the lama), which he said was used in that region to carry burdens. It is probable that not only the imagination of Balboa, but that of Pizarro, who was with him, was fired with ambition by these tempting descriptions. Meanwhile, great quantities of gold and pearls were readily furnished by the natives, who pointed to a distant group of islands as being especially rich in the latter precious commodities. Balboa would have set forth at once to this land of promise, but was deterred by the alarming representations of his hosts.

As the expedition, early in November, set out on its return, the caciques sent large numbers of their subjects to assist the Spaniards in carrying their precious burdens of gold and jewels. On their way, these ferocious marauders seized a certain cacique, and, being disappointed in their expectations of treasure, gave him, and three of his companions, to be devoured by the bloodhounds. The personal ugliness of the unhappy chief seems to have been thought some reason for excluding him from the pale of humanity, the Spanish commander averring that he "neuer sawe a more monstrous & defourmed creature, and that nature hath only giuen him humane shape, and otherwise to bee worse then a brute beast, with manners according to the liniamentes of his bodie." The avarice of the Spaniards, however, resulted in great disaster to themselves, for refusing to permit their Indian guides to bring a sufficiency of provi-

sions (lest they should be unable to carry gold enough) great suffering ensued from hunger, and many of their unfortunate servants perished on the way. In the terrible regions through which they passed, they found "nothing apt to be eaten, but wylde rootes and certaine vnpleasant fruites of trees." Twice they were obliged to make long delays to recruit their strength; but always contrived to wring fresh hoards of treasure from the trembling natives, and to overawe them by severity. Thus they gradually worked their way homeward, "laden with golde, but sore afflicted with hunger." It was not until the 18th of January, 1514, that Balboa arrived at Darien, having gained the most brilliant and enduring reputation as a discoverer, though stained by deeds of outrageous cruelty and oppression. A vast booty in pearls, gold, and captives, rewarded the rapacity of his followers, and promised to conciliate the favor of the crown.

But before the news of his success could arrive in Spain, his enemies were fully in the ascendant. The king, moved by their representations, appointed one Pedrarias Davila, a distinguished cavalier, but ambitious, relentless, and treacherous, as governor of the rising colony of Darien. Further stimulated by the accounts of the supposed ocean which Balboa had sent to Spain, he resolved to fit out a powerful armament for discovery and conquest. Now was witnessed an almost exact repetition of the scenes which had occurred at the time of the second expedition of Columbus—destined, too, like those, to be the prelude to disappointment, misery and death. The youthful and noble cavaliers, excited, as then, by the prospect of fortune and conquest in an undiscovered world, flocked to join in the enterprise. Age and capital, it seems, were equally carried away by the excitement; for, we are told, there were "likewise no small number of couetous old men," who eagerly offered to pay their own charges, if they might join the expedition. The number had been limited to twelve hundred; but by the royal permission, and by favor and artifice, the fleet, consisting of fifteen sail, eventually carried off more than two

thousand. It was, indeed, repeatedly the fate of European nations to witness scenes of excitement and enthusiasm, such as, in our own day, under better auspices, and with a happier result, have founded a new and splendid empire on the shores of California.

A bishop, named Quevedo, was appointed over the new diocese, which, with the whole coast, now received the alluring title of Castilla d'Oro, or Golden Castile. A number of ecclesiastics were also provided for the spiritual good of the colony, while, to promote its temporal tranquillity, no lawyer was permitted to go there. On the 12th of April, 1514, the expedition set sail.

Hardly had it lost sight of the shores of Spain, when a messenger from Balboa, announcing his brilliant discovery, arrived, with splendid specimens of the wealth of the Pacific. The ambitious monarch, highly elated at the news, dispatched a fresh missive, constituting that commander, lately in such disgrace, as Lieutenant of the South Sea, and governor of important provinces on the isthmus.

Meanwhile, under his assiduous exertions, the colony had greatly prospered, and now contained a population of five hundred Europeans, with thrice that number of Indians. On the arrival of Pedrarias, however, he submitted with great readiness to the royal decree. The new commander, with ineffable meanness and duplicity, pretended to treat him with great distinction, and thus gained the most important and accurate information concerning his late discoveries. This object accomplished, he at once commenced a judicial investigation of his conduct, hoping to send him to Spain for trial. The favor of the bishop and of the alcalde, whom Balboa had managed to conciliate, alone deferred his impending fate.

Famine and malaria soon began to do their work upon the improvident multitude which had so gayly left the shores of Spain, and seven hundred of the unfortunate companions of Pedrarias soon perished of disease or hunger. Others took refuge in the island of Cuba, then being conquered and settled

by Velasquez; and others returned miserably to Spain. The governor, eager to use his ill-gotten information, dispatched a force of four hundred men, under Juan de Ayora, to lay open a line of communication to the Pacific. But that officer, by his outrageous conduct to the natives, converted them into deadly enemies, and the enterprise failed disastrously. Another expedition, of two hundred men, under Balboa and Luis Carillo, dispatched in quest of the temple of Dobayba, was attacked by great numbers of the hostile Indians, and retreated in wretched condition to Darien, with the loss of more than half their number.

CHAPTER III.

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF BALBOA—EXPEDITIONS OF MORALES AND PIZARRO—RECONCILIATION OF BALBOA AND PEDRARIAS— CRUISE OF BALBOA ON THE PACIFIC—HIS SUDDEN ACCUSATION, TRIAL, AND EXECUTION.

ON the arrival of the royal missive appointing Balboa to his new honors, the governor for some time meanly withheld it. With much difficulty the bishop and the alcalde prevailed upon him to obey its provisions—which, however, he did in mere form, compelling his rival to give security that he would not enter on the new government without his permission. His jealousy was stimulated to fury by the arrival of a vessel from Cuba, containing seventy resolute adventurers, who had flocked to the call of Balboa to accompany him on a private expedition to the golden shores of the Pacific. The infuriated governor, fearing a plot, was with difficulty induced to refrain from imprisoning his rival in a cage. The latter was peremptorily forbidden to go on his intended expedition (1515).

Pedrarias, however, dispatched a party of his own, consisting of sixty men, under his relation Gaspar Morales. This fierce and cruel commander was accompanied by Pizarro, who had

already been to the Pacific with Balboa, and whose unrelenting cruelty may perhaps be traced in the atrocities which disgraced the present enterprise. Traversing the mountains by an easier route, they arrived at the Southern Ocean, and were hospitably entertained by a cacique, named Tutibra. With only four canoes, the two leaders and a portion of their men embarked for the Pearl Islands, which lay a distant line on the horizon of the ocean. The warlike cacique of the chief island made a brave resistance, but with his people was unable to withstand the terrors of hounds and fire-arms. Accordingly, he made submission, and, in the words of an ancient author, "had them home vnto his house, and made much of them, and received baptisme at their hands, naming him Pedro Arias after the gouernours name, and he gaue vnto them for this a basket full of pearles waying 110 poundes, whereof some were as big as hasell nuts." He promised them abundance of these treasures, and from the summit of a tower pointed out the distant region of gold, the mighty realm of the Incas, yet destined to be subdued by one who stood beside him.

The ill-conduct of the Spaniards left on the mainland had so exasperated the natives, that on the return of the adventurers, they were attacked by an overwhelming force, and a number were slain. The hostile chieftains, however, were taken by stratagem, and thrown into chains; and their undisciplined followers, attacked by surprise at midnight, were massacred to the number of seven hundred. The caciques, eighteen in number, were given to be devoured alive by bloodhounds.

The retreat of the Spaniards, in turn, was beset by crowds of assailants, and they were worn out by repeated attacks—Morales vainly killing his prisoners in hopes that the natural lamentations over the bodies of their friends would check the fierceness of the pursuit. One of the retreating invaders, unable to keep up with his companions, hanged himself on a tree rather than fall into the hands of the justly-exasperated natives. After a series of sufferings and disasters almost unexampled, the Spaniards, in a most miserable condition, arrived at Darien.

There, the beauty of their trophies excited the most rapturous admiration; and a single pearl, which the governor's wife afterwards presented to the empress, was repaid by a gift of four thousand ducats.

The administration of Pedrarias was now embarrassed by many perplexities and misfortunes. The expeditions which he dispatched were in general unsuccessful; and in particular a large party, consisting of an hundred and eighty men, well armed and provided with artillery, was set upon by the enraged Indians, and cut off to a man. The settlement was soon in a state of constant siege, and the trembling colonists were perpetually in fear of massacre. In this juncture, the good offices of the Bishop Quevedo brought about a reconciliation of the governor to his dreaded rival, Balboa. It was evident that nothing but the genius and audacity of the disgraced commander could restore the renown and prosperity of the colony. Accordingly, it was agreed that he should receive in marriage a daughter of Pedrarias (who was sent for from Spain), and that he should be supplied with the means for his long-cherished expedition to the great South Sea (1516).

Two hundred men were placed at his command, and he was empowered to build four brigantines for transportation across the mountains. Two of these vessels were constructed on the Atlantic shore, and were then with incredible labor taken piecemeal on the shoulders of men through the tangled forests and precipitous passes which led to the Pacific. Many of the hapless natives perished in this terrible task, but it was remarked that the Spaniards and negroes, of hardier constitution, supported their burdens with less fatal fatigue. The hardihood and endurance of these veterans of the isthmus, perhaps never surpassed, is forcibly described in a letter of Peter Martyr to the Pope, Leo X.: "The old soldiers of Dariena," he says, "were hardened to abide all sorrowes, & exceeding tollerable of labor, heate, hunger, and watching, insomuch that merily they make their boast, that they haue observed a longer & sharper Lent then euer your Holinesse enjoyned: for they say

that for the space of foure whole yeeres they eate none other than herbes and fruites, except now and then perhaps fysshe, and very seldome fleshe; yea, and that sometime for lacke of all these, they haue not abhorred from mangie dogges and filthy toades as we have sayde before." After an immensity of toil, suffering, and privation, two brigantines were floating on the river Balsas, which flows into the Pacific. In these little keels, the first of European construction which had ever floated on that vast ocean, Balboa, with his companions, launched forth triumphantly on the unknown waters. A more daring and arduous undertaking, considering the difficulty of the task and the perils which beset the way, was perhaps never accomplished by man.

Cruising to the eastward along the southern shore of the isthmus, he passed beyond the great gulf of San Miguel, and pursued a course which, if continued, would have led him to the wealthy regions of Peru, and perhaps have transferred to his brow the renown and infamy of the memorable Conquest. But the wind headed him; and he returned to the main land, where he defeated and slew a great number of Indians, in revenge for the murder of some companions of Morales. Thence he proceeded to the Isles of Pearls, where he busied his men in the construction of two additional vessels.

Rumors soon arrived that a new governor had been appointed to supersede Pedrarias, and one Garabito was dispatched to Darien to ascertain the truth. The treachery of this man, who was his secret enemy, proved the ruin of Balboa, at the very moment when his daring and ambitious schemes seemed all about to be realized. The falsehoods and misrepresentations of his envoy inflamed the jealous mind of Pedrarias to frenzy against his new ally, whom he supposed to be aspiring to a new realm of his own on the Pacific. Dissembling, however, he sent him a friendly message, requesting an interview. The unsuspecting commander hastened to meet him, and though informed on the way of his evil intentions, trusted by a truthful statement to remove his suspicions. He was soon met by

Francisco Pizarro, with an armed force, and was taken in chains to Acla, a town near the base of the mountains.

A judicial process for treason was instantly commenced against him, sustained by the treacherous evidence of Garabito, and the misunderstood report of an eavesdropper. His own indignant reply to the accusations of Pedrarias contains a strong argument for his innocence of the charge imputed to him. "If I had known myself guilty," he said, "what would have induced me to come here and put myself into your hands? If I had intended to rebel against the king, my master, what prevented me from doing it? I had four ships ready for sea, three hundred men at my command, and an open sea before me. What had I to do but to set sail, and press forward? There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, enough for me and mine, far beyond your control. Knowing my innocence, I came here promptly, at your mere request, and my reward is slander, indignity, and chains." The alcalde, however, overawed by the governor, gave a reluctant judgment that he was guilty; and the sanguinary Pedrarias gave order for his immediate execution. As he was led to the fatal spot, the public crier walked before him, proclaiming his treason. He answered indignantly, "It is false! never did such a crime enter my mind. I have ever served my king with truth and loyalty, and sought to augment his dominions." Having confessed himself and partaken of the sacrament, he mounted the scaffold with a firm and manly demeanor, and laid his head upon the block. It was severed from the body at a single stroke, amid the lamentations of the people. Four of his associates shared his fate, and the malignant governor, through the reed wall of an adjoining house, feasted his eyes on the destruction of his supposed enemies (1517).

Thus perished in the prime of life Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the first beholder of the Pacific, the great pioneer of inland discovery, at a moment when his fondest wishes seemed on the point of being crowned with success, and a fresh and brilliant career of conquest and exploration lay before him. His genius

and courage had endeared him to the Spaniards, who were eager to follow him on any enterprise, however toilsome or perilous; and though guilty of some outrageous cruelties to the Indians, he treated them in general, it is said, with much kindness and justice, and secured their friendship and attachment to a greater degree than any other of the Spanish adventurers. That all his glory should end in disaster and misfortune was a fate which, from the ingratitude of the court or the machinations of their enemies, he shared in common with nearly all the great names of Spanish discovery and conquest.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO,

BY HERNANDO CORTES.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONQUEST OF CUBA—DISCOVERY OF YUCATAN—DISCOVERY OF MEXICO—HERNANDO CORTES—HIS EXPEDITION—BATTLES WITH THE TABASCANS, ETC.—ARRIVAL AT SAN JUAN DE ULUA.

THE brilliancy and rapid succession of Spanish discoveries and conquests, within a few years from the voyage of Columbus, seem astonishing, even in the present age of universal enterprise. Wherever the foot of the Spaniard was planted, the land from that moment seemed subject to his sway, and all its inhabitants the destined ministers to his avarice and pride. Nor was this fatal certainty of triumph confined to those feeble and unwarlike races, such as ever have withered away before the advancing footsteps of the white men. Before the fierce courage and invincible endurance of Spanish adventure, the most ancient and powerful empires of America, empires strong in a fixed government, and adorned by the graces of civilization, doomed to a destruction as certain as sudden, were destined to vanish from the earth, in the midst of that pride and security from which they had hardly the time to awaken.

It has been mentioned that Columbus, to the day of his death, supposed Cuba to be a portion of the Asiatic continent. Subsequent navigation proved it to be an island, and in 1511 his son Diego, then governor of Hispaniola, dispatched a small expedition, under Diego Velasquez, to reduce it to subjection. The timorous and unwarlike natives opposed little resistance, and, thanks to the good offices of Las Casas, the venerable

advocate of the Indian race, the conquest was disgraced by comparatively few atrocities. One chief, named Hatuey, who had made resistance, was burned alive by the cruel Velasquez. On being urged, at the stake, to embrace Christianity and save his soul, he inquired if the white men would also go to heaven. On being told that they would, he made the memorable answer, "I will not be a Christian then: for I would not go again to a place where I must find men so cruel."

In February, 1517, one Hernandez de Cordova, sailing from Cuba to the Bahamas in quest of slaves, was driven westward by a succession of gales, and finally found himself on the coast of Yucatan (Cape Catoche). Here he was amazed at the evidences of wealth and civilization—at the massive construction of the buildings, and the native fabrics of cotton and ornaments of gold. Every where the Spaniards were encountered with fierce hostility, and finally, after enduring great suffering, returned to Cuba with less than half their number.

Stimulated by their reports, Velasquez, the governor of that island, in the following year (May 1, 1518) dispatched his nephew Juan de Grijalva, in command of four vessels, to effect fresh discoveries. This squadron, after touching at the island of Cozumel, coasted along the Peninsula, the crews experiencing, wherever they landed, the same fierce and determined resistance. During one contest, they met with annoyance from a singular and ludicrous circumstance. On the field, says one of them, "there was a prodigious swarm of locusts. These animals, during the action, sprang up and struck us in the faces, so that we hardly knew when to put up our shields to guard us, or whether they were arrows or locusts which flew around us, they came so thick together." Coasting westward, the fleet finally arrived at the shores of Mexico. A friendly intercourse was opened with the people, and great store of jewels and gold was obtained in return for trifles. After an absence of six months, during which he had explored much of the Mexican coast, Grijalva returned to Cuba with the renown of his discovery.

The governor, excited by the dispatches which that commander had sent him, was already engaged in the preparation of a larger and more important expedition, the command of which he meant to intrust to Hernando Cortes. This man, so renowned and infamous, was born at Medellin in Estramadura, on the 10th of November, 1485—"the same day,"* says a pious Spanish author, "that that infernal beast, the false heretic Luther, entered the world—by way of compensation, no doubt, since the labors of the one to pull down the true faith were counterbalanced by those of the other to maintain and extend it." At the age of fourteen, he was sent to the University of Salamanca, where, however, he profited little, passing two years in idleness and dissipation. He returned home, and was on the point of sailing with Ovando for Hispaniola, but was prevented by a serious accident, incurred in the prosecution of an amour. In 1504, at the age of nineteen, he set out to seek his fortune, and sailed for that island in the vessel of one Alonzo Quintero. After a great tempest, the mariners were cheered by seeing a white dove alight on the mast. It has been suggested by some devout Spanish historians that this bird was no other than the Holy Ghost, which thus appeared to take the adventurer under his especial protection.

On arriving at Hispaniola, Cortes met a kind reception from the governor, and was promised a tract of land. "I came to get gold," he replied, "not to till the soil like a peasant." Nevertheless he accepted the grant, with its accustomed *repartimiento* of unhappy natives. Under Velasquez, who was then Ovando's lieutenant, he was often employed in suppressing the Indian insurrections, and learned those lessons of daring and cruelty, in which, on a more extended stage, he was yet to prove himself a master.

He accompanied Velasquez in his conquest of Cuba, and, after the subjugation of that island, in 1512, acquired by mining and plantation a considerable sum of money. "God," says the worthy Las Casas, "who alone knows at what cost of Indian

* Of the month, perhaps; for Luther was born in 1483.

lives it was obtained, will take account of it." During this time he married, and was alternately under the favor and displeasure of the governor, who, at one time, it is said, was even on the point of commanding him to be hanged. A reconciliation was, however, effected, and Cortes embarked all his means in the projected enterprise.

The treasures gained by Grijalva, and his report of the wealth of the country, inflamed a host of rapacious adventurers with the thirst for fresh renown and for richer plunder. "Nothing," says one of them, "was to be seen or spoken of but selling lands to purchase arms and horses, quilting coats of mail, making bread, and salting pork, for sea stores." Three hundred volunteers were speedily assembled in the town of St. Jago. The ambition of Cortes, exalted by the opportunity, induced him to use every exertion to forward the expedition; and the levity and recklessness which he had heretofore displayed, gave way to a grave and aspiring determination.

The instructions of Velasquez were certainly of a liberal and tolerably unexceptionable character. Traffic with the natives, and their conversion, were the principal objects to be attained. Cortes, indeed, was to invite them to give in their allegiance to his master, the king of Spain, "and to manifest it by regaling him with such comfortable presents of gold, pearls, and precious stones, as, by showing their own good-will, would secure his favor and protection." The self-complacent anticipations of the governor were soon grievously disturbed. "One Sunday," says old Diaz,* "going as usual to mass, attended by the most respectable persons of the town and neighborhood, he

* Bernal Diaz del Castillo, the most amusing and reliable of all the Spanish writers on Mexico, was a soldier of distinguished valor, who served throughout the Wars of the Conquest. He was engaged in an hundred and nineteen battles, and was constantly fighting by the side of Cortes, or employed in his service. Being a shrewd and humorous observer, he has left the most lively picture of the manners of the age and nation. In his old age, half a century after the Fall of Mexico, being then Regidor of Guatemala, he sat down to write his story, in which the bluntness of the camp is most agreeably tempered with natural good feeling and the pleasant garrulity of age.



HERNANDO CORTEZ,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY TITIAN.

placed Hernando Cortes, by way of distinction, on his right hand; upon which occasion one Cervantes, called "the mad," a kind of buffoon, ran before them, repeating his absurdities, such as "Huzza for my master Diego! what a captain has he chosen! and how soon will he lose his fleet!" with much of that kind, but all having a malicious tendency. Andres de Duero, who was present, cuffed him, and bid him be silent, but the rogue persevered, adding, that he would quit his old master, and follow the fortunes of Cortes." The raillery of this Thersites, however, sank deep into the jealous heart of Velasquez, and his suspicion was inflamed to such an extent, that he resolved to deprive Cortes of his command. The latter, learning his intentions, hastened his departure, and at midnight got his little squadron under way—the enraged and disappointed governor arriving on the shore only in time to see the fleet fairly under sail. He touched at several other ports of Cuba, continually increasing his stores and augmenting his forces, while the orders for his apprehension, dispatched by Velasquez to the local governors, were impossible of execution—"by reason," says de Solis, "of the Disgust which it gave the Soldiers.") On the 10th of February, 1519, he sailed from Havana toward Cape San Antonio, where the remainder of his fleet were to meet him. There his expedition was found to consist of eleven vessels, manned by six hundred and sixty-three men. He had ten cannon, with other artillery, and, most important of all, sixteen horses, procured, at that time, at great trouble and expense. Old Bernal Diaz, the chronicler and partaker of the expedition, describes the points and qualities of each animal with an amusing particularity. All being ready, the commander made an address to his followers, with strong natural eloquence, appealing most effectively to their avarice, their ambition, and their superstitious zeal. He then, on the 18th of February, 1519, set sail for Yucatan.

At this time Cortes was about thirty-three years old, and was of a slender, but vigorous and athletic person. He excelled

in all martial exercises, and by his air of command, mingled with gayety and good-humor, had acquired the strongest hold on the obedience and attachment of his followers. "All of us," says one of them, "would with pleasure have laid down our lives for him." He had a fondness for state and display, "wearing a plume of feathers and a gold medal in his cap, which ornaments became him very well."

After encountering a fierce tempest, by which their vessels were dispersed, the Spaniards, one after another, arrived at the island of Cozumel. (This island had its name from a notable idol who was lodged there, a name which it still bears—very improperly, argues a Spanish historian, and to the great discredit of Geography, seeing that the Arch Fiend had the christening of it.) They entered the temples, some of which, several stories in height, were solidly built of stone and lime; and were surprised, amid the idolatrous effigies, at the sight of a cross, the native emblem of the God of Rain. After some hesitation, the Indians ventured among their invaders, and a friendly interchange of goods took place. They were harangued, at first with little effect, by two reverend fathers, on the merits of Christianity; but Cortes, without ceremony, tumbled their most venerated idols down the stairs of the great temple, and placed in their stead an altar, with an image of the Holy Virgin.

On the 4th of March, the adventurer, with his fleet, set sail from the island, having taken a friendly leave of the natives, who readily "promised to take care of the holy altar and crucifix." Having reached the Rio de Tabasco, near the southern extremity of the Gulf, he left his vessels, and, with a part of his forces, ascended the river in boats. On the morning of the second day, a vast array of Indians was seen, drawn up on the bank to oppose the intruders. The whole air resounded with their barbarous music. Cortes determined to make his way to their town of Tabasco, but first ordered a royal notary to make solemn proclamation that the expedition was on "the service of God and the king," and that they would be responsible for

the consequences of opposing his passage. "All which," says Diaz, "being duly explained to them, produced no effect; they seemed as determined to oppose us as they were before."

A fierce contest ensued in the water, the Tabascans in their canoes opposing a brave resistance to the advancing boats of the Spaniards. They were, however, driven to land, but still fought bravely, retreating from barricade to barricade, "fronting us valiantly, whistling, and shouting, 'Al calachioni,' or, 'kill the captain.'" They were, however, unable to withstand the unwonted terror of fire-arms; and being taken in the rear by a detachment of a hundred Spaniards, relinquished the town to their enemies. The latter took possession, but found little gold, the effects of the natives having been previously removed—"a circumstance which gave us small satisfaction." Formal possession of the country was taken in the name of the crown, and Cortes, "drawing his sword, gave three cuts with it in a great Ceiba-tree; and said that against any one who denied his majesty's claim, he was ready to defend and maintain it, with the sword and shield which he then held. This step was generally approved of, and it was formally witnessed by a royal notary."

But the whole country was now in arms, and a force of many thousand Indians was assembled on the neighboring plain of Ceutla. With his usual audacity, Cortes determined to strike the first blow, and accordingly landed his horses and a part of his artillery. On the 25th of March, the main body of the army set forth over a long causeway which led to the Indian camp, while the general, with his slender band of cavalry, drew a circuit to attack the enemy in the rear. This little force consisted of the most gallant cavaliers of his army,—among them Alvarado, Olid, De Leon, and other names destined to renown in the Conquest. The infantry arrived first, and for more than an hour sustained a fierce contest with the overwhelming number of their opponents. The latter, despite the inferiority of their weapons, fought well, and as often as the cannon were fired, redoubled their shouting, whistling, and

martial music,* crying, "ala! lala," and throwing dust and straw into the air to conceal the havoc made among their crowded ranks.

When the Spaniards, almost exhausted, were anxiously looking for the assistance of their leader, a confused and disordered movement was observed in the rear of the Indian army. Cortes and his horsemen had arrived, and taking the enemy by surprise, charged furiously among them. The natives, who had never before beheld a horse, were terrified at the monstrous apparition, and a general panic ensued. Ordaz, who commanded the main body, redoubled his attack, and the disorderly multitude was soon put to flight. Pursuit was considered imprudent and unnecessary.

It became the fashion among Spanish chroniclers to ascribe this victory to the personal exertions of the "blessed St. Jago," who was said to have appeared, mounted on a gray steed, in the thickest of the fight. Others have ascribed it to St. Peter, but old Diaz, who was present, dryly remarks, "it might be the case, and I, sinner as I am, was not worthy to be permitted to see it. What I did see was, Francisco de Morla riding in company with Cortes and the rest, upon a chesnut horse, and that circumstance, and all the others of that day, appear to me, at this moment that I am writing, as if actually passing in the view of these sinful eyes. But although I, unworthy sinner that I am, was unfit to behold either of those holy apostles, upwards of four hundred of us were present; let their testimony be taken."

Cortez dismissed his prisoners to carry to their countrymen the stern announcement that, unless they submitted, "he would ride over the land, and put every living thing in it, man, woman, and child, to the sword." The principal caciques of the defeated nation soon presented themselves before him, with

* Their instruments of military music were of a rude but effective construction—"Flutes made of great Canes; Sea-shells; and a sort of Drums, made of the Trunk of a Tree, so hollowed, and made thin, that they answered to the Stroke of the Stick a very displeasing Sound."

submission and propitiatory offerings. Peaceable intercourse was soon established, and a grand religious ceremony, with all the pomp of Catholicism, was performed with a view to effect their conversion. They gazed with insatiable wonder on the strange persons and accoutrements, and the mysterious rites of their visitors. The cavalry, as usual, excited their especial terror and curiosity. "When they heard the Horses ney," says an old writer, "they had thought the horses could speake, and demanded what they said; the Spaniards answered, these Horses are sore offended with you, for fighting with them, and would haue you corrected: the simple Indians presented Roses and Hennes to the beasts, desiring them to eat and pardon them." Being asked where they obtained their gold, the natives answered, "Culchua," and "Mexico," pointing to the west.

Again embarking, the adventurers sailed westward, and soon arrived at the island of San Juan de Ulua, opposite the present site of Vera Cruz. The natives, already conciliated by the visit of Grijalva, came off in numbers to the vessels. Cortes was for a time at a loss how to communicate with them; till accident supplied an interpreter. Among the gifts of the Tabascan caciques were twenty females ("which part of the present," says Diaz, with amusing simplicity, "we held in most special estimation,") one of whom, named by the Spaniards Marina, was of Mexican birth. Her father had been a powerful cacique, but she had been sold into slavery among the Tabascans, whose language she had acquired. With the dialect of that people, a companion of Cortes, who had been long prisoner with the Indians, was familiar, and thus a correct, though circuitous communication was established with the Mexicans. The knowledge of Castilian, which Marina speedily acquired, indeed, soon obviated the necessity of a double interpretation. This woman, destined to play such a conspicuous part in the conquest of her country, was at this time young and beautiful, and is said to have possessed great intelligence and many amiable qualities. She became the mistress of Cortes, to whom afterwards she bore a son.

CHAPTER II.

THE LANDING AT VERA CRUZ—NEGOTIATION WITH MONTEZUMA—
MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS—ALLIANCE WITH THE TOTONACS—
DESTRUCTION OF THEIR IDOLS.

ON the 21st of April, 1519, Cortes, with all his troops, landed on the golden soil of Mexico, on the very spot where the town of Vera Cruz now stands. Teuhtile, the chief cacique of the neighborhood, soon came in state to visit him, and ceremonious courtesies were interchanged. To the inquiries of this dignitary, the Spanish commander replied that he had been sent by his master, the powerful king of Spain, with a present to the sovereign of Mexico, and a message which he must deliver in person. The politic cacique expressed surprise at learning that there was another prince as powerful as his master, the great Montezuma; but assured Cortes that he would dispatch the present and ascertain the will of the emperor. The rich and beautifully wrought articles of gold and of other valuable materials, which he presented to the Spanish chief, quite put to shame the paltry offerings which were all that Cortes could find as a gift for the Aztec sovereign. The cacique also dispatched, for the inspection of his master, one of the Spanish helmets, and Cortes suggested the propriety of filling it with gold dust when returned, adding, "that the Spaniards were troubled with a disease of the heart, for which gold was a specific remedy." Accurate pictures of the horses, the cannon, the ships and their strange inhabitants, were likewise made by the native artists for transmission to the court.

At this time the throne of the Aztec* empire was filled by the famous Montezuma, who, in 1502, on the decease of his uncle, came by election to the sovereignty. He had been dis-

* The Aztecs, originally a small tribe settled in the Mexican Valley, by continued encroachments and conquests, became the principal power in the whole region lying between the Pacific and the Gulf; numerous nations, of different languages and origin, being their vassals or tributaries.

tinguished both in war and in the services of the national worship—a worship which, with its hideous deities, and its innumerable human sacrifices, was thoroughly interwoven with the entire system of Aztec government and polity. Of this fierce and sanguinary religion he was supposed to be an enthusiastic devotee; and from the stern and melancholy expression of his countenance, his name, signifying the “sad” or “severe man,” was derived.

On his accession, he speedily became involved in war with his neighbors, and by his military genius extended his conquests widely over the surrounding regions of Anahuac.* In the execution of justice, and in the enlargement and improvement of public works and edifices, he also displayed great ability and munificence. His ostentatious state, however, and the splendor of his court, required great wealth to maintain them, and his exactions, as well from his own people as from the conquered provinces, caused great disaffection and ill-will. Frequent insurrections occurred, to suppress which all his available forces were continually required. Moreover, he had for his mortal enemies Ixtlilxochitl, half-sovereign of the neighboring kingdom of Tezcuco, and the chiefs of the fierce and warlike republic of Tlascala. The condition of the Aztec empire, both from the extent of its conquests, and the heterogeneous materials of which it was composed, had, for several years, been critical in the extreme.

For some time before the arrival of the Spaniards, the mind of Montezuma, suspicious and anxious, had been excited by ancient prophecies and recent portents. Quetzalcoatl, the ancient deity of the Aztecs, with fair complexion and flowing beard, it had been foretold, should one day return to resume his empire—and the coming of the white men was by many considered as a fulfilment of this prediction. Strange comets and other prodigies of nature added to his dismay.

Ever since the visit of Grijalva, he had been waiting, in

* The native title of the extensive tract of country since known as New Spain or Mexico.

anxious expectation, for fresh arrivals of the mysterious strangers; and by his orders, on their landing, rich gifts had been bestowed on them, and the most hospitable and assiduous attention paid them by a multitude of his subjects. On the receipt of the message of Cortes and the descriptions given by his subjects, he held a solemn council, and, despite the remonstrances of his sager advisers, determined to send them a magnificent present, and, at the same time, to forbid their approach to his capital. "This," says Mr. Prescott, "was to reveal, at once, both his wealth and his weakness."

From the city of Mexico to Vera Cruz the distance is seventy leagues; yet within eight days from the time the message had been dispatched by Teuhtile, an embassy from the emperor arrived at the camp of the Spaniards. It was accompanied by a hundred slaves, who bore presents of the most precious material and the most admirable workmanship. "The first was a plate of gold of the size of the wheel of a carriage, representing the sun, admirably wrought, and said to be worth upwards of twenty thousand crowns of gold (\$230,000); a larger one, equally wrought, of silver, representing the moon; the helmet already mentioned, filled with gold in its native state; thirty pieces of wrought gold, representing ducks, very well executed, others in the forms of deer, dogs, lions, tygers and apes."* Besides these, there was a vast quantity of the most delicate fabrics in cotton and variegated feathers, intermingled with pearls and precious stones.

With these treasures was delivered a courteous message from the emperor, expressing high respect for the Spanish sovereign, but regretting that the difficulty of the way would prevent the visitors from coming to his capital, and suggesting delicately the propriety of their return. The avarice and ambition of the Spaniards were, of course, only inflamed afresh by these tokens of the wealth and timidity of the emperor; and Cortes, on the return of the ambassadors, sent another urgent request, backed by an insignificant present, for permission to visit the capital.

* Bernal Diaz.



MONTEZUMA.

The answer came in a few days, accompanied by a fresh and splendid present of gold. The denial was positively reiterated; but Cortes, turning to his officers, said coldly, "Truly this is a great monarch, and a rich—by God's permission we must see him." Still solicitous for the propagation of the faith, he "hinted the propriety of a sermon" to the infidel caciques. "Fray Bartholome accordingly preached, like an excellent theologian, which he was, explaining the mysteries of the cross, at the sight of which the evil beings they worshipped as gods, fled away. These subjects and much more he dilated on, and it was perfectly explained to *and understood by* the Mexicans!"

The Spanish camp, however, the next morning, was found entirely deserted by the multitude of natives who had heretofore ministered so sedulously to the wants of their guests. Thirty of their number had already perished from disease, and Cortes sent out an expedition to seek a more favorable locality. While alarm and despondency pervaded his ranks, he was cheered by an embassy from the Totonacs, a powerful people who had been lately subjected to the sway of the Aztec emperor. Impatient of the yoke, they invited the Spanish general to visit their city, Cempoalla; and the mind of the adventurer was elated with the prospect of native assistance in his ambitious schemes.

Meanwhile, he used every exertion of intrigue and persuasion to procure a declaration from the army, which should make him independent of Velasquez; and accordingly, by the artful solicitations of his friends, the soldiers were induced to throng around his tent, and demand the foundation of a colony. After a pretence of reluctance, he acquiesced, and forthwith appointed from his personal friends all the officers and magistrates of the new settlement of Vera Cruz. To this body he formally resigned the authority which he had received from Velasquez, and was immediately elected captain-general of the colony in the name of the sovereigns. The partisans of the Cuban governor were fierce in their invectives; but a short confinement in irons convinced them of the folly of resistance, and, singular

to state, they became thenceforward staunch and faithful supporters of his usurped authority.

Sending his vessels along the coast to Chiahuitzla, a more favorable station, he took up his march for Cempoalla. The road lay through a beautiful country, glowing with tropical vegetation, and as the soldiers approached the city, the friendly inhabitants, laden with flowers, came forth to meet them. This place contained about thirty thousand inhabitants, and his friendly reception, with the complaints of Aztec tyranny, made by the cacique, encouraged Cortes with fresh hopes. To this chieftain, (who was exceedingly corpulent, and who passes in the old histories under the title of "the fat cacique,") Cortes explained his power and that of his sovereign, and their zeal for the salvation of souls. "He then said many things to him concerning our holy faith. As soon as the fat cacique had heard them out, giving a deep sigh, he complained bitterly of Montezuma and his officers, saying that having lately been compelled to submit to the yoke of that monarch, he had seized all his gold, and now held him completely enthralled."

The Spanish commander assured him of redress, and, on the following day, moved on to Chiahuitzla, a few leagues further. While there, attended by the cacique and other persons of distinction, the news came that five messengers had arrived from Montezuma. At this intelligence, the color fled from the cheeks of the Totonacs, and they went trembling to receive them, leaving Cortes quite alone. Every deference was shown to the imperial emissaries. "As they went to their apartments," says Diaz, "they passed by us with great state, not deigning to cast a look upon Cortes. They were dressed in mantles elegantly wrought, and drawers of the same; their hair shining, and as it were tied to the top of the head, *and each of them had in his hand a bunch of roses, which he occasionally smelt to.*" The haughty and foppish demeanor of these officials (who, doubtless, were all the while dying with curiosity) and the terror inspired by their coming, sufficiently evince the awe with which all Anahuac regarded its stern master, the Aztec emperor.

They had now come to demand twenty young men and women, as sacrifices for their gods, in expiation of the offence of the Totonacs in receiving the intruders. The latter, overcome with terror, would have complied at once, but for the indignant commands of Cortes, who compelled them forthwith to put the presumptuous emissaries into the stocks. With characteristic artfulness, however, he saved the astonished prisoners from death, and secretly dismissed them, with a conciliatory message to the emperor, taking to himself great credit for their rescue. His next step was to induce the Totonac chieftains openly to renounce their vassalage to Montezuma. Already deeply committed by their treatment of the Aztec messengers, they readily complied, and took an oath of allegiance to the Spanish sovereigns, duly recorded, as usual, by a notary. A small city, near the new port, called Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz (The Rich Town of the True Cross) was built, with the assistance of the natives, in a surprisingly short space of time.

The rage of Montezuma, on learning of the treatment of his officers, was extreme, and he commenced active preparations for avenging the insult; but when he received the conciliatory message of Cortes, his former vacillation returned, and he sent a fresh embassy of his relatives and nobles, with another magnificent present, to the dreaded strangers. Cortes received them courteously, and after having studiously displayed the terrific novelties of his armament, dismissed them with a message that he would soon wait on the emperor in person, to adjust all misunderstandings.

His zeal for the propagation of the faith ere long involved him in a hazardous, but successful contest with his Cempoallan allies. The cacique had presented him with his own niece and seven other young ladies, daughters of chiefs, as wives for himself and his captains. Cortes received them with much courtesy, but said that it was necessary that they should first be baptized, and withal suggested the propriety of throwing down the idols from the great temple, and substituting the

emblems of the holy faith. Vehement objections were made, but the Spaniards, shocked and scandalized by the daily repetition of human sacrifices, would take no denial; and Cortes, suddenly inflamed with religious passion, declared that the images should be destroyed that very hour, "if it cost him his life." Forthwith, says Diaz, "fifty of us, going up for the purpose, threw down and broke to pieces the enormous idols which we found within the temple, some in the form of dragons, others of half human shape, and others like dogs." The caciques, who would have resisted, were at once arrested, and these "images of Satan," were consigned to the flames, amid the groans and lamentations of their worshippers. The Spanish commander, however, in a lengthy harangue, assured them that he "would place them under the protection of the great Lady whom we adore, the mother of Christ; with many other good and holy reasons and arguments, which could not be better expressed by any one, and all which the people listened to with much attention."

An altar, with an image of the Virgin, was substituted in place of the frightful effigies of the Totonac deities; four of the priests, hideous with black hoods, and covered with clotted blood, were compelled to assume a more canonical attire; and mass was forthwith said, for the edification of the natives. "The principal persons of this and the neighboring districts attended at divine service, and the eight ladies were baptized and instructed in our holy faith. The niece of the fat cacique was named Dona Catalina; she was as ugly as possible, but the general received her by the hand affectionately."* Policy for the time had evidently got the better of taste and his accustomed caprice of intrigue.

* B. Diaz.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARCH TO MEXICO COMMENCED—WAR WITH THE TLASCALANS—VICTORIES OF THE SPANIARDS—SPIRITED RESOLUTION OF CORTES.

DESPITE his successes, Cortes was well aware that the influence of Velasquez was sufficient to crush him, unless he could conciliate the favor of the crown. With this view, therefore, he relinquished his splendid share of the treasures already acquired, as a present to the sovereign (Charles V.), and persuaded his followers to do the same. Nothing can better exhibit the unbounded authority which he had acquired over their minds, than that this crew of rapacious adventurers, at his mere suggestion, should, to a man, have abandoned the tempting spoils already in their grasp. All was yielded up as an offering to the emperor; and the general, in a long and persuasive letter, recapitulated his services and his plans, and, backed by the petitions of the whole army, besought a confirmation of his command. Nothing was omitted which could conciliate the favor of the sovereign; and Cortes, with almost incredible audacity, after describing the reputed power and splendor of the Aztec monarch, assured his master that ere long he should be enrolled among his Majesty's subjects, or else, dead or alive, a prisoner at his disposal. These treasures and letters were dispatched in a vessel to Spain (July 26th), with strict orders not to touch at Cuba. By an infringement of this command, however, Velasquez became informed of the whole matter. His rage was indescribable; but the vessel was already far on her way to Spain; and after cursing and reviling all about him, he set to work to prepare a fresh expedition. The effects of his wrath and vexation are amusingly given by the old chronicler in the pithy remark, "so that, from being very fat, he grew quite lean. By the fury and determination he exhibited, he induced most of the settlers of Cuba to take part in the expedition, and prepared a fleet of eighteen sail," &c.

Meanwhile, a scheme, set on foot by the priest Juan Diaz,

for seizing a vessel, and departing for Cuba, was detected by Cortes, and was punished with merciless severity. All concerned in it were condemned, "except the priest, whose orders protected him, but he got a great fright." Two were hanged the feet of another were cut off, and the rest received two hundred lashes apiece.

To guard against any similar attempt, and to convince his men that there was no safety but in victory, Cortes now took the extraordinary measure of destroying his fleet. All, except one small vessel, were sunk, and the mariners were enrolled in his army. The soldiers, on learning that their only chance of retreat was thus cut off, were filled with alarm and indignation; but their leader, in a speech full of fire and enthusiasm, revived their flagging spirits; and when he concluded, they clamored fiercely to be led to Mexico.

Active preparation was now made for a march. A small garrison was left in Cempoalla, under command of Juan de Escalente, a sure friend of the general. The natives were directed to yield him implicit obedience, which they promised; "and the caciques hereupon began, much against his will and endeavors, to fannigate Escalente with their incense." Cortes then made his little army a stirring oration, in which he reminded them that, in case of defeat, there was no escape; and that their only reliance was on a stout heart and the mercy of God. "To this he added many comparisons of our situation with those drawn from the history of the ancient Romans." On the 16th of August, 1519, with a little more than four hundred men, he set forth on the memorable March to Mexico.

After passing the warm region of the *tierra caliente*, the little army, amid magnificent scenery, slowly climbed the gradual ascent which leads to the great Plateau of Mexico. They met a friendly reception from the inhabitants of Xalapa and Naulinco, who were allies of the Totonacs: but the weather was cold and inclement, and several of the Indians (of whom more than two thousand accompanied them) perished from exposure. After several days of most fatiguing march, they emerged upon

the great table-land, and reached the populous and well-built city of Cocatlan (Tlatlauqnitepec). In this place were thirteen teocallis or mound-temples, and in the vicinity was a receptacle in which were more than an hundred thousand skeletons, regularly arranged, and supposed to have been the relics of human sacrifices. The cacique of this city received them coldly, fearing the displeasure of Montezuma, and, for the same reason, refused to give them any gold; adding, however, "should he command it, my gold, my person, and all that I possess, shall be at your disposal."

Perhaps this disappointment may have sharpened the pious zeal of Cortes; for, after, as usual, explaining his position, he cried out authoritatively, "I now require you all who hear me, to renounce your human sacrifices, cannibal feasts, and other abominable practices; for such is the command of our Lord God." He was going to plant the cross at once, "but the Rev'd. Father Olmedo objected, upon the grounds of the ill-will and ignorance of the people, which might induce them to commit some outrage or indignity against that holy symbol; he therefore recommended that it should be deferred until a fitter opportunity." The good sense and moderation of this worthy friar were, indeed, often exerted in assuaging the cruel and fanatical zeal of his military flock.

From this place, by the advice of the Totonacs, Cortes took up his march for Tlascala, in which fierce and independent republic he trusted to find an efficient ally against the Aztec emperor. These people, who were a branch of the great Mexican family, had, for several ages, been at hostility with their neighbors, and, though hemmed in on every side by the dominions of the Mexican sovereigns, had always maintained a bold and warlike attitude. The fertility of their country, (Tlascala signifying "the land of bread") and the strength of its position had enabled them to preserve a prosperous nationality, in despite of fierce and repeated invasions. For the rest, their religion, their architecture, their human sacrifices and their cannibalism were much like those of their Aztec neighbors.

To this martial race of people Cortes sent an embassy of friendly Indians, with a letter (in Spanish!) and a conciliatory message. He then marched toward their territories, and was soon surprised at encountering a massive wall, built of immense blocks, extending for several miles between two mountains, and having only a single entrance, capable of strong defence. No garrison, however, appeared, and the little army of Spaniards pressed boldly into the Tlascalan territory.

Their hopes of a friendly alliance were at first wofully disappointed. The chiefs of the Tlascalans had resolved to strike a deadly blow at their invaders. The Spaniards were at first encountered on the road to the capital by a force of three thousand natives, who were indeed repulsed by the fire-arms and cavalry, but retreated in good order. After this skirmish, they halted for the night, weary and exhausted, and dressed their wounds with the fat of the Indians who had fallen. This singular and revolting species of surgery seems indeed to have been commonly practiced in this terrible campaign.

On the following day, September 2d, a fresh body of natives appeared on the road to oppose them. The general commenced by making a formal protest, recorded by a royal notary, against their proceedings; but the only answer was a shower of missiles. Hereupon he raised the Spanish war-cry, "St. Jago and at them!" and closed in conflict. The Indians were compelled to yield ground, though in good order, and the Spaniards, pressing eagerly upon them, were thus decoyed into a narrow defile, and found themselves in the presence of an army of many thousand warriors, led on by Xicotencatl, the most renowned general of Tlascalala.

This immense body closed around them with hideous cries and whistlings, and the roar of barbarian drums. The first victim was a horse, which the Tlascalans, with savage exultations, cut in pieces, and dispatched to the neighboring towns as an earnest of their victory. The Spaniards fought with the desperation of men whose lives were at stake, and their Indian allies, now three thousand in number, stood bravely by them.



MONK AND SOLDIER.

Success, indeed, seemed hopeless. "I see nothing but death before us," said one of the friendly chiefs; "we shall never get through the pass alive." By almost superhuman exertions, however, Cortes, charging with his cavalry, opened a small space in front, and the artillery was brought up. As the cannon played upon their crowded ranks, this space was enlarged; and the anxiety of the Tlascalans to carry off their dead, exposed them to fresh carnage. After eight of his principal chiefs and a great number of their followers had fallen, Xicotencatl drew off his forces in regular order, and left the field to the Spaniards. The latter sought a secure place of encampment, and found it on an eminence named Tzompachtepetl, or "hill of Tzompach," on which stood a temple, the remains of which are yet visible. The loss of the Christians had been inconsiderable, on account of the anxiety of the natives to take them alive for sacrifice—a circumstance to which, on many other occasions, these hardy adventurers were indebted for their lives.

An embassy, with proposals of peace, was sent to the Tlascalan camp, and soon returned with the fierce reply from Xicotencatl, "that we might go on to Tlascala, where peace should be made with us by devouring our bodies, and offering our hearts and blood to their gods; and that on the next morning he would give us his answer in person." "This language," says Diaz, "after what we had experienced, it must be confessed sounded most terribly in our ears." The envoys reported, moreover, that the Tlascalan general, with an army of fifty thousand men, in five great divisions, each commanded by a distinguished chief, was awaiting the Spaniards on the road. "When all this," adds the same honest recorder, "was communicated to us, being but mortals, and like all others fearing death, we prepared for battle by confessing to our reverend fathers, who were occupied during the whole night in that holy office."*

On the following morning, September 15th, the Spanish

* The naïve old chronicler, who was fond of drawing from a very slender stock of classical allusions, might have found a good precedent for his anxiety

adventurers, resolved on conquest or death, took the road to Tlascala. They soon came in sight of the Indian army, drawn up on a great meadow, and extending for several miles. This vast array was resplendent with barbaric ornaments—with glittering helmets, with armor of gold and silver, with mantles of feather-work, and innumerable standards. Among these was conspicuous that of the general, bearing “a white bird, with the wings spread, resembling an Ostrich.” The principal weapons were javelins, darts, and arrows, headed with copper or obsidian—formidable enough, doubtless, in native warfare, but ill-fitted to resist the charge of cavalry, and powerless before the thunder of fire-arms and artillery.

As the Spaniards came upon them, the air was darkened with flights of arrows and stones delivered from their slings; but the discharge of cannon and musquetry made terrible havoc in return. A vast body of them rushed furiously upon the invaders, and, by the mere force of numbers, drove back the little army of Spaniards in confusion. But the swords of the Castilians again cleared a space around them; the artillery played, and the cavalry, led by Cortes, charged fiercely among them. The attempt was again and again renewed, but each time with greater loss to the Tlascalans. Still, from their immensely superior number, they would probably have overpowered their enemies with exhaustion, but for the defection of two powerful chiefs, who, quarrelling with their leader, drew off their forces from the field. The Tlascalan general, seeing his army thus reduced, and having lost great numbers of his people, despaired of victory. After displaying the most chivalry in that of the Homeric heroes, and in the spiritual precautions which they took on the eve of battle:

“Ἄλλος δ’ ἄλλω ἔρεξε θεῶν αἰγιονοσάων,
Εὐχόμενος θάνατόν γε φυγεῖν καὶ μῶλον ἄρης.”

Each his sacrifice made to one of the gods ever-living,
Praying escape from death and the dreaded chances of battle.

Such is the language of nature, in all ages, when simplicity or honesty allows it a voice.

alrous courage, during an action of four hours, he drew off his forces in good order, and the Spaniards, weary and wounded, retreated to their hill. Their loss had been comparatively small, and the dead were carefully and secretly buried in a subterranean vault.

Fresh overtures of peace were now sent to Tlascala; but the chiefs of that town, though "much disgusted with their losses and misfortunes," were unwilling to yield; and accordingly consulted their priests and wizards as to the invincibility of the invaders. The latter informed them that the Spaniards were Children of the Sun, and that all their force was derived from that luminary. An attack by night (contrary to the invariable custom of the nations of Anahuac) was accordingly planned; but the Spaniards, who slept on their arms, gave the enemy so rough a reception, that they retreated with great loss—consoling themselves, however, with the sacrifice of a couple of the over-sanguine wizards.

The Tlascalan caciques, thoroughly disheartened, were now ready for peace. They made many apologies for their hostility to the new embassy sent by Cortes, and dispatched one of their own to the Christian camp. But the fierce Xicotencatl, burning to avenge his successive defeats, intercepted the messengers of peace, and still held his hostile position.

Many of the Spaniards were now heartily wearied of fighting and privation. Fifty-five of their number had perished since leaving Vera Cruz: and the idea of reaching Mexico had become a common jest in the army. A deputation of the chief malcontents now formally urged upon Cortes the necessity of return; but that indomitable leader firmly but calmly resisted their demands. In a spirited address he reanimated their courage and thirst for glory; adding the comfortable assurance, "since, wherever we have preached to the ignorant natives the doctrines of our holy faith, I trust we shall still receive the divine assistance and that of my patron, St. Peter, * * * and as to what you say of losses, deaths, and fatigues, such is the fortune of war, and we did not come here in search of pas-

times and amusements." Further remonstrances were made, but he "cut them short by saying that, according to the song, it was better to die at once than to live dishonoured." In this chivalrous sentiment the majority joined, and the malcontents were compelled to silence.

CHAPTER IV.

SUBMISSION OF THE TLASCALANS—ENTRY INTO THEIR CITY—WEAK POLICY OF MONTEZUMA—MASSACRE OF THE CHOLULANS—THE MARCH RESUMED—ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO—INTERVIEWS WITH THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA.

AFTER considerable delay, during which the Spaniards and their allies committed a good deal of ravage in the surrounding country, a large embassy arrived from the Tlascalan chieftain. They funigated Cortes, and addressed him as follows: "This present our general Xicotencatl sends you. If you are, as it is said, Teules,* and desire human sacrifices, here are these four women; take their hearts and blood for food; if you are men, here are fowls, bread, and fruit; if you are benignant Teules, we offer to you this incense and these parrots' feathers." Having, however, discovered that these men were spies, the general cut off the hands of seventeen of them, and dismissed them, a miserable spectacle, to the Tlascalan camp.

All thoughts of further resistance were now abandoned, and Xicotencatl himself, with the appointed envoys and a large retinue, took his way to the quarters of the Spanish general. With great firmness and magnanimity, he took upon himself the entire responsibility of the war, and, admitting his defeat, tendered the obedience of his countrymen. Cortes received his submission very courteously, but with an ominous threat in case of any future hostilities.

About the same time arrived a fresh embassy from Monte-

* Supernatural beings.

zuma, consisting of five nobles, with two hundred attendants, bearing splendid presents of gold and embroidered mantles. These emissaries brought a message of congratulation from the emperor, and an offer of tribute to the Castilian sovereign, if the Spaniards would forego their intended visit to his capital. This miserably impolitic step, of course, only inflamed the eagerness of Cortes and his hopes of completing the conquest. He also remarked, with secret exultation, the savage jealousy existing between the Aztecs and Tlascalans.*

In compliance with the repeated and urgent requests of the latter, he now marched for their chief city; and was greeted on his way by crowds of the citizens, who thronged around the army, covering the soldiers, man and horse, with fresh roses. The day of his arrival (September 23d) is still kept as a festival by that city. The most cordial and hospitable reception was given to the whole army. The city was large and populous, thirty thousand persons, according to Cortes, being gathered in the market-place on public days. Many of the refinements of civilization were found: among them, public baths and an efficient police. The people of the whole country seemed bold and hardy, and gave promise of being admirable allies in his ambitious projects.

Intermarriage, the usual seal of alliance, being proposed by the caciques, Cortes took the opportunity to enforce the necessity for conversion to Christianity. He held up to them, "a beauteous image of our Lady, with her precious Son in her arms," and explained to them at length the mysteries of the faith and the joys of Paradise, adding withal, "whereas, by

* In a letter to Charles V., he expresses, with a sort of rascally *naïvete*, his complacent duplicity. "I was not a little pleased on seeing their want of harmony, as it seemed favorable to my designs, and would enable me to bring them more easily into subjection, according to the old saying, *De Monte, &c.* I likewise applied to this case the authority of the evangelist, who says, 'Every kingdom divided against itself shall be rendered desolate;' and I dissembled with both parties, expressing privately my acknowledgments to both for the advice they gave me, and giving to each of them credit for more friendship towards me than I experienced from the other."

persisting in the worship of your idols, which are devils, you will be drawn by them to their infernal pit, there to burn eternally in flames of fire." To these things, and to the remainder of his "excellent harangue, containing much more matter to the same effect," the Tlascalans lent a reluctant ear, offering, however, to admit his God among their deities; and by the judicious advice of Father Olmedo, he did not press the matter too strongly, contenting himself with setting up crosses, releasing the destined victims of sacrifice, and baptizing the maidens who had been provided for his officers. Of these, the daughter of Xicotencatl was given in marriage to Alvarado, (afterwards the ferocious Conqueror of Guatemala) who, from his fair complexion and golden locks, received from the Indians the name of "Tonatiuh," or the Sun. Their posterity intermarried with the noblest families of Spain. Among these people, as afterwards throughout Anahuac, Cortes received the title of Malinche (the native name of his mistress Marina); and a high mountain in the neighborhood is still distinguished by that appellation, probably bestowed in honor of the Conqueror.

Another embassy, with a rich present, now arrived from the Aztec emperor, entreating Cortes to beware of the Tlascalans, and to visit his capital forthwith. The latter people retorted the insinuation of treachery, and assured the Spaniards that preparations for their destruction were being rapidly arranged in Cholula, through which city the emperor had requested them to pass.

Embassies from various districts soon arrived, tendering submission or alliance, and among them one from Ixtlilxochitl, the enemy of Montezuma, and the aspirant to the entire throne of Tezcuco. That from Cholula, however, came with "a very dry and uncourteous answer to our message," says Diaz, "*and without any present whatever.*" This heinous offence was so resented by Cortes that he dispatched an angry answer, and enforced at least a show of submission. Despite the warnings of the Tlascalans, who were now his firm friends and allies, he determined to take his route by the way of Cholula.

That ancient and celebrated city, the most sacred in all

Anahuac, lay only a few leagues distant, and was one of the most important of the numerous tributaries which owned the sway of Montezuma. It was especially famed for the antiquity and splendor of its religious edifices, which were numbered by hundreds, and of which the most famous, the great Pyramid, still excites the wonder and admiration of all beholders. After a sojourn of three weeks in Tlascala, the Spanish army, accompanied by six thousand warriors from that city, took up their march for Cholula. These native allies were, however, at the request of their new entertainers, left without the walls. They met with a splendid and hospitable reception, being covered with flowers by an innumerable throng which went forth to meet them.

In a few days this pleasant aspect of affairs was changed. An unfriendly message arrived from Montezuma; their supplies were stinted; and suspicions of a plot for their destruction became confirmed. A sacrifice to the war-god, including five children, intimated some hostile purpose among the citizens, and barricades were observed in several of the streets. The few inhabitants whom they saw in the streets withdrew from them "with a mysterious kind of sneer in their faces." The whole conspiracy, ere long, was discovered by Marina, who drew the particulars from a friend, the wife of a certain cacique. Cortes then sent for one of the priests, high in rank ("in the manner of a bishop," says Diaz), and, by largesses, gained full information of the plot. He resolved to make a most signal and terrible example.

Accordingly, the next morning, under pretext of quitting his quarters, he assembled a large number of the chiefs and inhabitants in the great square of the city. As they crowded in, he exclaimed, "How anxious are these traitors to feast upon our flesh! But God will disappoint them." All being prepared, he made a fierce address to the assembled caciques, informing them that their scheme was discovered, and bitterly reproaching them that, "the recompense which they intended for our holy and friendly services was to kill and eat us, for

which purpose the pots were already boiling, and prepared with salt, pepper, and tomatas." The caciques confessed the whole, but laid the blame upon Montezuma. He told them that the reward of their treason should be an example to all Anahuac, and at once gave the signal for slaughter.

An indiscriminate massacre was then committed on the crowded multitude that filled the square. Flight or resistance was in vain, and those who hastened to their assistance from without were mowed down by discharges of artillery, which swept the crowded avenues. The Tlascalans, their ancient foes, also broke into the city, and committed frightful excesses. Before the slaughter could be stayed, six thousand of the Cholulans had perished; and the whole city was ravaged and plundered. Many of them were "burned alive," whether in the blazing buildings, or as an after-piece of cruelty, does not exactly appear. Some have attempted to justify these atrocities, but perhaps with little better success than the reverend Fray Torribia de Motilinea, who held that, on the whole, the effect was good, "as the natives were thereby convinced of the falsehood and deception of their idols, which they in consequence despised, as a proof of which they afterwards took down the principal one, *putting another in its place.*"

This fearful example of the power and vengeance of the Spaniards struck the whole region with terror. Montezuma trembled in his capital. He forthwith dispatched an embassy, with fresh and splendid presents, to the victors. Elated with their success, the Spaniards, after a fortnight passed in Cholula, resumed their march to Mexico. Their Cempoallan allies, who stood in mortal dread of the wrath of the Aztec sovereign, were permitted to return to their homes; but their places were supplied by more than six thousand of the hardy warriors of Tlascala.

Marching with the greatest circumspection, ("with the beard ever on the shoulder,") they gradually climbed the lofty chain of mountains which environs the Valley of Mexico. Their course lay between the great Volcano Popocatepetl and its



—CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA.—

INTERVIEW BETWEEN CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA.

gigantic neighbor Iztaccihuatl, two of the highest summits in North America; and the cold air of these elevated regions pierced them to the bone. On attaining the summit of the ridge, they beheld that magnificent prospect which, to this day, charms every beholder into rapture. Before them, stretching for many a league, and environed on all sides by lofty mountains, lay the Valley of Mexico—perhaps, after that of Granada, the richest and loveliest in the world. Clusters of glistening towns and villages surrounded the lakes; and far in the distance lay that mighty city, the final prize of their adventurous career.

On beholding such evidences of power and population, the fainter-hearted of the invaders would have turned back: but the daring spirit of their leader only rose the higher at the strength and splendor of his intended prey. Cheering his men, he led them down the mountain. A fresh embassy, with a rich present from the anxious Montezuma, soon met him. That unhappy monarch, unmanned by superstitious fears, now sent a conciliatory message, with an offer of much gold to the Spaniards and of tribute to their sovereign, if they would desist from their intended entry of his capital. All was in vain. Cortes determined to press on, and his men, though with sinister forebodings, resumed their march. Their Tlascalan allies assured them that, if permitted to enter the city, it would only be that they might the more easily be put to death; "and being like all other mortals, fond of our lives," says poor Diaz, "it filled us with melancholy thoughts."

As they approached, the despairing emperor, by fresh sacrifices and devotions, sought to avert the anger of his deities. No favorable response was vouchsafed him, and, in a council of his princes, he resolved on submission, mournfully exclaiming, "Of what avail is resistance, when the gods have declared themselves against us! Yet I mourn most for the old and infirm, the women and children, too feeble to fight or to fly. For myself and the brave men around me, we must bare our breasts to the storm, and meet it as we may."

The Spanish Commander, as he led his forces through the

numerous towns which environed the capital, was successively met and welcomed by the nephew and the brother of the emperor, with many other persons of high distinction. Every where they were amazed at the massive and admirable construction of the buildings and causeways, and at the evidences of luxury and refinement which they continually beheld. The 8th of November, 1519, a day memorable in the history of America, was fixed on for their entry into the capital of Anahuac. Their road lay over the great causeway, stretching across the lake, which is still the chief southern access to the city. The water, on either side, was covered with the canoes of the natives, who thronged to behold the wonderful strangers. The most studied and ceremonial courtesies delayed their course, and their own astonishment at the splendor they beheld, fully equalled that of the Mexicans at their wonderful visitors. "We could compare it to nothing," says Diaz, "but the enchanted scenes we had read of in Amadis de Gaul, from the great towers and temples and other edifices which seemed to rise out of the water. To many of us it appeared doubtful whether we were asleep or awake; * * * never yet did man see, or dream of any thing equal to the spectacle which appeared to our eyes on this day."

As the Spaniards, with their long files of Tlascalan allies, entered the great street of the city, Montezuma himself, borne in a litter, and attended by a great crowd of his nobles, went forth to meet the general. As the emperor alighted, Cortes dismounted from his horse, and these two men, each the object of such intense interest to the other, stood face to face. The Aztec emperor at this time was about forty years of age. He was, says an eye-witness of the scene, "of good stature, well proportioned, and thin: his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians: he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenance and good eyes. Gravity and good-humor were blended together when he spoke."

Whatever may have been his feelings, courtesy and hospitality were all that was apparent. He welcomed the Spaniards to his capital, and Cortes could not but acknowledge, in the fullest terms, the munificence and generosity which he had so repeatedly experienced. The emperor soon retired, attended with more than oriental deference and humiliation by his subjects, while his Spanish guests were conducted to their quarters. The whole city was alive with curiosity. "Who," says the old narrator, "could count the multitude of men, women, and children, which thronged the streets, the canals, and terraces on the tops of houses, on that day! The whole of what I saw on this occasion is so strongly imprinted on my memory, that," (fifty years afterward,) "it appears to me as if it had happened only yesterday. Glory to our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave us courage to venture upon such dangers, and brought us safely through them." Such was the entrance of this little band, animated by an invincible hardihood, into the renowned Tenochtitlan*—the fairest and most powerful city in the Western Continent; and whether we consider the audacity of the attempt, its wonderful success, or the strange and exciting novelty of the attendant circumstances, it must be regarded as the most remarkable exploit which military genius and desperate courage, in the breasts of a few, have ever accomplished.

The Spaniards and their allies were lodged in an immense palace, built by the father of Montezuma, and fronting the great Teocalli or temple. In this extensive structure, seven thousand men were accommodated, and were at once supplied with every thing which a princely hospitality could provide. Montezuma himself was in the court-yard waiting to receive the general, and, on his arrival, hung around his neck a massive collar of gold, and, with fresh civilities, left him to repose. Notwithstanding these attentions, the invading leader immediately proceeded to fortify the palace, planting his cannon to command the avenues, and taking every precaution against a surprise. The old soldier from whose charming narrative we

* The native appellation of the city of Mexico.

quote so frequently, concludes the day with a pious and self-complacent summary—"and here ends the true and full account of our adventurous and magnanimous entry into Mexico, on the eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord 1519. Glory be to Jesus Christ for all."

After an interval for food and rest, the emperor, with his suite, again appeared, and distributed among his guests a profusion of valuable gifts. He asked many questions concerning the Spanish sovereign, and was informed by Cortes that the latter was most anxious "to preserve the souls of him, his family and his subjects," and that he should soon have more light upon the subject—"with many other things highly edifying to the hearers." On the following day, Cortes, with a few of his captains, returned the royal visit, and was again amazed at the evidences of royal luxury and refinement—the ornaments, the fountains, and the gay tapestry of feathers, that adorned the palace. Seated by the emperor, he entered into an elaborate explanation of the mysteries of the church—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and other doctrinal points—and gave him the comfortable assurance, "that those things which he (Montezuma) held to be gods, were not such, but devils, which are very bad things, of evil countenances and worse deeds," and that "the emperor (Charles V.), lamenting the loss of souls in such numbers as those which were brought by his idols into everlasting flames, has sent us to apply a remedy thereto."

All these subtle abstrusities, filtered through the medium of an interpreter, made probably little impression on either the royal heart or understanding. He answered, however, with sense and moderation, that his gods were good, and so, no doubt, were those of the Spaniards, in whom he recognized the beings whose coming from the East had been so long predicted. He then led the conversation to gay and more cheerful subjects, conversed with charming affability, and assured the general that he and his sovereign should share in all that he had—in wealth, authority, and reverence. As he said this, however,

a few natural tears fell from his eyes. Again he distributed gold in profusion to his guests, "and he gave it with an affability and indifference which made him appear a truly magnificent prince." As the cavaliers returned, they "could discourse of nothing but the gentle breeding and courtesy of the Indian monarch."

CHAPTER V.

DESCRIPTION OF MEXICO—THE PALACES AND STATE OF MONTEZUMA—
HIS COLLECTIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY—HORRIBLE RITES OF
SACRIFICE—DISCOVERY OF TREASURE.

THE present city of Mexico occupies the site of the ancient capital of the Aztecs, and the long causeways which led through the water still form its principal approaches. But the waters of Lake Tezcuco, by drainage, have shrunk away, and the Indian Venice which they environed is now surrounded by dusty fields, miles from the shore. At the time of the Conquest, it was probably one of the most beautiful and picturesque of cities. The houses were of reddish stone or brick, and numerous canals, with bridges, intersected it throughout. The number of houses is reported to have been sixty thousand, and the population, it is probable, was nearly half a million. Forty thousand persons are said to have assembled in the market on public days. The extent of its vestiges, at the present day, indicates a city of great population.

Sanitary rules were carefully observed. The aqueduct of Chapultepec brought a copious supply of fresh water into the city, and a thousand persons were daily employed in cleaning the streets. Among the most peculiar ornaments of this marine capital, were the numerous floating islands, of artificial construction, which supported, not only a great variety of flowers and vegetables, but trees of considerable size, and the cottages of their proprietors.

The palaces of the emperor were of vast extent, and contained almost innumerable apartments. Many of these were devoted to the accommodation of a menagerie, the most complete and extensive, it is probable, in the possession of any sovereign of the day. Wild animals, collected throughout the most distant regions of Anahuac, were here lodged in numerous and convenient receptacles; and the rarest and most beautiful birds, in vast numbers, were housed in magnificent aviaries, with every convenience to render their confinement endurable. But the fierce aspect of the caged animals and reptiles struck the half-civilized conquerors rather with horror than admiration. "In this accursed house," says one of them, "were many vipers, and other poisonous serpents, which have in their tail *somewhat that sounds like morris-bells*, and they are the worst of all vipers; these were kept in cradles and barrels, and earthen vessels, upon feathers, and there they laid their eggs, and nursed up their snakelings. * * * These beasts and horrid reptiles were retained to keep company with their infernal gods, and when the lions and tygers roared, and the jackals and foxes howled, and the snakes hissed, 'twas a grim thing to hear, and seemed like hell itself."* In this particular, at least, the science and liberality of the Indian naturalist stand in strong contrast with European prejudice and superstition. Even the learned De Solis, writing a century and a half later, could hardly believe it possible that any prince should have cherished "this poisonous Article of Magnificence!" but conceives the report to have been a vulgar error, founded on the fierce and tyrannic disposition of the Aztec sovereign.

A more barbarous, but perhaps not less royal taste was exhibited in a very extensive collection of monstrosities. "Muteczuma," says a writer of the day, "hath three great houses in a solitary place out of the way to refreshe and recreate himselfe in the heat of summer: in one of these he hath great plentie of monstrous men, as dwarfes, crooke backes, and men with one legge or two heades," &c.

* "Era grima oirlo, y parecia infierno."

The vast extent and admirable arrangement of the Botanic Gardens of the emperor, as well as of other great lords, indicate refinement, of a certain character, to which no European nation, at that age, had attained.

The state maintained by the emperor, the populous condition of his harem, and the number of his attendants, who amounted to several thousands, all bore a strong resemblance to the luxurious court of an Oriental sovereign. "No one of the Soldans," says Cortes in his dispatches, "nor any other infidel Signior, of whom I ever heard, has, to my belief, a court so stately and ceremonious." In the minute descriptions of the day, handed down by curious observers, we find the great Montezuma, after his dinner, smoking tobacco from an ornamented pipe—apparently a novelty to his guests, though Columbus, many years before, had found the natives of Cuba in the habit of using the same herb in the form of cigars.

Nothing surprised the Spaniards more than the gloomy "House of Sorrow," to which the emperor was accustomed to retire, on the death of any of his relations, or in event of any public calamity or failure. It was colored entirely black, and hardly a ray of light could penetrate through the little windows to the funereal apartments within. "In this dismal Habitation he used to continue till the time of Mourning was over, and often," continues the fanatical Solis, "here the Devil appeared to him; whether it be that the Prince of Darkness took Delight in this Abode of Horror, or for the Sympathy there is between that malignant Spirit and a melancholy Humour."

Four days after the entrance of the Spaniards, the hospitable monarch escorted them around the city to observe the most remarkable sights. Among these was the *tianquez* or great market-place, in which they were surprised at the multitude of the traders and the variety and richness of their wares. They then ascended the great *teocalli* or temple, the summit of which they gained only by a winding path a mile in length, and encompassing the structure four times around. The top was a vast level area, broken only by a few objects. One of

these was the ominous Stone of Sacrifice, destined to prove fatal to so many of their number. It was a huge convex block of jasper, on which the victim was usually laid, with his breast heaved into the air, while the priest, with a sharp flint knife, laid open the space between two ribs, and seizing in his hand the palpitating heart, plucked it forth by main force, and held it up to the Deity, smoking in the sunshine. "Here was a great figure which resembled a dragon, and much blood fresh spilt."

Presently the emperor "came out from an oratory in which his accursed idols were placed," and courteously welcomed his chief guest. Taking him by the hand, he pointed out the most interesting objects in the splendid prospect which lay below. All were struck with admiration, "and those who had been at Rome and Constantinople said, that for convenience, regularity and population, they had never seen the like." The fanatical leader was for erecting the cross forthwith, but his reverend adviser, with better sense, assured him the time was unpropitious. Cortes, then addressing the emperor, "requested that he would do him the favor to show them his gods." The details which follow, though revolting in the extreme, are not uninteresting, as showing how certain refinements may consist with the most cruel and barbarous superstition.

In the first shrine were seen "gigantic figures resembling very fat men,"* with altars before them, on which lay a num-

* The forms of these hideous idols were composed of materials the most ingeniously disgusting—principally the blood of human beings, kneaded with the seeds of certain plants. The inhuman process is described by a contemporary writer, in a letter to his Holiness the Pope, in terms of edifying indignation.

"But ah, cruell wickednes, ah, horrible barbarousnes, they teare in peeces so many boyes and girles, or so many slaues, before the meale which is to bee baked, while they draw so much blood, as in stede of luke warme water may suffice to temper the lumpe, which by the hellish butchers of that art (without any perturbation of the stomeacke) being sufficiently kneaded, while it is moyst and soft, euen as a potter of the clay, or a wax chandler of waxe, so doth this image-maker, admitted and chosen to be maister of this damned & cursed work!"

ber of human hearts lately torn from the victims. The walls were covered with human gore, thickly clotted from innumerable sacrifices. "And when by torch-light they saw the walls besmeared with a redd colour, they made prooffe with the pointes of their poniardes what it should be, and brake the walles. O brutish minds! the walles were not only besprinkled with the blood of humane sacrifices, but they found blood vpon blood two fingers thicke." Other details, too disagreeable to be repeated, are given. "The stench," says Diaz, "was worse than all the slaughter-houses of Castile." The first of these idols was Huitzilopochtli, the Aztec god of war, "with a great face and terrible eyes," whose body was covered with jewels, and who wore around his neck a necklace composed of human hearts and heads, cunningly wrought in gold and silver. The other, Tezeatepuca, the god of the infernal regions, "was covered with figures representing little devils with tails of serpents." In another shrine was a hideous figure, half man, half alligator.

"In this place," says the same narrator, "they had a drum of most enormous size, the head of which was made of skins of large serpents: this instrument when struck resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions; and with their horrible sounding horns and trumpets, their great knives for sacrifice, their human victims, and their blood-besprinkled altars, I devoted them, and all their wickedness, to God's vengeance, and thought that the time would never arrive that I should escape from this scene of human butchery, horrible smells, and more detestable sights."

The very natural expostulations of Cortes, on beholding these scenes, scandalized his entertainer, who assured him that he would not have exposed his gods to such insult, could he have foreseen it; and who, on the departure of the Spaniards, remained, to expiate, by fresh sacrifice, the probable wrath of his deities.

Fresh horrors awaited them below. In the great court, "stood a tower, a true hell or habitation for demons, with a

mouth resembling that of an enormous monster, wide open, and ready, as it were, to devour those who entered. At the door stood frightful idols; by it was a place for sacrifice, and within, boilers, and pots full of water, to dress the flesh of the victims, which was eaten by the priests. The idols were like serpents and devils, and before them were tables and knives for sacrifice, the place being covered with the blood which was spilt on those occasions. We never gave this accursed building any name except that of hell." Another *teocalli* presented a vast frame-work, on which were strung the skulls of innumerable victims, mostly prisoners of war, who had perished on the Sacrificial Stone. Their number exceeded an hundred thousand. In the same square which contained all these enormities, were extensive and admirable institutions for the education of the youth of both sexes!

Not to form too exaggerated an estimate of the horrors of Mexican theology, we must remember that at this time, and long afterwards, *human sacrifices*, in their most revolting form, were commonly celebrated by the most civilized nations of Europe. On the score of humanity, the sharp flint and uprooted heart of the Aztec are surely preferable to the refined and lingering torments inflicted by the European;—while, as to the *principle* involved, one can see little to choose between a blood-offering to the shrine of the fierce Huitzilopotchtli, or to that of some fantastic theory, such as the Real Presence.

In the great palace occupied by the Spaniards, a door, lately plastered over, was presently discovered. With very little delicacy, they broke it open, and found a hall filled with treasures of immense value, being a hoard amassed by Axayacatl, the father of Montezuma, its former occupant. "I was then a young man," says Diaz, "and I thought that if all the treasures of the earth had been brought into one place, they could not have amounted to so much. It was agreed to close up the door again, and we determined to conceal the knowledge of it *until the proper time should offer*." A chapel was erected in the palace, and Mass was solemnly performed every

day, the Spaniards taking unusual pains with their deportment, that the natives might be edified by the spectacle. Their chief trouble was the "total want of wine for the holy sacrament, it having been all used in the illness of Cortes, the reverend father, and others."

CHAPTER VI.

SEIZURE OF MONTEZUMA—HIS CACIQUES BURNED AT THE STAKE—
 DEMEANOR OF MONTEZUMA—HOSTILITY OF THE GREAT
 NOBLES—THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SPANISH MONARCH
 ACKNOWLEDGED—IMMENSE TRIBUTE OF TREASURE.

IN spite of the friendly entertainment which he continued to experience, the mind of the Spanish leader was ill at ease. He continually feared a hostile change in the hearts of the emperor or his people. Moreover, nothing but the subjugation of the country could secure his favor with the crown. To retreat to the coast would be to throw himself into the hands of the incensed Velasquez. In this perplexity, he resolved on an expedient, the most daring, politic, and utterly unprincipled, which the mind of man could devise. It was nothing less than to seize the person of his generous and hospitable entertainer, and to hold him prisoner, as a hostage for the obedience of his people. He was not long in finding a pretext.

An Aztec chief, named Quaupopoca, had treacherously killed two Spaniards belonging to the settlement of Vera Cruz, and it was resolved to take advantage of this circumstance to quarrel with the emperor. The captains, though with some misgivings, assented to this audacious scheme, and all, says Diaz, "consulted our reverend father of the order of Mercy, praying to God to guide us in this difficulty. * * * "we passed the whole of the night in praying to our Lord that he would be pleased to guide us, so that what we were

about to do should redound to his holy service," &c. Throughout the same night Cortes was heard pacing his room, like one oppressed with care and anxiety. In all this there is much to remind us of Cromwell and his military saints—so misdoubting in resolve, so bold and unscrupulous in action. Nothing could better exhibit the compunction of these rough men at their intended crime, than this protracted "wrestling with the Lord," and striving to enlist his name in behalf of their unhallowed cause.

After hearing Mass, and receiving the blessing of Father Olmedo, the Spanish general repaired to the palace with five of his captains, Alvarado, Sandoval, Lujo, Leon, and Avila—names memorable in the Conquest. An audience was readily granted, and the emperor, as usual, entertained his guests with sportive talk and munificent gifts. On seeing a sufficient number of his soldiers assembled in the court-yard, Cortes abruptly changed his tone,* and accused his host of the murder of the two Spaniards. Montezuma listened with surprise, disavowed the act, and promptly agreed to examine the case. Pulling off his signet,† he sent orders that the Aztec chief and all concerned in the murder should be immediately made prisoners and brought to the capital.

With this Cortes professed himself satisfied, but (with what inward shame we may imagine) invited his host for the present to take up his abode with the Spaniards, as a proof of his good-will, and to convince their sovereign of his innocence.

* Nothing can be more curious than the cool and unconscious way in which Cortes relates his transactions to Charles V.—personally a stranger to him. On this occasion, he says: "After conversing with him (Montezuma) in a sportive manner on agreeable topics, and receiving at his hands some jewels of gold, and one of his own daughters, I then said to him," &c. Is this the pure *naïvete* of a mind deficient in the sense of *respectability*, or is it the exultant recapitulation of successful cunning and violence? Probably neither—and correctly to analyze the condition of his mind throughout these strange events would require more leisure and skill than are now at our command.

† "A small stone," says Cortes, "resembling a seal, which he wore upon his arm."

At this insolent proposal, the unhappy Montezuma turned pale as death; then, flushing with offended pride, he exclaimed, "When was it ever heard that a great prince, like myself, voluntarily left his own palace to become a prisoner in the hands of strangers?" Assurances of safety and respect had no effect upon his mind. "If I should consent to such a degradation," he said, "my subjects never would." Two hours had been wasted in this vile discussion, when the fierce Velasquez de Leon, with a rough voice, cried out, "Why, sir, do you waste so many words? Let him yield himself our prisoner, or we will this instant plunge our swords into his body. Tell him this, and also, that if he says a word, he dies for it." This angry speech was interpreted to the unfortunate sovereign by Marina, who assured him that submission alone could save his life. Borne onward, as he imagined, by a remorseless Fate, he resigned himself to his destiny, and, escorted by the Spaniards, quitted his palace, never to return. His nobles and subjects, alarmed by the reports, would have rescued him; but he assured them that he went by his own free will, and forbade any tumult or opposition.

Cortes, sure of his prize, with his men, treated the captive emperor with the greatest deference and respect. Much of his establishment was removed to the Spanish quarters, and he held his court, and governed his empire, nearly as usual. But he was guarded in the strictest manner, and the soldiers were so fatigued with keeping watch, that one of them cried out, "Better this dog of a king should die, than that we should wear out our lives in this manner." With most of the Spaniards, however, he appears to have excited enthusiastic admiration and affection—so kingly, yet affable and generous was his demeanor.

Quaupopoca, in obedience to the commands of his master, soon arrived at court, travelling in great state in a litter, and accompanied by fifteen Aztec chiefs. He at first exonerated the emperor from any participation in the crime, but, after receiving sentence of death, declared that he had commenced

hostilities in obedience to the royal command. Cortes at once commanded him and his fifteen companions to be burned alive in front of the palace—a deed which requires no comment, and which the unfortunate victims underwent with incredible calmness and endurance. While this atrocious sentence was being executed, the Spanish general entered the apartment of his prisoner, and, with severe reproaches, caused fetters to be fastened to his feet. He then abruptly left him. The wretched Montezuma made no resistance. “But though he spoke not a word, low, ill-suppressed moans, from time to time, intimated the anguish of his spirit. His attendants, bathed in tears, offered him their consolations. They tenderly held his feet in their arms, and endeavored, by inserting their shawls and mantles, to relieve them from the pressure of the iron. But they could not reach the iron which had penetrated into his soul. He felt that he was no more a king.”* His spirit was completely broken, and when Cortes, entering the apartment, took off the fetters with his own hand, he found him humble and docile as a child whose spirits are broken by correction. He no longer sought to shorten the term of his captivity, but submitted implicitly to the will of his conqueror.

There is, perhaps, hardly a passage in history more curious than this transaction in the capital of the Aztecs—and could the damning accompaniments of treachery, ingratitude and cruelty be left out, it might stand as the most splendid example of policy, boldness, and success that ever was recorded. Its effect, for a time, certainly was to put the Spaniards in complete possession of the government of all Mexico. Little compunction seems to have been felt by the actors, exultant in success. Diaz, fifty years afterwards, writes, “Now that I am old, I frequently revolve and reflect upon the events of that day, which appear to me as fresh as if they had just passed, such is the impression they have made upon my mind. I say, that it was not we who did these things, but that all was guided by the

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

hand of God. * * * There is much food for meditation in this," &c.

Escalante, the commander of Vera Cruz, having been slain in a contest with the Indians, Cortes appointed in his place one Alonso de Grado, a man of pacific disposition, dismissing him with a good-humored speech, which even now can hardly be read without laughing. "I charge you," he ended, "on no account to go out and fight the wicked Indians, nor let them kill you as they did Escalante." A bystander, who was dying to laugh aloud, says, "This Cortes said ironically, knowing the conditions of the man, and that all the world could not have got him to put his nose out of the town." Accordingly the new governor, in high glee, set off to his post; but, soon after, proving unfaithful, was recalled by Cortes, and summarily sentenced to the stocks, "and I recollect," says the same close observer, "that the timber whereof these were made hath a strong smell of garlic." In this unsavory confinement, the delinquent remained two days, and Cortes appointed in his stead a youthful cavalier named Sandoval, one whose courage and abilities were destined to render him the most signal services.

Meanwhile, the monarch, dethroned in all but name, became daily more intimate and affable with his new companions. "It is impossible," says one of them, "to describe how noble he was in every thing he did, nor the respect in which he was held by every one about him." On one point alone he stood firm—that of his religion. In vain did the reverend fathers ply every weapon of ecclesiastical persuasion, and as vainly did Cortes, in his daily visits, "usually fall into discourse about our holy faith." He remained faithful to his gods, and a few shallow compliments to their theology were all the satisfaction the Spaniards could gain. "The Devil," says De Solis, with his accustomed charity, "had got such an Ascendant over his Mind, that no Arguments were of Force enough to touch his obdurate Heart. It was not known whether he had a Communication with the Devil, or if he continued to appear to him as usual, after the *Spaniards* arrived at *Mexico*; on the contrary,

it was believ'd as certain, that from the first Appearance of the *Cross of Christ* in that City, all those infernal Invocations lost their Force and the Oracles became silent." Once more, however, the royal captive was permitted, for the last time, to ascend his *teocalli*, and perform the devotions of his faith, and once more to disport himself in the royal forests, abounding in beasts of chase. On both occasions he was strongly guarded, and on the latter, was transported, to his delight, across the lake, in one of two brigantines which the Spaniards had built.

The powerful princes and caciques, who had so long yielded implicit obedience to Montezuma, were deeply concerned at his captivity; and his young nephew Cacama, the prince of Tezucuo, beheld with honest indignation the insolent assumption of the intruders. Though, by the ambition of his brother, Ixtlilxochitl, despoiled of a portion of his territories, he was still the most powerful sovereign of the valley. His capital contained an hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and in the splendor of its edifices rivalled Tenochtitlan itself. This brave and spirited prince, resolved to drive the invaders from the country, had formed a league with the brother of Montezuma, and other powerful lords of the neighborhood. The captive sovereign was induced by Cortes to send him a message of expostulation; but the fiery chieftain returned the uncivil answer, "that his uncle, the king, was a pitiful monarch, and no better than a hen," and withal, in a private message, "represented the disgrace into which he was fallen by connecting himself with wizards and magicians," adding that he was determined to destroy and uproot them from the land. To the demands of allegiance made by Cortes, he replied that "he knew nothing of the Spanish sovereign nor his people, nor did he wish to know any thing of them." To their treacherous invitations, he answered that he would come indeed, but with his sword in his hand, to rescue the emperor and the Aztec gods from slavery. But ere he could make good his patriotic threats, this high-spirited prince was entrapped by treachery,

and hurried in chains to Mexico. The chief of his confederates met a similar fate.

Thus secure in his position, the Spanish commander commenced an examination of the resources of the country. He sent out exploring parties to the distant mines, and made diligent inquiries respecting the coast. It is a proof of the rapid progress of the Aztecs toward civilization that the emperor presented him "a map, admirably painted on cloth, of the whole northern coast as far as Tabasco, an extent of a hundred and forty leagues." By the Spanish surveys, the most eligible port appeared to be on the river Coatzacoalco, and thither, accordingly, Velasquez de Leon, with an hundred and fifty men, was dispatched to found a colony. In the fertile district of Oaxaca, Cortes also laid out an extensive plantation for the benefit of the crown.

His next step was to exact a formal recognition of the sovereignty of the Spanish monarch from Montezuma and his lords. The latter, summoned from all quarters by their emperor, listened with surprise and sorrow to an address, in which he informed them that their allegiance, as well as his own, must be transferred to the sovereign of the white strangers, whose coming from beyond the seas had been so long predicted. "I now beseech you," he said, "to give them some token of submission: they require it of me; let no one refuse. For eighteen years that I have reigned, I have been a kind monarch to you, you have been faithful subjects to me; since my gods will have it so, indulge me with this one instance of your obedience." As he said this, the tears rolled fast down his cheeks, and his nobles wept with him. They assured him that his wishes should be obeyed, and all, accordingly, took the oath of allegiance to Spain, in presence of the officers and many of the soldiers, "not one of whom," says a witness, "could refrain from weeping, on beholding the agitation and distress of the great and generous Montezuma."

With almost inconceivable rapacity, Cortes followed up this step by suggesting the propriety of a great present to be dis-

patched to the Spanish sovereign. Couriers were at once sent out to collect tribute, and in a few weeks returned laden with valuables. In addition, Montezuma bestowed upon his greedy guests the treasure of his father, lately discovered in their quarters. It consisted of a great variety of toys and utensils, wrought in gold and jewels with masterly skill. "Take this gold," said the generous emperor, "which is all that could be collected on so short a notice, and also the treasure which I derive from my ancestors, and which you have seen." With these he laid a few splendid remains of his regalia, adding, with touching truth, "and this which I now give is the last of the treasure which has remained with me." By the profusion of their acknowledgments, it would seem that the Spaniards felt some shame at their rapacity in taking advantage of this princely generosity. The whole present amounted to six or seven millions of dollars, but so much was deducted for the fifth of the crown, for that of Cortes, with a recompense for Velasquez and others, that hardly a thousand dollars a-piece remained for the common soldiers; at which their discontent and vexation were extreme. Cortes and his friends, it was also said, had secreted much of the treasure before the division; and it required "a great many honeyed words, which he had an extraordinary facility in using," to reconcile these rapacious spirits with the loss of their prey, and satisfy them with the indefinite prospect of future gain. What they did receive, though ill-gotten and worse divided, was employed worst of all—for, says Diaz, "deep gaming went on, day and night, with cards made out of the heads of drums; and thus we passed our time in Mexico."

CHAPTER VII.

IMPRUDENT ZEAL OF CORTES—RESENTMENT OF THE MEXICANS—CRITICAL CONDITION OF THE SPANIARDS—TRANSACTIONS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN—EXPEDITION DISPATCHED FROM CUBA UNDER NARVAEZ.

ALL these profits and successes, however, seemed little to Cortes, so long as the pagan worship stood predominant, and the Holy Faith was compelled to hide its head in the Spanish quarters. He now coolly suggested to Montezuma that the great *teocalli* should be delivered up for the services of the Christian religion. His captive stood aghast at the proposed profanation. "Why, Malinche," he exclaimed, "will you urge matters to an extremity that must surely bring down the vengeance of our gods, and stir up an insurrection among the people?" It was then proposed, as a compromise, that the Christians should occupy one of the sanctuaries on the summit of the *teocalli*; and Montezuma, after a conference with his priests, "with much agitation and the appearance of deep sorrow, heavily consented."

The strange spectacle was now presented of the solemn ceremonial of the Mass, performed side by side on the great plateau of the temple with the hideous rites of the Aztec worship. But the people, who had patiently submitted to the imprisonment of their sovereign, and their own menaced enslavement, were unable to endure this affront to their national faith. The brow of Montezuma ("the sad prince") became more gloomy; he held frequent conferences with the nobles and priests; and at last formally announced to Cortes that the Aztec deities, enraged at the profanation of their shrine, were resolved on the destruction and sacrifice of the intruders. This unwelcome news (which, according to the Spanish historians, he had received direct from Satan in person,)* was, how-

* "At this time," says De Solis, [quite forgetting his late position in regard to the silencing of the Satanic Oracle] "The Devil wearied him with horrible Threats, deluding him with Voices real or imaginary from the Mouths of his Idols, to irritate him against the *Spaniards*."

ever, only communicated to the Spaniards, that they might provide for their security by an immediate retreat. "If you have any regard for your own safety," he said, "you will leave the country without delay. I have only to raise my finger, and every Aztec in the land will rise in arms against you."

The truth of this assertion was but too evident; and Cortes, to allay the hourly-increasing excitement, promised to leave the country as soon as vessels could be provided. The construction of several, on the sea-coast, was immediately commenced—whether in good faith, or to gain time for the arrival of reinforcements, seems uncertain.

In the Spanish camp, all was now gloom and apprehension. "The time of our stay in this city," says Diaz, "was one series of alarms, sufficient in themselves to have destroyed the lives of those who were not supported by the Divine interposition." All slept upon their arms, and the horses stood day and night ready caparisoned for service. Such hardy soldiership, in these wonderful campaigns, was, indeed, almost habitual with the Spaniards, and, half a century afterwards, we find the same old soldier (then *Regidor* of Guatemala) pleasantly boasting: "Without meaning to praise myself, I may say, that my armour was as easy to me as the softest down; and such is my custom, that when I now go the rounds of my district, I never take a bed with me, unless I happen to be attended by strange cavaliers, in which case I do it only to avoid the appearance of poverty or penuriousness; but, by my faith, even when I have one, I always throw myself on it in my clothes; such it is to be a true soldier! Another peculiarity I have is, I cannot sleep through the night, but always awaken and get up, in order to contemplate the heavens and stars, and thus I amuse myself, walking backwards and forwards, as I used to do when on guard, for a good space of time, without hat or cap; and Glory be to God, I never yet caught cold, nor was a jot the worse for it. And this the reader must pardon me for mentioning, it not being from vanity, but that I wish him to

know what kind of men we, the true-bred soldiers and real conquerors of Mexico, were."

While they thus remained in the city, "very pensive and sad," startling tidings arrived from Vera Cruz (May, 1520). The emissaries of Cortes, (dispatched the preceding summer,) after having indiscreetly touched at Cuba, had held their way to Spain, and in October, 1519, had arrived at the port of San Lucar. All Spain was thrown into a feverish excitement by the news they brought; and the splendid treasures (the first gifts of the noble Montezuma) were the theme of rapturous and greedy admiration. Such, however, was the opposition and intrigue of Cortes' opponents, that his messengers were unable to obtain an audience before the Spanish monarch (the Emperor Charles V.) until the following spring; and when they succeeded, the hostile influence of Fonseca (the old persecutor of Columbus) was too powerful to admit of their success. In May, 1520, the ambitious sovereign, absorbed in European intrigue, left his kingdom without attempting to settle the command of Mexico, or to further the magnificent schemes for its conquest.

Velasquez, meanwhile, had been straining every nerve to wrest back the authority which, in an evil hour, he had surrendered to Cortes, and the value of which was every day becoming more apparent. With such zeal and energy did he set to work, and so great was the eagerness excited by the wondrous tales of Mexican treasure, that the whole island was ready to enlist under his banners. With almost incredible exertions, a fleet of eighteen vessels was fitted out; nine hundred men, with a large supply of artillery and munitions of war, were embarked; and the command of the whole was intrusted to Pamphilo de Narvaez, the favorite lieutenant of the governor, and his chief instrument in the subjugation of Cuba. He was a man of great boldness, but arrogant, and exceedingly deficient in prudence.

This formidable armament, by far the greatest which had been fitted out in the West Indian colonies, sailed from Cuba

in March, 1520, and in the latter part of April anchored off San Juan de Ulua. On learning the wonderful successes of Cortes, the wrath of the new commander was extreme; and he loudly proclaimed his intention to inflict on him the punishment due to a traitor. He forthwith dispatched a priest, named Guevara, a notary, and four others, to demand the surrender of Vera Cruz, then commanded by Sandoval. That fiery but cautious cavalier, however, had put himself in a strong posture of defence; and, the better to insure the adherence of his garrison, had set up a gallows for the benefit of any who might waver in their fidelity. His first step, on receiving the summons of his clerical and legal visitors, was to seize their persons; and "thereon, a number of Indians (*tamanes* or porters) having been prepared for the purpose, threw trammels over them like so many damned souls, and, making them fast, instantly set off with them on their backs to Mexico; they hardly knowing if they were dead or alive, or if it was not all enchantment, when they travelled in such a manner, post haste, by fresh relays of Indians, and saw the large and populous towns, which they passed through with a rapidity that stupefied them. Thus they were carried, day and night, till they were safely deposited in Mexico" (seventy leagues).

Intelligence of the arrival of the fleet had already reached that city, in the accurate pictures dispatched as usual to Montezuma, and general exultation spread among the Spaniards at the arrival of the supposed reinforcement. Cortes, better informed, felt his situation almost desperate, but resolved on as desperate efforts to maintain the splendid position he had won. On the arrival of his involuntary guests, bewildered by their strange conveyance, he made all possible amends for their rough treatment. "He said so many civil things to them, and anointed their fingers so well with gold, that in a few days he sent back, as tractable as lambs, those who had set out against him like roaring lions."

By these envoys he sent a conciliatory letter to his rival,

offering submission to him, if he had a royal commission, (knowing he had none) and soon after dispatched the worthy Father Olmedo, with a plentiful supply of gold, to make friends in the hostile camp. That subtle ecclesiastic played his part so well, that in a little time disaffection spread widely; and many of the soldiers were eager to serve the generous and valourous Conqueror. Narvaez, blind to his danger, and ill-pacified by the letters of his rival, continued to threaten haughtily, and as to Cortes, declared "that he would cut off his ears, and broil and eat them, with a great deal of such absurdity." These pompous menaces were echoed by Salvatierra and other swaggering captains about him.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORTES MARCHES AGAINST NARVAEZ—DEFEATS AND TAKES HIM PRISONER—GREAT ACCESSION TO HIS FORCE.

CORTES now resolved on one of those daring expedients which, with him, were the common and almost certain prelude to success. He resolved to leave the city, and, with a small part of his force, to try his fortunes in the enemy's camp. To hold possession of the emperor's person and the great city of Mexico, he was enabled to leave but an hundred and forty men, under the command of Pedro de Alvarado—a man, as it proved, miserably unfitted for such an important trust. The Aztec emperor, though perplexed by these new events, promised his influence to maintain order during the absence of his chief captor. In the middle of May, 1520, with only seventy soldiers, Cortes set forth from the city, in which, for six months, he had exercised, in the name of his captive, the most absolute power. He went to meet a force vastly outnumbering his own, and conscious that the result of all his past victories was now staked on a single throw. At Cholula, he was rejoiced to find Velasquez de Leon, whom, with an hundred and twenty men, he had dispatched to found a col-

ony, and whose force he had immediately recalled. Marching toward Tlascala with this reinforcement, he soon met the reverend Father Olmedo, returning in high glee to narrate the success of his machinations. Further on, the garrison of Vera Cruz, under Sandoval, consisting of sixty men, made a welcome addition to his little army—if such a term can be bestowed upon two hundred and sixty men, only five of whom were mounted.

A more moderate message from Narvaez, asserting his supreme authority, but offering a free passage to all who chose to leave the country, next arrived; but the Spanish general, pertinaciously insisting on his claims, and avowing that he was determined to maintain them to the death, pushed on. As he approached Cempoalla, where Narvaez had his quarters, he sent forward Velasquez de Leon, with a fresh store of gold, to win over the disaffected. This officer, though a relation of the governor, was now a devoted adherent of Cortes; he made a great impression upon the new levies, "being a very polite and well-bred gentleman, of a fine figure and person; and he now wore a great gold chain, which made two returns over his shoulders, and round his body, so that he gave the idea of a truly gallant soldier, and impressed all who beheld him with respect." Having dexterously fulfilled his mission, and narrowly escaped arrest, through the suspicion of Narvaez, he returned, and found his comrades reposing on their march, not far from the city. All gathered round to hear his narrative. "Then," says Diaz, "our merry, droll friar, (Olmedo) took off Narvaez, and told how he had persuaded the bragging fool, Salvatierra, that he was his cousin; and of the ridiculous speeches and gestures the fellow made when he was talking, how he would kill Cortes and all of us, for the loss of his horse, mimicking him to admiration. Thus were we altogether so like many brothers, rejoicing and laughing as if we had been at a wedding or a feast, knowing well that to-morrow was the day in which we were to conquer or die, opposed to five times our number. Such is the fortune of war!"

The following night was dark and stormy, and Cortes resolved on an immediate assault. When within a league of the city, he made a stirring address to his men, conjuring them not to suffer the rich prize they had gained by such toils and dangers to be wrested from them by the intruders. "How often," he cried, "you have all been at the point of death in various wars and battles! how we have suffered from fatigues, and rains, and winds, and hunger, sleeping on our arms, on the ground, and in snow: not to mention above fifty of our countrymen dead, and your own wounds as yet unhealed; our sufferings by sea and land, the perils of Tobasco, of Tlascalala, and of Cholula, where the vessels were prepared in which we were to have been boiled! and our perilous entry into Mexico. In addition thereto, many of you have been on expeditions of adventure before this, and have risked and lost your properties; and now, gentlemen, Narvaez comes, and maligns and asperses us with the great Montezuma, and immediately upon landing proclaims war against us, with fire, sword, and rope, as if we were infidel Moors." He then proceeded, says one of them, "to exalt our persons and valor to the skies," and made, as usual, "an abundance of the most flattering promises."

Fired with this rough eloquence, his followers, with one voice, cried out that they would conquer or die, and swore that if he again named a partition of the country, they would plunge their swords in his body. He applauded their spirit, and in the midst of storm and darkness, led them on to the attack.

To give a more legal color to his proceedings, he had appointed Sandoval *alguazil* or sheriff, and had given him a written warrant, short and sweet; it ran thus: "Gonzalo de Sandoval, *alguazil*, &c. You are hereby commanded to seize the body of Pamphilo de Narvaez, and in case he make resistance, to put him to death; the same being necessary to the service of God and his majesty, whose officer he has imprisoned.

"Given, &c.

HERNANDO CORTES."

This choice bit of legality, doubtless, greatly confirmed the confidence of his followers; but they well knew that the whole

weight of their swords would be necessary for its effective service. "What," says one of them, "would we not have given for defensive armor on this night! A morion, a helmet, or a breastplate would have fetched any money."

Narvaez, meantime, relying on his superior force, displayed the most egregious carelessness. His host, the portly cacique of Cempoalla, in vain remonstrated. "What are you doing," said he, "and how careless are you! Do you think Malinche and his Teules are so? I tell you that when you least expect it, he will come upon you, and put you all to death." The negligent general, indeed, marched out once to meet his enemy; but the rain was drenching and his men were discontented, so he marched back, and again took up his snug lodgings in the *teocalli*.

In the dead of night, Cortes, with his men, stealing warily into the town, approached the quarters of Narvaez. The alarm was finally given, and the assailants, with loud cries of "Holy Spirit! Holy Spirit!" rushed on to the attack. Narvaez and his people, though taken by surprise, made a gallant resistance. But it was too late. The assailants were in their midst, and the cavaliers who held out in the sanctuary, were compelled, by firing the roof, to come forth. In the heat of the conflict their leader received a disabling wound. "Holy Mary assist me!" cried the unfortunate man, "they have killed me and struck out one of my eyes." The party of Cortes, catching up the word, cried out, "Victory! for the Holy Spirit! Narvaez is killed." So sudden was the assault, that the defenders had only time to put fire to one of their pieces; "and that," says Cortes, "it pleased God, did not go off." "As to the fierce Salvatierra," says the exulting Captain Diaz, "his soldiers declared that they had never seen so pitiful a fellow, nor so terrified a being, when he heard our drum beat! but when we shouted for victory, and cried that Narvaez was dead, he told them that he had got a pain in his stomach, and could fight no more. Such was the result of his bravados."

The garrisons of the other temples, their own artillery being

turned upon them, were compelled to surrender—a circumstance, doubtless, much facilitated by the promise that they should share the fruits of the conquest. With a loss of only six of his men, and twice that number of the enemy, Cortes had succeeded in overcoming a force more than three times greater than his own, strongly intrenched and provided with artillery. This remarkable result was owing partly to the favorable circumstances of the night, partly to the suddenness and fury of his attack, and still more, perhaps, to the interest which his gold had procured him among the new levies.

“By this time it was clear day. Cortes, seated in an armchair, a mantle of orange color thrown over his shoulders, his arms by his side, and surrounded by his officers and soldiers, received the salutations of the cavaliers, who, as they dismounted, came up to him to kiss his hand. It was wonderful to see the affability and the kindness with which he spoke to and embraced them, and the compliments which he made to them.” Nearly all, both officers and soldiers, took the oath of allegiance to him as Captain-general. Thus, by an extraordinary concurrence of policy, audacity, and good fortune, he suddenly found himself, as if by magic, from a desperate adventurer, the commander of a large and well-appointed force for the retention and extension of his conquests. On the same occasion was exhibited the disgraceful spectacle of the unfortunate Narvaez, “with one eye, who a little before had the luster of 2 eyes,” led in chains before the victor, “and with him his chief consorts.”

Aware of the slender tenure of his authority, he omitted no means to propitiate his new recruits. To the great disgust of his old soldiers, he compelled them to return all their spoil to the former owners. “We were obliged to submit, and I for my part,” says our old author, with touching regret, “was compelled to surrender a good horse, which I had put in a safe place, with a saddle and bridle, two swords, three poniards, and a shield.” All the eloquence and entreaty of the successful general were needed to reconcile his men to this cruel piece of restitution, and still more to the valuable presents which he

showered upon the defeated party. One of these rough spirits, Alonzo de Avila, compared his conduct to that of Alexander, who always rewarded the enemy more than his own soldiers, and finally grew so furious that Cortes, "was forced to dissimulate, knowing him to be a brave and determined man. He therefore pacified him by presents, for he always apprehended some act of violence on his part."

CHAPTER IX.

MASSACRE OF THE AZTEC CHIEFS BY ALVARADO—THE RETURN TO MEXICO—HOSTILITY OF THE AZTECS—FURIOUS FIGHTING FOR MANY DAYS IN THAT CITY—THE DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

HARDLY had Cortes succeeded in fusing together the discordant elements of his force, when news arrived from Mexico which demanded the exercise of all his decision and energy. After his departure from that city, a great number of the Aztec nobles had, by permission of Alvarado, celebrated a solemn dance to their god Huitzilopotchli, in the court of the great *teocalli*. While engaged, in their gayest robes, in the enjoyment of this festivity, the Spanish commander and his men, with inconceivable folly, cruelty, and treachery, had fallen upon this unarmed multitude, and put them all to the sword. Of the six hundred who had entered the court, not a man was left alive! and the pavement ran with streams of blood, as with water in a heavy rain. The bodies of these unfortunate chiefs, adorned with their choicest ornaments, were eagerly plundered by their rapacious murderers. This horrible massacre, in which the flower of the Mexican nobility perished, Alvarado attempted to justify, by the vague report of a conspiracy, and the necessity of striking the first blow.

Whatever was the cause, the effect, naturally enough, was to arouse the Aztecs to a frenzy of rage and revenge; and on the following morning, a desperate assault was made upon the

garrison. The brigantines were burned, seven of the Spaniards were killed, and a great number were wounded. At the intercession of Montezuma, however, the people desisted from open attack, and contented themselves with forming a regular blockade, with the intent to destroy the Spaniards by famine.

On the receipt of these alarming tidings, Cortes, relinquishing for the present his new schemes of conquest and colonization, determined to hasten to the relief of his beleaguered companions, and regain the city. All, with alacrity, agreed to follow him; and leaving only a hundred men at Vera Cruz, he marched, with the remainder, with all speed to Tlascalala. This friendly republic immediately furnished him with a fresh levy of two thousand warriors. His own forces amounted to about a thousand foot and one hundred horsemen. Thus reinforced, he hurried on, and soon reentered the Valley of Mexico. The few natives whom the Spaniards met, eyed them in a cold, unfriendly manner, and the great city of Tezcuco, on the lake, through which they passed, seemed half-unpeopled. On the 24th of June, 1520, they crossed the causeway, and reentered the city of Mexico. What a contrast to the thronged and animated reception which they had met on their first entrance! The city appeared utterly deserted, and Cortes, at the head of his troops, rode gloomily through the forsaken streets, filled with sinister forebodings.

Great was the joy of the beleaguered garrison at his arrival; but when he heard the story of Alvarado, he answered sternly, "You have done badly. You have been false to your trust. Your conduct has been that of a madman." With this speech, much like some of Napoleon's, he turned on his heel, and abruptly left him. When Montezuma came to offer his welcome, the angry Conqueror would neither listen nor speak to him; and the unfortunate captive, wounded and displeased, retired to his apartment.

The position of the invaders was now precarious in the extreme. More than twelve hundred Spaniards and eight thousand Tlascalans were crowded within the walls of the pal-

ace, while the Mexicans stood sullenly aloof, and furnished them with no provisions. The rage and arrogance of Cortes increased daily. When Montezuma sent to request an interview, he answered fiercely, "Away with him! the dog! why does he neglect to supply us?" Olid, Lujo, and others of his captains, sufficiently rough themselves, begged him to be moderate, and reminded him of the constant kindness and generosity of his captive. Irritated at this implied censure, he replied, still more angrily, "What compliment am I under to a dog who treated secretly with Narvaez, and who neglects to send provisions? Go tell your master and his people," said he furiously to the Aztec nobles, "to open the markets, or we will do it for them, to their cost."

This injurious message, faithfully delivered by the envoys, only increased the popular sullenness; and Cortes, at the suggestion of Montezuma, released his brother Cuitlahua, a powerful cacique, to endeavor to pacify the minds of the multitude. The event disappointed him. This fierce and warlike chieftain, the next heir to the throne, smarting under his indignities, readily accepted the post of general to the insurgent Mexicans. The effect of his prompt and energetic command was at once apparent. The roofs and terraces in the vicinity of the palace were soon seen crowded with Aztec warriors, who kept up an incessant and galling discharge of missiles; and all the avenues were thronged with a dense crowd of advancing assailants. With fierce yells and whistlings they rushed on to the attack.

The Spaniards and Tlascalans, protected by the strength of their position, made a brave and desperate defence; but their enemies, though swept away by hundreds by the repeated discharges of artillery, pressed onward, regardless of their lives. "Some put themselves under the very Cannon, and assaulted with incredible Resolution, making Use of their flinted Instruments to break the Gates, and pick the Walls; Some got upon their Companions' Shoulders to come within the reach of their Weapons; others made Ladders of their own Lances and Pikes to gain the Windows and Terraces; and all in general exposed

themselves to Fire and Sword like enrag'd Beasts. Notable Instances of a fearless Temerity, and which might have passed for gallant Actions, had true Valour performed that which, in Reality, was no other than a salvage Ferocity."—*De Solis*. They made vigorous, but futile attempts to batter down the walls with timbers, and succeeded in burning down the combustible portions of the palace. So dense was the crowd of assailants, the gunners hardly had the trouble to point their pieces. Ordaz, who, with four hundred men, had made a sally, was driven back, and with great difficulty regained the fortress, having lost twenty-three of his people. The contest raged till nightfall—the Aztecs, throughout the day, exhibiting the most reckless and determined bravery.

On the following morning, the great square and all the avenues around the palace were again crowded with the besiegers, who moved on in regular order under the great standard of Mexico, bearing the national device of an eagle seizing an ocelot. Conspicuous above the rest, and animating their movements, was seen an Aztec chief, evidently of high rank, and Cortes inquired of Montezuma who he was. "It is my brother," said the unhappy monarch, with what emotions may be imagined. During the restless and anxious night, the Spanish commander had determined by a furious assault to strike terror into the enemy. Accordingly, after a general discharge of artillery and musketry, he sallied out with a great part of his force, and charged desperately into the crowded ranks of the populace. Taken by surprise, they were forced back upon their barricades. The artillery was ordered up, and a passage was cleared. A furious conflict, hand to hand, commenced. So vast was the number of the Aztec warriors, that slaughter seemed to make no impression on their ranks, and they fought with a fury and recklessness of life which soon convinced the Spaniards that they had mistaken the character of the people. "If we had been ten thousand Hector's of Troy," says Diaz, "and as many Roldans, we could not have beaten them off; nor can I give any idea of the desperation of this battle. * *

Then the stones and darts thrown on us from the terraces of the houses were intolerable. But I describe it faintly; for some of our soldiers who had been in Italy swore, that neither amongst Christians or Turks, nor the artillery of the king of France, had they ever seen such desperation as was manifested in the attacks of those Indians." Every canal was swarming with canoes, and the greatest eagerness was shown to seize upon the Spaniards for sacrifice. After nearly a whole day spent in continued fighting, (during which they burned several hundred houses,) the Spaniards and their allies, with wounded and diminished ranks, regained, with great difficulty, the protection of their quarters.

At night, according to national custom, the Aztecs desisted from attack, but annoyed the besieged, says Diaz, with much "reviling language, saying, that the voracious animals of their temples had now been kept two days fasting, in order to devour us at the period which was speedily approaching, when they were to sacrifice us to their gods; that our allies were to be put up in cages to fatten, and that they would soon repossess our ill-acquired treasure. At other times they plaintively called to us to give them their king; and during the night we were constantly annoyed by showers of arrows, which they accompanied with shouts and whistlings."

On the following morning the assailants made a desperate effort to carry the palace by storm, and succeeded in scaling the walls; but all who entered were slain. It was now resolved to try the effect of what authority the captive emperor might still have over his people; and Cortes accordingly sent to request that he would address the assailants in behalf of his gaolers. He answered, mournfully, "What does he want of me now? I do not wish to hear him. I wish only to die." Being urged, he continued, "It is of no use. They will neither believe me nor the false words and promises of Malinche. You will never leave these walls alive." But Father Olmedo and others, "with the most affectionate and persuasive language," overcame his reluctance. The unhappy sovereign, for

the last time, put on his gorgeous robes of state, and, decked once more in all the trappings of royalty, proceeded, with his retinue, to the battlements.

“A change, as if by magic, came over the scene. The clang of instruments, the fierce cries of the assailants, were hushed, and a death like stillness pervaded the whole assembly, so fiercely agitated, but a few moments before, by the wild tumult of war. Many prostrated themselves on the ground; others bent the knee; and all turned with eager expectation toward the monarch whom they had been taught to reverence.”* In a calm, royal, and affectionate manner, he addressed the people, assuring them that the Spaniards were his friends, and would depart as soon as a way was opened for them. “Return to your homes,” he said, “lay down your arms. The white men shall return to their own land, and all shall be well again within the walls of Tenochtitlan.” Four of the principal chiefs came forward, and replied, “lamenting the misfortunes of him, his children, and his family,” and adding, says Diaz, “that they had promised to their gods never to desist but with the total destruction of the Spaniards; that they every day offered up prayers for his personal safety, and as soon as they had rescued him out of our hands, they would venerate him as before, and trusted that he would pardon them.” Hardly was this touching and loyal reply concluded, when the fiercer spirits in the crowd, enraged at seeing their emperor side by side with the enemy, broke into a storm of reproaches. A shower of missiles followed. The Spaniards put up their bucklers, but it was too late. The hapless Montezuma had received three wounds, one of which, on the head, from a stone, laid him senseless on the ground. The Aztecs, horror-struck at the deed, dispersed, “with a dismal cry,” and left the great square utterly deserted. The unhappy prince, borne to his apartment, was overwhelmed with anguish. He refused all medical aid, and tore from his wounds the bandages as often as they were applied, maintaining utter silence, and evidently determined not to survive his fall.

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

From the great *teocalli*, which almost overhung their quarters, the Spaniards were continually annoyed and endangered by a tempest of stones and arrows; and Cortes resolved on the desperate expedient of carrying it by storm. At the head of three hundred of his bravest cavaliers, and several thousand Tlascalans, he made a furious charge upon the entrance to the pathway, which, four times encircling the edifice, led to its summit. A shower of missiles, mingled with heavy stones and beams, was poured down upon them; but assisted by musketry from below, they made their way, and finally stood face to face with the foe upon the broad summit of the temple. A terrible engagement, hand to hand, lasting for three hours, here occurred in sight of the whole city. No quarter was given on either side, and many, hurled down the steep sides of the *teocalli*, found a terrible death on the rocky pavement below.

"Here," says old Diaz, "Cortes showed himself the man that he really was! what a desperate engagement we had there! every man of us covered with blood, and above forty dead upon the spot. It was God's will that we should at length reach the place where we had put up the image of our Lady, but when we came there it was not to be found." As some consolation, the Spaniards burned the pagan sanctuary, and, seizing the hideous and gigantic figure of the war-god, hurled him down the steep side of the *teocalli*. With the loss of forty-six of his men, and the rest badly wounded, Cortes finally succeeded in clearing the top of the edifice—every man of its many hundreds of defenders being slain or hurled from the unprotected verge. He led the remainder of his force back to their quarters, with great difficulty, amid a fresh and most furious attack of the enemy. That same night, as if wounds and weariness were unknown to him, he sallied out, and burned three hundred houses. Despite these brilliant exploits, the situation of the Spaniards, from their losses and privations, and from the overwhelming force of their enemies, was daily becoming more desperate. Cortes now offered peace to the Mexicans, on condition of their submission, adding the

haughty menace, "If you refuse, I will make your city a heap of ruins, and leave not a soul alive to mourn over it." The Aztecs replied, that if they could only kill one Spaniard for every thousand of their countrymen, they would be satisfied. "The bridges," they said, exultingly, "are broken down, and you cannot escape. There will be too few of you left to glut the vengeance of our gods."

A retreat, for which the soldiers of Narvaez had long been clamorous, now seemed inevitable; and the only question was, how to get out of the city? The shortest causeway was that of Tlacopan, or Tacuba, two miles in extent, and it was resolved to attempt to clear a way, through the principal street, to this precarious outlet. A huge *mantelet* or rolling tower was constructed, and moved down the avenue, but after doing considerable execution, was stopped by a canal. This was filled up, and so were six others, in the course of two days, a portion of the Spaniards and their allies being employed on the work, while others, with great difficulty, fought and kept off the enemy. The exploits of Cortes, and of the redoubted cavaliers, his companions, in this harassing species of warfare, are certainly among the most wonderful which men, in desperate circumstances, had ever performed.

Meanwhile, their unfortunate captive, keeping a determined silence, and firmly rejecting all food or medical aid, was rapidly sinking to the grave. All the exertions of the Reverend Fray Olmedo and others, solicitous for his soul, could not induce him to embrace Christianity. He waved aside the crucifix, saying, coldly, "I have but a few moments to live; and will not at this hour desert the faith of my fathers." He sent for Cortes, and entreated him to protect his children, and to intercede with the Spanish sovereign, that he might allow them some portion of their inheritance. "Your lord," he said, "will do this, if it were only for the friendly offices I have rendered to the Spaniards, and for the love I have shown them—though it has brought me to this condition! But for this I bear them no ill-will." Having said these words, he expired,

on the 30th of June, 1520, supported by a few chiefs, who had remained faithfully attached to his person. He was forty-one years of age, and had reigned eighteen. Of all

“Sad stories of the death of kings,”

none, perhaps, is more strange and affecting than that of this ill-fated sovereign of a half-civilized empire, in the midst of a universal reverence, hardly short of adoration, so suddenly struck down by the hand of a mysterious Destiny, and doomed, after drinking the dregs of humiliation at the hands of his oppressors, to perish at those of his own distracted people.

Fierce and rude as were the old “Conquistadors,” they appear to have felt some natural compunction at the melancholy fate of one whose generous and hospitable spirit they had so often experienced, and whose utter ruin their own violence had occasioned. “Cortes and our captains wept for him,” says Diaz, “and he was lamented by them and all the soldiers who had known him, as if he had been their father; nor is it to be wondered at, *seeing how good he was.*” His remains, royally attired, were delivered to his people, and borne away. A distant sound of wailing and lamentation was heard, but, to this day, the resting-place of the Last of the Montezumas is forgotten and unknown.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SPANIARDS RETREAT FROM THE CITY—THE “NOCHE TRISTE,” OR MISERABLE NIGHT—TERRIBLE LOSS ON THE CAUSEWAY—RETREAT TO TLASCALA—BATTLE OF OTUMBA—FIDELITY OF THE TLASCALANS.

IN a council of the officers, an immediate retreat on Tlascala was now resolved on; the only question being whether the attempt to leave the city should be made by day or night. A singular superstition led to the choice of the latter. “There

was with us," says our old author, "a soldier named Botello,* of respectable demeanor, who spoke Latin, had been at Rome, and was said to be a necromancer; some said he had a familiar, and others called him an astrologer. This Botello had discovered, by his figures and astrologies, and had predicted four days before, that if we did not quit Mexico this night, not one of us should ever go out of it alive." That himself would perish in it, he also averred to be certain.

Immediate preparation for departure was made; and Cortes loaded eighty Tlascalans and eight wounded horses with as much treasure as they could carry. A vast quantity remained on the floor of the palace. He then said, in presence of the notaries, "Bear witness that I can no longer be responsible for this gold. Here is to the value of six hundred thousand crowns (of gold). I can secure no more than what is already packed; let every soldier take what he will; better so than that it should remain for these dogs of Mexicans." The rapacious soldiery, especially those of Narvaez, rushed in, and loaded their persons heavily with the glittering spoil; the veterans, more cautious, were slow to embarrass themselves with the precious encumbrance.

Mass was said, and at the dead of night, (July 1st, 1520,) the Spaniards and their allies, as quietly as possible, marched forth from their fortress into the rain and darkness. The streets were deserted, and the van of the army finally emerged upon the open causeway. But hardly had they begun to congratulate each other on the prospect of escape, when the alarm was given. "The *Teules* are going!" was yelled by a hundred sentinels. Cries and whoops resounded on all sides; and the great drum on the *teocalli* sent forth its melancholy tones over the city. As if by magic, the Aztecs almost instantly were

* De Solis avers that he was "an ignorant Fellow, without Learning or Principles, who mightily valued himself on penetrating into future Events:" and that he "made Use of some Characters, Numbers, Words, or Charms, such as contain within themselves an abominable Affinity and Stipulation with the Devil, the Inventor thereof." "A pernicious Sort of People," he concludes.

swarming around them. The water was alive with canoes, and a shower of missiles fell on the dense ranks of the fugitives.

A portable bridge was placed over the first breach in the causeway, and the army, fiercely attacked on all sides, slowly defiled across it. Two more breaches were yet to be passed, and the bridge, when the rear-guard attempted to raise it, was found to be wedged immovably between the piers. When this appalling fact was known, a cry of despair arose from the thousands who, with water all around them, were crowded on the narrow causeway. A terrible scene ensued. Attacked on all sides, the mass pressed onward, and forced the leading ranks into the deep water before them. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across, through a swarm of enemies, and with great difficulty climbed the opposite side. The chasm became gradually filled up with artillery, wagons, plunder, and the bodies of men and horses, until a passage was afforded. In this scene of terror and confusion, the efforts of Cortes were useless, and, with a few determined cavaliers, he pushed on. The same tragical scene was repeated at the third breach, the Mexicans from their canoes climbing the causeway, and fighting furiously along its whole length. "It was dreadful to hear the cries of the unfortunate sufferers, calling for assistance, and invoking the Holy Virgin or St. Jago. * * * the very sight of the number of the enemy who surrounded us, and carried off our companions in their canoes to sacrifice, was terrible." Great numbers, overburdened with gold, perished in the salt floods of the lake.

Cortes, who had at last reached the firm ground, rallied a few of the cavalry, and, swimming across the third breach, hastened to the assistance of his comrades. It was too late. Nearly the whole causeway was in possession of the enemy, and he was driven back before an overwhelming force. In rēcrossing the breach, it is said that Alvarado, who had lost his horse, and was hard pressed by the enemy, saved himself by a prodigious leap, planting his spear on the wrecks that choked the passage. The place to this day is called the "Leap

of Alvarado." By day-light, the wreck of the Spanish and Tlascalan army assembled on the firm ground. On beholding how few were left, the iron-souled Conqueror covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

In this terrible defeat, still known as the "Noche Triste" or "Miserable Night," four hundred and fifty of the Spaniards had been slain or carried off for sacrifice. This, with their previous losses, reduced their number to a third of those who had so exultingly entered the city. Four thousand of the Tlascalans had perished or been made prisoners, and they were now reduced to less than a fourth of their original number. All the artillery and muskets had been lost, and nothing but their swords remained to hew their way through the enemy.

The Spanish general led the remnant of his force, fatigued and wounded, to a hill, crowned by a temple, where they found temporary rest and security. The enemy, busy with plunder, and exulting over the multitude of their victims for sacrifice, had, for a while, suspended their attack. In the dead of night, the fugitives quietly left their halting-place, and marched by a circuitous route toward Tlascala. Their path was soon beset by swarms of Aztecs, who rolled down rocks from the eminences, and grievously annoyed them with missiles. Numbers were cut off by the enemy, and the remainder suffered excessively from hunger and fatigue. At the end of seven days, they had only advanced nine leagues in a direct line from the capital, though they had travelled more than thirty. On the 7th of July, they reached the mountain which overhangs the Valley of Otumba.

Here their worst forebodings were confirmed by the sight of an immense army below, drawn up to receive them. Clad in white cotton doublets, the enemy presented the appearance of a vast field of snow. The Spaniards and Tlascalans, weak with travel and privation, gave themselves up for lost; but determined to cut their way through the enemy, or to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Cortes, in a manly and encouraging speech, animated his men, and, after commending

them to the Holy Virgin and St. Jago, charged full upon the enemy.

The ranks of the Aztecs were broken by the first shock, but they soon closed around the little body of their opponents, and a desperate combat, hand to hand, commenced. A description of this extraordinary conflict cannot be given better than in the words of the stout old chronicler who shared it.

"Oh! what it was to see this tremendous battle! how we closed foot to foot, and with what fury the dogs fought us! such wounding as there was among us with their lances and clubs, and two-handed swords, while our cavalry, favored by the plain ground, rode through them at will, galloping at half speed, and bearing down their opponents with couched lances, still fighting manfully, though they and their horses were all wounded; and we of the infantry, negligent of our former hurts, and of those which we now received, closed with the enemy, redoubling our efforts to bear them down with our swords.

"Cortes, Olid, Alvarado, and Sandoval, though all wounded, continued to ride through them. Cortes now called out to us to strike at the chiefs; for they were distinguished by great plumes of feathers, golden ornaments, richly wrought arms, and devices.

"Then to hear the valiant Sandoval, how he encouraged us, crying out, 'Now gentlemen is the day of victory! put your trust in God, we shall survive, for he preserves us for some good purpose.' All the soldiers felt determined to conquer; and thus animated as we were by our Lord Jesus Christ, and our lady the Virgin Mary, as also by St. Jago, (who undoubtedly assisted us, as certified by a chief of Guatemozin who was present in the battle,) we continued, notwithstanding many had received wounds, and some of our companions were killed, to maintain our ground."

After a furious contest of several hours, the Spaniards, sinking with wounds and fatigue, began to despair; but the valor and good fortune of their general redeemed the day. Spying the chief cacique carried in a litter, he drove full upon him,

followed by his cavaliers, and dashed him to earth with his lance, as if struck by a thunder-bolt. His banner was seized, and terror spread through the ranks of the Aztecs. They gave ground, and finally retreated with great loss, the ground being strewed with bodies, adorned with the richest spoil. It is impossible to gain a correct account of the number of Indians engaged in this combat: but they amounted to many thousands; and considering the want of fire-arms, and the enfeebled condition of the white men, it is altogether the most wonderful victory ever achieved by European courage and discipline over the unwieldy myriads of the Indies.

After this decisive action, the march to Tlascala was pursued without further interruption; and the friendly inhabitants of that country, though filled with grief at the loss of thousands of their warriors, received the fugitives with the greatest kindness and hospitality. They assured Cortes that they would stand by him to the death.

His situation was, nevertheless, disheartening in the extreme. He was severely wounded, and a dangerous fever set in, from which he with difficulty recovered. Forty-five of the garrison of Vera Cruz, marching from Tlascala to join him at the capital, had been cut off, with the loss of much treasure. Twelve others had been put to death in Tepeaca; and the scanty remains of his force, especially the followers of Narvaez, were eager for return to Cuba. Even his old friend Duero, "most heartily cursed the day he had embarked with him in the business, and the gold which he had been forced to leave in the ditches of Mexico." A formal remonstrance of the soldiers, attested by the notary, was presented to him.

But despite his late misfortunes and his enfeebled condition, the mind of this daring and indefatigable man was eagerly revolving fresh plans to retrieve his losses and regain the Conquest. He replied to the protest in the most determined and eloquent manner, "giving at least ten reasons for his plan, to every one which they alleged against it." His wonderful influence was once more asserted; his veterans pledged

themselves to constant service, and the malcontents were forced to be silent.

The fidelity of his Tlascalan friends was soon put to the trial. Cuitlahua, by the death of his brother Montezuma, had succeeded to the throne of Mexico. He was the sworn enemy of the Spaniards, "and had, probably, the satisfaction of celebrating his own coronation by the sacrifice of many of them." This warlike and patriotic prince, having repaired his capital, and put it in a state of defence, now sent an embassy of his nobles, with presents, to the Tlascalans, inviting them to bury past enmities, to unite in the common defence of Anahuac, and to sacrifice the detested strangers to the gods whose temples they had violated. A fierce debate arose in the council of Tlascalan caciques, and Xicotencatl, remembering with bitterness his former defeats, urged on his country the acceptance of the overtures. But ancient enmity proved more than equal to the claims of policy or religion; and the old chieftains, with united voice, protested against any alliance with their hereditary foes. "In reply to this, and to the discourse of his father to the same purpose, the young man made use of such outrageous and disrespectful language, as induced them to seize him by the collar, and throw him down the steps of the building into the street, and he very narrowly escaped with his life." The proposed alliance was peremptorily rejected.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WAR RENEWED—SUCCESSSES OF THE SPANIARDS—GREAT FORCE
OF INDIAN ALLIES—ACCESSION OF GUATEMOZIN TO THE AZTEC
THRONE—MARCH TO THE VALLEY OF MEXICO—HEAD-
QUARTERS ESTABLISHED AT TEZCUCO.

CORTES now resolved to resume hostilities. His first expedition was against the Tepeacans, a nation under the Aztec rule, who had slain several of his men. With four hundred

Spaniards and ten times that number of Tlascalan warriors, he marched upon their territory, and, after defeating them in two sanguinary engagements, entered their city in triumph. The unfortunate inhabitants were branded as slaves with the letter G, signifying that they were prisoners of war (Guerra), and were divided among the victors. Here Cortes took up his quarters, and hence made frequent incursions into the surrounding country. He took several strong places by storm, putting their Aztec garrisons to the sword, and defeated a force of thirty thousand men, which had been sent to oppose him. His lieutenants were equally successful, and in a brief time a large territory was brought under his sway. This remarkable result he accomplished as much by policy as by arms, reconciling the inhabitants of the various provinces, and uniting them in a firm alliance against their late masters the Aztecs.

In the exigency of the time, many past offences were overlooked in a way which appears strange enough, compared with the fierce revenge before taken for much slighter offences. Thus, when Sandoval called certain chiefs to account for the slaughter of his countrymen, he only gained the unsatisfactory information, "that most of the Spaniards they had killed were eaten, five of them having been sent to their monarch Guatemozin." The culprits, however, "*apologized (!)* for what was passed, and Sandoval, being able to do no more, was fain to accept their submissions."

Ever since his expulsion from Mexico, the Spanish leader had been brooding fiercely over the remembrance of his disastrous retreat, and planning new means to achieve the subjection of the Aztecs. That powerful and justly-enraged people, he well knew, could never be vanquished by the handful of Spaniards who remained, though the surprise of superstition, and his prompt, unscrupulous policy, had once opened the gates of their capital to a force equally insignificant. But to the powerful alliance of Tlascala was now added that of numerous other provinces, united by his address, and eager for plunder and revenge. Remembering the disasters of the causeway, he

now resolved to attack Mexico by water. He therefore dispatched his ship-builder, Martin Lopez, to Tlascala, with orders to construct thirteen brigantines, using the iron and rigging which, with wonderful forethought, he had saved from the two fleets destroyed at Vera Cruz.

A few of his followers, mostly men of wealth and office, beheld these preparations with dismay, "being utterly averse from a repetition of the days of Mexico and Otumba." These men he dismissed in one of the ships of Narvaez, and they "returned to Cuba with their pockets well lined, after all their disasters." His usual good fortune supplied their loss. Two vessels, which Velasquez had dispatched from Cuba to learn the fate of his last expedition, were successively entrapped at Vera Cruz, and their crews and munitions forwarded to Tlascala. From these, and from an unfortunate expedition dispatched from Jamaica, his forces were recruited with an hundred and fifty men, with horses, arms, and ammunition.

In a letter which at this time he dispatched to the emperor, he recounted his wonderful exploits and his terrible misfortunes, and requested that the country in the conquest of which he was engaged might be called, "New Spain"—a name which it has since commonly borne. Another, signed by nearly every person in his service, earnestly besought of the Spanish sovereign a confirmation of his authority. He was still entirely ignorant of the manner in which his proceedings had been received at court; and he remained for a long time in a state of harassing uncertainty whether the arrival of a fleet would bring him the royal approval and the anxiously-desired reinforcements, or an order that, like other illustrious servants of the crown, he should be sent home in chains from the land he had half subjected to its sway. At all events, prompt and energetic enterprise was the course both of prudence and safety. Preparations for the siege of Mexico were vigorously carried on; the brigantines were rapidly building; and fresh supplies of powder were manufactured with sulphur brought by his daring followers from the crater of Popocatepetl.

Meanwhile, the sovereignty of the Aztec empire had again changed hands. The patriotic Cuitlahua, after a brief but honorable reign of four months, had perished of the small-pox, a disease imported in the fleet of Narvaez. This loathsome malady, pursuing its usual course among a strange people, had carried off myriads of the natives from the Gulf to the Pacific. "Thus black," says our old author, "was the arrival of Narvaez, and blacker still the death of such multitudes of unfortunate souls, which were sent into the other world without having an opportunity of being admitted into the bosom of our holy church."

To fill the throne, the Aztec caciques made choice of Guatemozin, a nephew of the two late emperors, and a prince of the most determined courage and patriotism. "He was a young man," says one who had often seen him, "about the age of twenty-five years, of elegant appearance, very brave, and so terrible to his own subjects that they all trembled at the sight of him."

This valiant and able sovereign, already distinguished in war, was a deadly foe to the Spaniards. He took the most immediate and energetic measures for the defence of his capital. His vassals were every where commanded to make a desperate resistance; and high rewards were proclaimed for the head of every Spaniard who should be slain, and especially for those who might be taken alive for sacrifice. The weaker portion of the inhabitants was sent out of the city, and its garrison of Aztec warriors was strengthened and strictly disciplined. Animated by his fearless and chivalrous spirit, all were determined to resist the invaders to the death.

The force which Cortes had prepared for his gigantic undertaking, consisted of less than six hundred Spaniards, with forty horses and nine pieces of artillery; but the requisite physical force was abundantly supplied from the multitudinous ranks of his allies of Tlascalala, Cholula, Tepeaca, and other tributary provinces. Their numbers, it is said, exceeded an hundred thousand, and they had already commenced an imitation of the European discipline. To both armies the general made a

most eloquent address, inflaming their ardor to the highest pitch; while, the better to secure the divine favor, he issued a number of wholesome regulations for his own men, especially prohibiting gambling, and any blasphemy against the saints.

On the 28th of December, 1520, he marched from Tlascala, leaving at that city the main body of his Indian levies, in readiness to await his commands. Crossing the rugged sierra, by a most painful and difficult route, the toiling Spaniards attained a height from which they once more beheld that beautiful Valley, the scene of such marvellous triumphs and such deadly suffering and peril. "We could see," says Cortes, "all the provinces of Mexico and Temixtitan, both on the lakes and around them. But although we regarded them with great satisfaction, this feeling was not unmixed with sadness, when we recalled the losses we had experienced there, and we all resolved never to quit the country again without victory, even should it cost us our lives."

Skirmishing parties, of no very formidable nature, beset the way, but the invaders pushed on, and approached the walls of Tezeuco, which city was destined for their head-quarters. Cacama, the prince of that city, had been, as we have seen, made prisoner by Cortes, and, with some of the children of Montezuma, and other persons of eminence, had perished in the "Noche Triste." His brother, Coanaco, had then assumed the throne, and had evinced his enmity to the invaders by the massacre of forty-five of their companions—whose skins and accoutrements, a ghastly trophy, were afterwards found suspended in the neighboring temples.* A friendly message, how-

* "In Tezeuco," says Cortes, "we found in the oratories, or temples of the city, the skins of five horses, sewed up, and containing the horse-shoes, and the hands and feet of our men, * * and we found the blood of our companions and brothers, spilled and sacrificed in all the towns and temples: the occasion of much grief." In another town, says Solis, continuing the ghastly narrative, "in one of their temples, were found the Heads of those *Spaniards*, dried in the Fire to preserve them from Corruption: A dreadful Spectacle! which, giving a fresh Idea of their terrible Death, made the Images and Representations of the Devil appear still more hideous."

ever, was sent to the advancing forces, and, on the 30th of December, Cortes and his followers entered the walls of that ancient city.

The Spaniards, conducted to an immense palace, were struck by the desertion of the streets, so populous on their former visit, and naturally dreaded a conspiracy. From the summit of the great *teocalli*, which they ascended, they could see the inhabitants pouring forth in all directions, some by land and some by water, till the city was nearly deserted. Coanaco had fled to Mexico. Hereupon, Cortes, with a few of the chief inhabitants, appointed in his place Tecocol, his brother, who, during his brief reign, held only the shadow of authority, the real power being lodged in the hands of the Spaniards, and of his general, the warlike Ixtlilxochitl, who shortly after succeeded to the throne. This famous chieftain had, from his youth, been distinguished by the fierceness and hardihood of his disposition, and, before the age of twenty, had wrested from Cacama (his elder brother) a considerable portion of his territory. Ambitious of further rule, he had, on the first arrival of the Christians, made them overtures of alliance. He now became their most efficient friend and supporter, and in the following campaigns acquired "the melancholy glory of having contributed more than any other chieftain of Anahuac, to rivet the chains of the white man around the necks of his countrymen."

CHAPTER XIII.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MEXICO—TAKING OF
 IZTAPALAPAN—POLICY OF CORTES IN UNITING THE NATIVES—
 GREAT ACCESSIONS TO HIS POWER—VESSELS TRANSPORTED
 OVERLAND—VARIOUS BATTLES WITH THE AZTECS—THEIR
 COURAGE AND RESOLUTION—MARCH AROUND THE LAKES
 —GREAT VICTORY AT XOCHIMILCO.

THE city of Tezcuco was half a league distant from the lake, and to secure a communication for their vessels when completed, the Spaniards commenced digging a canal, on which seven or eight thousand Indians were kept constantly employed. The plan of Cortes was, successively to reduce the numerous cities in the neighborhood of the lakes, and gradually to hem in the devoted capital with a circle of enemies. Soon after his arrival in Tezcuco, he marched with a large force against Iztapalapan, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the former abode of Cuitlahua, and firmly loyal to the present emperor. Defeating a force of the Aztecs, drawn up to oppose him, he drove them in a tumultuous rout within the walls. The inhabitants fought desperately, but were overpowered, and a massacre of six thousand, including women and children, ensued.

As night came on, the town was set on fire; but while the Spaniards and their allies were abandoned to pillage and slaughter, their resolute foes, with the courage of despair, labored at undermining the dikes which surrounded their city. The salt floods of the lake poured in upon the assailants, and though Cortes ordered an immediate retreat, it was with great difficulty and some loss that they escaped, wet to the skin, their ammunition spoiled, and all the plunder washed away. "We passed the night badly enough," says Diaz, "being supperless and very cold; but what provoked us most was the laughter and mockings of the Indians upon the lakes." At day-break, a large body of the garrison of Mexico, crossing in

canoes, attacked them fiercely, and after suffering considerable loss, they "returned to Tezcuco, in very bad humour, having acquired little fame or profit by this expedition."

Many cities and provinces now sent in their adhesion to Cortes, who found the means for his projected enterprise hourly increasing. Of these the most important was Chalco, situated on the lake of that name, and which became a firm and efficient ally of the Spaniards. The wise and persuasive policy of Cortes reconciled these states, many of which had been at deadly variance, and united them in a firm alliance against the Mexican enemy. The brave Guatemozin, on his part, left no stone unturned for the defence of his capital, and by severity or conciliation made vigorous efforts to retain the allegiance of his tributaries. To the demands of Cortes, he maintained a determined silence; but sufficiently evinced his resolution, by promptly, yet solemnly, sacrificing every Spaniard who fell into his hands. In several hard encounters, however, the Aztecs were defeated, although they "fought like men," and at one time, with a force of a thousand canoes, crossed the lake to dispute the possession of a large crop of maize, ready for harvesting.

Ere long, the welcome news arrived from Tlascala that the brigantines had been completed, and were ready for transportation to the lake. Sandoval, who, with a portion of the Spanish force, was detached to escort them, found them, thirteen in number, already on the route, carried piecemeal by eight thousand of the Tlascalan laborers. Accompanied by an escort of ten thousand warriors, under the Cacique Chichemecatl, this huge procession, bearing the materials of a navy, wound over the rugged sierras, and marched triumphantly down into the valley.* For a full half day it continued to defile into Tezcuco, with deafening shouts of "Castile! Castile! Tlascala!

* De Solis, ordinarily prosaic enough, rather picturesquely describes this transit of the fleet, which, he says, "already began to float upon the Shoulders of Men, among the Waves formed by the different Movements, which the Inequality of the Ground occasioned."

“Tlascalala! long live his majesty the emperor!” This exploit, one of the most surprising in Spanish history, had been, in some measure, anticipated by the daring but unfortunate enterprise of Balboa, five years before, on the isthmus of Darien.

This was early in the spring of 1521; and Cortes, resolving to take advantage of the presence of his auxiliaries, commenced his campaign almost immediately after their arrival. With three hundred and fifty Spaniards, and the whole force of his native allies, he sallied forth to attack the city of Xaltocan, situated in the lake of that name, and, like Mexico, accessible only by causeways. Over one of these, the storming party charged impetuously, but was soon stopped by a wide breach, impassable for horse or foot. A swarm of canoes, filled with Aztec warriors, closed around the causeway, and the assailants, overwhelmed with missiles, were compelled to retreat—“all which,” says the old soldier, “contributed to give our people a disgust to the expedition.” Ere long, however, a ford was discovered, and the besiegers, forcing their way, in spite of all opposition, gained the town, and put its defenders to the sword. Pillage and conflagration followed as usual. From this place, marching, with little opposition, through the richest part of the valley, the victor came to Tacuba, the scene of his disastrous expulsion the year before. Routing a strong body of Aztecs, drawn up to oppose him, he entered the suburbs. With the following morning, a fresh action took place; but after a sharp conflict, the Indians were again defeated, and were compelled, with the inhabitants, to quit the town. The fierce Tlascalans pillaged and fired the deserted buildings.

Cortes took up his quarters in the palace, and daily engaged the Aztecs, who, undiscouraged by defeat, still bravely kept up hostilities. On one occasion, by an artful manoeuvre, he was decoyed upon the fatal causeway, and, assailed by a multitude of canoes, was compelled to retreat with much loss. He vainly attempted to open a negotiation; but the fierce caciques only answered with defiance, and tauntingly demanded

when he intended to pay another visit to the capital. "They often pretended," he says, "to invite us to enter the city, saying, 'Go in, go in, and enjoy yourselves!' and at another time they said to us, 'Do you think there is now a second Montezuma, to do every thing you wish?'" Personal combats, conducted with great fairness and chivalry, daily took place between the native chieftains of the opposing ranks.

After remaining six days in Tacuba, the Spanish general led back his forces to head-quarters, annoyed on the way by the desultory attacks of the enemy. He saw plainly that the time was not yet come for the subjugation of the haughty capital of the Aztecs. It was strongly fortified, and doubtless valiantly garrisoned; and he turned his thoughts to minor enterprises, by which the way to his grand achievement might be laid open. The people of Chalco, surrounded by their Aztec enemies, had dispatched urgent entreaties for assistance; and accordingly, three hundred and twenty Spaniards, under Sandoval, were dispatched to their aid. That youthful but admirable officer, one of the bravest in the Spanish host, and second only to Cortes in military skill, collecting his allies, marched against Huaxtepec, a stronghold of the enemy, which, after two hotly-contested actions, he succeeded in taking. In this place was a beautiful palace, with magnificent gardens, two leagues in circumference, stocked with an infinite variety of plants, useful, ornamental, and medicinal.

Two days afterwards, he marched on Jacapichtla, a rocky fortress, perched on an almost inaccessible eminence. It was taken by storm, after a desperate assault, in which the Spaniards suffered greatly from the rocks which the enemy rolled down among them. The garrison were put to the sword, or driven over the precipice, and the stream which ran below was discolored with blood, for the space of an hour. After this brilliant exploit, the Spanish captain returned in triumph to Tezcuco. The people of Chalco, encouraged by these successes, and by the destruction of their enemies, took heart, and, in their turn, defeated a great force of Aztec warriors,

which, in two thousand canoes, had been sent by Gautemozin to attack their city.

Numerous embassies, some even from the remote shores of the Gulf, soon arrived at the Spanish quarters, tendering their allegiance. A welcome reinforcement of two hundred men, with eighty horses, (probably from Hispaniola,) likewise at this time arrived at Vera Cruz, and soon made their way to Tezcuco. With them came Julian de Alderete, treasurer for the crown, and a reverend Dominican friar, the Fray Pedro Margarejo de Urrea. This ghostly adventurer, with a keen eye to business, "brought with him," says Diaz, "a number of bulls of our lord St. Peter" (the Pope), "in order to compose our consciences, if we had any thing to lay to our charge on account of the wars. The reverend father made a fortune in a few months, and returned to Castile."

The canal was nearly completed, and the brigantines were nearly ready for launching, though three desperate attempts had been made by the enemy to burn them on the stocks. Cortes determined to employ the interval of leisure in a daring campaign, in which he proposed to march quite around the lakes, reconnoitering the country, and subduing the numerous cities which lay on the route.

On the 5th of April, 1521, with three hundred and thirty Spaniards, and a force of native allies, he set forth; and, arriving at Chalco on the following day, met his confederates of the vicinity. Here he explained to them his intention of humbling the haughty capital of the Aztecs, and all enthusiastically pledged their assistance. As a proof of their zeal, more than twenty thousand of their adherents, on the following day, joined him in a single body. These allies, says Diaz, not very complimentarily, "certainly were attracted by the hope of spoil, and a voracious appetite for human flesh, just as the scald-crows and other birds of prey follow our armies in Italy, in order to feed on the dead bodies after a battle."

As the army, marching southerly, forced its way over the ragged sierras, it was assailed with missiles from many an

Indian fort, perched high on some well-nigh inaccessible cliff. One of these Cortes attempted, but unsuccessfully, to take by storm. Eight of his bravest men were killed by the rolling down of rocks—the terrific nature of which may be imagined from the fact, that three of the cavalry, in the plain below, were slain in the same manner. A battle in the plain with a large force of Indians ensued, in which, however, the latter were thoroughly routed. Another disastrous attempt to storm a mountain fort, strongly garrisoned, was made in the afternoon; but in the following morning it was taken, and the garrison were treated with lenity.

Passing through Huaxtepec, with its beautiful gardens, and through many towns deserted at their approach, the adventurers, on the ninth day of their march, came to the strong and wealthy city of Cuernavaca, a tributary of the Aztec emperor. Before it, however, was a huge *barranca* or ravine, descending to a frightful depth, and to all appearance impassable. The garrison, protected by their walls, kept up a constant and annoying discharge of missiles on the invaders. From this perplexing position the latter were relieved by one of the most daring feats on record. Two great trees, growing on opposite sides of the ravine, and inclining towards each other, interlaced their boughs. Over this perilous bridge, a large number of Tlascalans, followed by thirty Spaniards, made their way—three only lost their footing, and fell. This force, taking the enemy by surprise, fell upon their rear; at the same time Cortes succeeded in bridging the torrent below, and poured his battalions into the fated city. Its defenders were driven out, and the town was abandoned to pillage. The lives of the inhabitants, however, on the submission of their caciques, were spared.

This victory achieved, the Spanish general led his troops, by a toilsome march, across the mountains, and descended upon the lake at Xochimilco, “the field of flowers,” so called from the floating gardens by which it was surrounded. This populous and wealthy city was defended by a strong garrison of Aztec warriors; and the assault on the causeway was unsuc-

cessful. Forging the shallows, however, the Spaniards, after a sharp fight, gained the firm land, and a desperate battle ensued in the streets of the city. Cortes, his horse falling, was seized by the enemy, and, half stunned by a blow, was dragged away prisoner. But the Tlascalans, fighting furiously, succeeded in rescuing him. Nothing but the intense anxiety of the Aztecs to carry him off alive for sacrifice saved him from destruction; and the same cause often proved the salvation of the other Spaniards in these desperate hand-to-hand engagements.

In an interval of the battle, he ascended the *teocalli*, whence he beheld the lake swarming with canoes and the Mexican causeways covered with troops, advancing to the rescue of the city. The night passed quietly, but with the first break of day the Aztec legions, in overwhelming number, poured furiously into the city. Repulsed by the artillery and pursued by the cavalry, they fell back upon their reinforcements, and the Spaniards, in their turn, were compelled to give ground and to fly for their lives. Ere long, however, they fell in with the main body of the troops, advancing to their aid, and the contending armies rushed fiercely together, and fought hand to hand. The issue of this terrific conflict was long doubtful; but, in the end, the valor and discipline of the Castilian and the fierce impetuosity of the Tlascalan prevailed; the Aztecs were routed and pursued with dreadful slaughter. The town, which was wealthy, offered much plunder; but, while busy with their spoil, four of the Spaniards were dragged on board the canoes of the enemy, and, to the horror of their companions, were hurried across the lake for sacrifice.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL AT TACUBA—GRIEF OF CORTES—CONSPIRACY AGAINST HIM—THE FLEET LAUNCHED—EXECUTION OF XICOTENCATL—
DEFEAT OF THE MEXICAN FLOTILLA—MEXICO BLOCKADED—
GENERAL ASSAULT ON THE CITY.

LEAVING Xochimilco in a flame, Cortes, on the fourth day after his arrival, set out for Tacuba; halting two days, to refresh his troops, at the deserted city of Cojohuacan. He had a sharp conflict on the great causeway of Iztapalapan, and, for want of ammunition, was forced to retreat. Marching to Tacuba, he was decoyed, with some of the cavalry, into an ambuscade, from which their most desperate exertions were needed to make good their escape. Two of his most faithful attendants fell into the hands of the enemy, and were carried off for sacrifice. The iron-nerved Conqueror was overwhelmed with grief. "In a short time," says an eye-witness, "Cortes came up to us; he was very sad, and weeping."*

On arriving in Tacuba, says the same narrator, "The general, with his captains, the treasurer, our reverend father, and many others of us, mounted to the top of the temple, which commanded all the lake, and afforded a most surprising and pleasing spectacle, from the multitude of cities rising as it were out of the water, and the innumerable quantity of boats employed in fishing, or rapidly passing to and fro. All of us agreed in giving glory to God, for making us the instruments of rendering such services; the reverend father also consoled Cortes, who was very sad on account of his late loss. When we contemplated the scenes of what had happened to us in Mexico, and which we could well trace from where we stood, it made Cortes much more sad than before. It was on this that the romaunt was written which begins—

* "God only knows," he writes to the emperor, "my feelings on this occasion, on account of their being Christians and men of valor, who had performed in this war good service for your Majesty."

"In Tacuba was Cortes
 With all his valiant crew—
 Sad he stood, and very mournful
 Sad, with mighty cares opprest,
 One hand lifted to his cheek
 And the other on his breast," &c.

One of our soldiers, the bachelor Alonzo Perez, who was afterwards fiscal in Mexico, in order to console him, observed, those things were the common fortune of war, and that they could not at present compare him to Nero viewing Rome on fire." To this the Conqueror, perhaps attempting to stifle a hint of conscience but half understood, replied, "You are my witness how often I have endeavored to persuade yonder capital peacefully to submit. It fills me with grief when I think of the toil and the dangers my brave followers have yet to encounter before we can call it ours. But the time is come when we must put our hands to the work."

On leaving Tacuba, the army, for some days, amid grievous weather, marched through the most difficult and miry roads, and finally, after an absence of three weeks, regained their quarters in Tezcuco, "fatigued, worn out, and diminished in numbers."

Meanwhile, a conspiracy of the most deadly nature, for the assassination of Cortes and his chief officers, had been set on foot by one Antonio Villafaña, and other malcontents of the army of Narvaez. But, on the day before that appointed for its execution, one of the conspirators, moved by remorse, revealed the whole matter to the general. With his usual promptness, he instantly arrested Villafaña, who vainly endeavored to swallow a paper containing the names of the conspirators. Having glanced over this scroll, Cortes immediately tore it in pieces, and, with wonderful presence of mind, gave out that the prisoner had destroyed it. The culprit was immediately tried, found guilty, and, "having confessed himself to the reverend father, Juan Diaz, he was hanged from a window of the apartment."

The conduct of Cortes, on this occasion, exhibits the most remarkable policy and self-control. Knowing the names of all who had sworn his destruction, he made a speech, declaring that the prisoner's secret had perished with him; his tone was conciliating, and he thus avoided driving the conspirators to desperation, or depriving his camp of numbers whom he could not afford to lose. But he kept a strict, though secret, watch upon them; and the army, indignant at the atrocity of the plot, insisted that the person of their general should be constantly protected by a guard.

The canal, which had cost the labor of eight thousand men for two months, was now completed, and, amid the most solemn and imposing ceremonies, the fleet was launched upon the waters of the lake. Mass was performed, cannon were fired, and the whole army broke out into an enthusiastic *Te Deum*. The forces were mustered in the great square, and were found to amount to eighty-seven horse, and more than eight hundred foot. There were eighteen pieces of artillery, well supplied with ammunition, and fifty thousand arrows, with copper heads, beautifully finished by the natives. Three hundred men were selected to man the vessels, not without difficulty, all exhibiting "a great averseness to act as rowers." A large gun was placed in each vessel, and Cortes determined to take command of the fleet in person.

The Indian allies, from all quarters, had been notified to bring in their forces; and the readiness with which they came, evinced their zeal for the enterprise. The Tlascalans, fifty thousand strong, led by Xicotencatl and Chichemecatl, poured into Tezcuco; while the others met at the neighboring city of Chalco. Alvarado, with two hundred Spaniards and twenty-five thousand Tlascalans, was ordered to take up his post at Tacuba, in front of the fatal causeway, and Olid, with a similar force, at that which led from Cojohuacan. Sandoval, with an equal force, and supported by the fleet of Cortes, was to commence the campaign with the destruction of Iztapalapan. These orders issued, the general, in a brief and spirited har-

anguish, excited the spirit of his followers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

An ominous incident threw its shadow over the commencement of the campaign. Nícotencatl, the bravest and fiercest chief of Tlascala, suddenly left the camp, and journeyed homeward. It seems uncertain whether he was prompted by the allurements of an amour, by some offence received from the Spaniards, or by a desire to seize the lands and treasures of his rival, Chiehemecatl. He returned a haughty answer to the summons of Cortes, and was soon after seized by a party of cavalry, dispatched for his arrest. Conducted to Tezcuco, the unfortunate chief was instantly hanged, by order of Cortes, upon a high gallows, erected in the great square. His wealth was confiscated to the crown. This act of violence, which the Spanish general justified on the ground of desertion, and which was prompted by his knowledge of the secret enmity of his victim, does not appear to have produced any serious disaffection among the Tlascalan levies.

On the 10th of May, Alvarado and Olid set out, and soon took up their quarters in the deserted city of Tacuba. Hence they made a sally, and, after sharp fighting, succeeded in destroying a portion of the beautiful aqueduct which conducted the streams of Chapoltepec to the capital. This copious supply of water was thus cut off from the beleaguered city.

The next day they marched boldly upon the disastrous causeway, the scene of their former misfortunes. But the event of the "Noche Triste" was well nigh renewed. The warriors on the dike, which was strongly fortified, made a gallant resistance; a multitude of canoes, on either side, assailed the advancing columns with a perfect storm of missiles; and, after a long and obstinate conflict, the Spaniards and their allies, with much loss and disgrace, were compelled to fall back upon their quarters. Olid and his force, the following day, took up their appointed post at Cojohuacan.

Sandoval, after an obstinate battle, had gained possession of a part of Iztapalapan, and Cortes, with the fleet, set sail to

assist him. The latter, on his way, passed under a steep cliff, (since called from him, "The Rock of the Marquess,") from which a body of Indians poured on him a shower of arrows. Landing, with an hundred and fifty men, he took the place by storm, and put the garrison to the sword. As he again set sail, a fleet of many hundred canoes ("four thousand!" says one) shot out from Mexico to intercept him, "which Multitude, with the Motion of their Feathers and Arms, afforded a Sight both beautiful and terrible, and seemed to cover the Lake." At this critical moment, a sudden breeze sprang up, and the brigantines, dashing under full sail among the light barks of their enemies, beat them to pieces, and whelmed their occupants in the waves. "We broke an immense number of Canoes," writes the general, "and destroyed many of the enemy, in a style worthy of admiration. * * It was," he continues, "the most gratifying spectacle, as well as the most desirable one in the world." The cannon and musketry also did great execution, and the remnant of the defeated flotilla fled for shelter to the canals of Tenochtitlan. The victor then "sail'd about the City, firing some shot into it, rather by way of Triumph, than for any Damage he did the Enemy; nor was he displeas'd to behold the Multitude of People that covered the Towers and House-tops, to see the Event of the Engagement; on the contrary, he was so glad to have them Spectators of their own Loss, that tho' in reality they were too many, considered as Enemies, he thought them too few as Witnesses of his Exploit."*

After this decisive advantage, Cortes sailed to Xoloc, the point of intersection between the great southern causeway and that of Cojohuacan. From this place, though well fortified, he drove the Aztec garrison, and resolved to make it his own head-quarters. For five or six days, however, and even during the nights, the Indians, (especially from the basins which excluded the brigantines) kept up a constant system of annoyance, and discharged such showers of arrows that the ground of the camp was covered with them. At times, says Cortes, "the

* De Solis.

multitude was so great, that neither by land or water could we see any thing but human beings, who uttered such dreadful howls and outcries that it seemed as if the world would come to an end." They suffered much, however, by repeated discharges of artillery.

"Considering that the inhabitants of this city were rebels," says the same narrator, with his customary coolness, "and that they discovered so strong a determination to defend themselves or perish, I inferred two things; first, that we should recover little or none of the wealth of which they had deprived us (!); and second, that they had given us occasion and compelled us utterly to exterminate them."

Two of the causeways were now closed up; and Cortes ordered Sandoval to occupy the entrance of the remaining one, that of Tepejacac, which formed an outlet on the north. The city, in its land approaches, was thus completely blockaded by three large armies. Unsatisfied with this advantage, Cortes, with indefatigable spirit, determined to harass the enemy with continual attacks; and accordingly ordered a general assault at the same hour on each of the causeways. After a solemn Mass, the cavaliers, led by the general himself on foot, and followed by a great force, advanced toward the city. Their progress was soon arrested by a breach in the dike, beyond which was a rampart, stoutly defended by the Mexicans. It was impossible to dislodge them until the brigantines, sailing on either side, fired on them and landed troops beyond the rampart. Cortes and his soldiers then followed by swimming, and the Indian allies filled up the gap by flinging down the rampart and throwing in other materials. Breach after breach was carried and filled up in this manner, the Aztecs fighting valiantly, and only retreating before the invincible discharge of fire-arms.

The Spaniards had now entered on the great street which had witnessed, two years before, their first triumphant entry of the capital of Anahuac. Every roof was crowded with warriors, and a perfect storm of missiles hailed down upon their

heads. But building after building was levelled to the ground, as the assailants slowly forced their way—a singular rehearsal of the scene in our own day, when the Anglo Saxons of the North fought their way through these very streets, against the descendants of both besiegers and besieged. For two hours the Aztecs defended a stone barricade, which finally was broken down by the heavy artillery. The Spaniards then pursued their enemies into the great square of the teocalli, the scene of such hardihood and suffering the year before. At the entrance they halted, overcome by remembrance of those terrible scenes; but their undaunted leader, waving his sword, and shouting “St. Jago!” led them fiercely against the enemy. With a few intrepid followers he rushed to the summit of the temple, and with his own hand tore the mask of gold and jewels from the hideous idol again set up in his blood-stained dwelling. After hurling the priests from the summit, the Spaniards hastened to rejoin their companions.

The Aztecs, infuriated at this outrage, now attacked them with such ferocity, that, with their allies, they were driven in confusion down the great avenue. Total defeat would have ensued, but for a timely charge of the cavalry, which gave them the opportunity to rally and to retreat in some order to their quarters. Sandoval and Alvarado, on the opposite side, had been unable to penetrate the city.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SIEGE OF MEXICO CONTINUED—CONSTANT FIGHTING—ATTEMPT TO STORM THE CITY—GREAT LOSS OF THE SPANIARDS—TERRIBLE SACRIFICE OF THE PRISONERS ON THE GREAT TEMPLE.

REINFORCED by an army of fifty thousand Tezcucans, led by the fierce Ixtlilxochitl, (which he distributed in the three camps,) Cortes resolved on a fresh simultaneous attack. The breaches, which the enemy had reopened, were again slowly

filled up, and he once more led his forces into the great square. Here the Spaniards fired the palace of Axayacatl, their former stronghold, all the combustible portion of which was soon consumed, and the magnificent "House of Birds," the pride of the Aztec emperors. "The fanciful structure was soon wrapped in flames, that sent their baleful splendors, far and wide, over city and lake. Its feathered inhabitants either perished in the fire, or those of stronger wing, bursting the burning lattice-work of the aviary, soared high into the air, and, fluttering for a while over the devoted city, fled with loud screams to their native forests beyond the mountains."*

"Although it grieved me much," says the Conqueror, "yet, as it grieved the enemy more, I determined to burn these palaces, whereupon they manifested great sorrow, as well as their allies from the cities on the lake, because none of them had supposed we should be able to penetrate so far into the city. This filled them with terrible dismay"—a dismay not a little increased, he remarks, when his allies "displayed to the inhabitants of the city the bodies of their countrymen cut into pieces, exclaiming at the same time that they would have them for supper that night and for breakfast the next day, as was in fact the case."

In this battle the young prince of Tezeuco, marching by the side of Cortes, amid the yells and reproaches of his countrymen, took a distinguished part, slaying with his own hand the leader of the Aztec squadron. A retreat was finally sounded, but the Mexicans hung on the rear of the Spaniards, fighting with such recklessness and desperation, that few of the latter reached their camp unwounded. Day after day, these terrible and exhausting assaults were kept up by the Spanish leader, who bears witness to the valor and constancy of his enemies. "Their conduct," he writes, "was certainly worthy of admiration, for however great the evils and losses to which they were exposed in harassing our march, they did not relax their pursuit till they saw us out of the city."

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

Alvarado, despite his utmost exertions, had not, as yet, been able to make his entrance into the city, and his men were almost worn out with wounds, watching, and exposure. Gaute-mozin, on his part, was not idle. He made frequent and furious sallies upon the three besieging armies, and by a wily plot succeeded in seizing two of their brigantines. Though famine began to press heavily on the multitudes crowded within his walls, he sternly rejected all proposals for peace and capitulation. His people, to some extent, found a horrible support in the bodies of their fallen enemies and of those who perished on the fatal stone of sacrifice. A number of the Spaniards had been carried off alive, and Diaz gives a thrilling account of his own escape from a similar fate, by the desperate use of his good sword. "When this mob," he says, "had their claws on me, I recommended myself to our Lord and his blessed mother, and they heard my prayer, glorified be they for all their mercies!"

Vast numbers of Indian allies (amounting, says Cortes, to an hundred and fifty thousand) now poured into the Christian camps from the adjacent provinces. This numerous host was employed in rendering the siege more strict, and in reducing such detached strongholds of the Aztec emperor as still held out against the invaders. On the causeways, the fighting was almost continual. "I fear," says our old author, "to tire my readers with this repetition of battles. For ninety-three days together we were engaged in the siege of this great and strong city, and every day and night we were engaged with the enemy. Were I to extend my narrative to include every action which took place, it would be almost endless, and my history would resemble that of Amides and the other books of chivalry."

Cortes at last resolved on a grand attempt to carry the city by storm. He ordered that while he made the assault from the southern causeway, Alvarado and Sandoval, uniting their forces, should enter by that of Tacuba. His chief object was to gain possession of the great *tianguetz*, or market-place, and thus open a communication between the two camps.

On the following morning, the army of Cortes, having en-

tered the city, moved in three great bodies along the same number of parallel avenues, or causeways, all leading to the market-place. The Mexicans made no very formidable resistance; barricade after barricade was carried; and the ditches, except in one lamentable instance, were carefully filled up. But when the desired goal was nearly gained, all of a sudden, the horn of Gautemozin sent forth its shrill blast from the summit of the *teocalli*. At the sound, as if by magic, swarms of Aztec warriors closed around the advancing columns. The water was covered with their canoes, and the air was darkened by their missiles. The foremost column, driven back in confusion, was arrested by a deep gap, which they had neglected properly to fill up. Plunged into the water by the fury of their pursuers, they vainly attempted to cross the fatal breach. Great numbers were slain or drowned, and others, a more horrible fate, were carried off alive.

Cortes, who had hastened to the spot, in vain endeavored to assist his unfortunate companions. "At the moment I reached this bridge of troubles," he relates, "I discovered some Spaniards and many of our allies flying back in great haste, and the enemy like dogs in pursuit of them; and when I saw such a route, I began to cry 'Hold, Hold!' and on approaching the water, I beheld it full of Spaniards and Indians, in so dense a mass, that it seemed as if there was not room for a straw to float. * * The causeway, he continues, "was small and narrow, and on the same level with the water, which had been effected by these dogs, on purpose to annoy us; and as the road was crowded also with our allies who had been routed, much delay was thereby occasioned, enabling the enemy to come up on both sides by water, and to take and destroy as many as they pleased."

Cortes himself barely escaped becoming, in person, a notable sacrifice to the idols. Seized by six Aztec chiefs, he was dragged toward a canoe, and was rescued only by the loss of several of his faithful attendants, who laid down their lives in his defence. Getting at last to the little body of cavalry on firm

ground, he led them on a fierce charge against the enemy, and brought off the remnant of his unfortunate companions. All the divisions retreated from the city, and were fiercely attacked in their own quarters.

Alvarado and Sandoval, who had also penetrated nearly to the rendezvous, were likewise soon compelled to retreat before the furious assault of the Aztecs, who flung before them five bloody heads, exclaiming that one of them was that of Malinche (Cortes). While retreating, hotly pressed, "we heard," says Diaz, "the dismal sound of the great drum, from the top of the principal temple of the god of war, which overlooked the whole city. Its mournful noise was such as may be imagined the music of the infernal gods, and it might be heard almost at the distance of three leagues. They were then sacrificing the hearts of ten of our companions to their idols. Shortly after this, the king's horn was blown, giving notice to his captains that they were then to take their enemies prisoners or die in the attempt. It is impossible to describe the fury with which they closed upon us, when they heard this signal."

On this disastrous day, besides the loss of cannon and horses, many of the Spaniards had been killed, and nearly all wounded. Worst of all, sixty-two, (mostly under Cortes,) and a multitude of their Indian allies, had fallen alive into the hands of the enemy, and been carried off for sacrifice. That very evening, the dismal roar of the great drum was again heard; and the last rays of the setting sun fell on a long procession winding up the sides of the huge *teocalli*. Among the victims, stripped to their waists, several were seen to be white men; and the Spaniards, with unutterable horror, beheld their miserable comrades, with fans in their hands, and gaudily decked with plumes, compelled to dance before the hideous idol, and then stretched upon the fearful stone of sacrifice. As heart after heart was plucked out and laid before the altar, the bodies were hurled down the steep sides of the pyramid, and prepared by the priests below for a grand cannibal festivity.

Night after night, these hideous scenes were repeated in full

view of the camp of Alvarado; and the Spaniards, with sickening hearts, were compelled to witness the fearful solemnities of a fate which any day might be their own. "During each night of this period," says a horrified witness, "the enemy continued beating their accursed drum in the great temple. Nothing can equal the dismal impression its sound conveyed. They were then in the execution of their infernal ceremonies; the whole place was illuminated, and their shrieks at certain intervals pierced the air. * * * Let the reader imagine what were our sensations! 'Oh, heavenly God,' we said to ourselves, 'do not permit us to be sacrificed by these wretches!' * * * For ten nights together were they thus employed in putting to death our unfortunate companions." The priests, eager in their horrid ministry, seemed, amid the glare of sacrificial fires, like demons flitting about in their native element, and busied with the torments of the condemned. Every morning, the Indians, stimulated by success, made furious assaults on the Spanish quarters, "and when they attacked," says the same narrator, "reviled us, saying that our flesh was too bitter to be eaten; and truly it seems that such a miracle was wrought."

Alarmed by these misfortunes, and still more by a prediction of the Mexican priests,* that within eight days the gods would deliver the Spaniards into their hands, the vast array of allies, troop after troop, melted away, and dispersed to their homes. Only the chiefs of Tlascala and Tezcuco, with a few of their followers, remained faithful. But though wounded, reduced in number, and worn out by continual assaults, the Spaniards, with characteristic courage and obstinacy, kept firm possession of the causeways. Their fleet commanded the lake, and cut off supplies from the besieged; and the heroic city, which had battled so bravely against its implacable enemies without, was fast yielding to a foe more terrible within.

* "The Devil," says De Solis, (as usual) "at that time was extremely busy, instilling into the Ears of those deluded People" (the Mexicans,) "strange and fallacious Notions, tho' he could not inspire their hearts with true courage."(!)

Eight days had passed, and the brief season of cannibal plenty and festivity was over; the allies, ashamed of their superstitious panic, began to flock back to the Spanish flag; and a short but vigorous campaign against the few provinces still faithful to the emperor, cut off his last hope of external aid. The arrival of a vessel at Vera Cruz, with fresh munitions of war, added greatly to the strength and spirit of the besiegers.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED—INDOMITABLE COURAGE OF THE AZTECS—
GRADUAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY—TERRIBLE SUFFERING
OF THE BESIEGED—MEXICO TAKEN BY STORM—FEARFUL
MASSACRE—CAPTURE OF GAUTEMOZIN—REFLECTIONS.

THE siege was now pressed vigorously, and Cortes resolved to make himself master of the city, even at the expense of its almost total destruction. Building after building was levelled to the ground; the canals were filled with the materials; and the open plain, fitted for the charge of cavalry, was daily extended. The brave but unavailing resistance of the garrison exposed them to terrible losses, but they still resolutely held out. The repeated overtures of the Spanish general were rejected by Gautemozin, the priests inflaming his revenge and patriotism, and holding before his eyes the fate of his uncle, the unhappy Montezuma. "Let us think only," he answered them, "of supplying the wants of the people. Let no man henceforth, who values his life, talk of surrender. We can at least die like warriors."

A fierce and general sally was made upon every causeway; the Aztecs, fighting under the eye of their emperor, rushed with desperation against the Spanish quarters; but the artillery, enfilading every dike, mowed down their crowded columns, and they were again driven back into the city. The

work of destruction went on steadily amid the streets and palaces of the Aztecs, whose bitter taunts against the allies, the instruments of the ruin, were in the end fully verified. "Go on," they cried, "the more you destroy, the more you will have to build up again hereafter. If we conquer, you shall build for us; and if your white friends conquer, they will make you do as much for them." At the close of each day, they usually made a general assault upon the retreating masses of soldiers and laborers, and inflicted considerable loss.

The palace of Gautemozin was soon levelled and burned, and a free communication was established through the city with the camp of Tacuba. As the work of destruction proceeded, horrible scenes of starvation, evincing the extremity of the garrison, were continually brought to light. Dead bodies strewed the streets and filled the canals, while the emaciated survivors—men, women, and children—were massacred indiscriminately by the ferocious allies. The great body of the defenders still held out desperately, and tauntingly assured the Spaniards that the gold they coveted was buried where they could never discover it.

Alvarado, who had pursued the same destructive system as his general, had finally penetrated to the market-place, and taken by storm the high *teocalli* which overlooked it. In the sanctuary, says Diaz, "were beams, whereon were placed the heads of many of our soldiers; their hair and beards had much grown. I could not have believed it, had I not seen it with my own eyes. I recognised the features of three of our friends, and tears came into my eyes at the sight." The building was fired, and its flames, glowing far and wide, illuminated the ill-fated city.

The besieging detachments met, and Cortes, with a few attendants, rode through the great *tianquez*. It was abandoned by the warriors, but the roofs were crowded with the starving populace, gazing with terror on the dreaded enemy in their midst. From the summit of the *teocalli*, a hideous scene of desolation met the eye. Seven-eighths of the city were in ruin,

and in the small portion yet unlevelled, was crowded an enormous multitude of human beings, suffering all the agonies of disease, famine, and despair. Still the garrison held out, and even made a brave but ineffectual attempt to drive the Spaniards from the square.

The ammunition of the assailants falling short, unsuccessful recourse was had to the ruder devices for destruction of a more primitive age. "There was in the army a soldier who boasted of having served in Italy, and of the great battles which he had seen there. His name was Sotelo, and he was a native of Seville. This man was eternally boasting of the wonderful military machines which he knew the art of constructing, and how he could make a stone engine, which should in two days destroy that whole quarter of the city, where Gautemozin had retreated. He told Cortes so many fine things of this kind, that he persuaded him into a trial of his experiments—lime, stone, and timber being brought, according to his desire. The carpenters were also set to work, two strong cables were made, and stones the size of a bushel were prepared. The machinery was now all ready, the stone which was to be ejected was put in its place, and the whole apparatus was played off against the quarters of Gautemozin. But, behold! instead of taking that direction, the stone flew up vertically in the air, and returned exactly into the place from whence it had been launched. Cortes was enraged and ashamed; he reproached the soldier, and ordered the machine to be taken down; but it still continued the joke of the army."

But there was now little need for fresh engines of destruction. In the close and suffocating quarters of the Aztecs, hundreds were dying daily from famine and pestilence. The adjacent streets were so crowded with carcasses, that no one, says Cortes, could set his foot in them, except upon a dead body. The stench was poisonous in the extreme. But Gautemozin, with almost insane obstinacy, refused to listen to any overtures of peace, and seemed determined to bury himself in the ruins of his capital. He even, it is said, sacrificed one of his

nobles, who had been sent by Cortes with propositions for surrender. He made, indeed, several agreements to confer with the Spanish general; but, remembering the fate of his uncle, Montezuma, repeatedly disappointed him. The Aztec chiefs, says Cortes, cried out, as he rode near them, "You are said to be the Child of the Sun, but the Sun, in a single day, completes his course over all the world—why will not you as quickly destroy us, and relieve our sufferings—for we long to die, and to go to our god, Orchilobus (Huitzilopochli), who is waiting to give us rest in heaven."

These despairing entreaties were soon granted. Cortes determined to take the remainder of the town by storm. On the 12th of August, 1521, he led his overwhelming forces against the brave but famine-stricken multitude that still held the remnants of their city. The Aztecs, placing their strongest warriors in the van, fought with the courage of despair: but their emaciated limbs could no longer wield with effect the rude weapons of their nation. The allies swarmed in, and a hideous scene of massacre commenced. "So terrible was the cry," says Cortes, "and especially of the children and the women, that it was enough to break one's heart." In vain he strove to restrain the fury of the confederates. "Never did I see a people of such cruelty," he adds, "nor so utterly destitute of humanity, as these Indians." Forty thousand souls, according to his own account, had perished, before he drew off his forces.

On the following day, he again led his army to the ruinous retreat of the survivors, and once more besought them to submit. But their chief magistrate returned the melancholy answer, "Gautemozin will die where he is, but will hold no interview with the Spanish commander; it is for you to work your pleasure." "Go then," said Cortes, "and prepare your countrymen for death. Their hour is come."

A rumor that the enemy were escaping in their canoes, precipitated the attack. The unfortunate Aztecs, worn out with famine and suffering, and crowded in dense masses at the wa-

ter's edge, offered a helpless mark to their enemies, by water and by land. A terrible massacre was made, and those who attempted to escape in their canoes, fell for the most part an easy prey to their pursuers in the brigantines. In one of these, as the cross-bowmen were about to shoot, a young warrior, armed with sword and buckler, stood up to defend it; but as the Spanish captain ordered his men to hold, lowered his weapons, and said, "I am Gautemozin; lead me to Malinche, I am his prisoner; but let no harm come to my wife and my followers."

The valiant prince, when brought before his conqueror, approached him with a calm and resolute air, and said, "Malinche, I have done that which was my duty, in the defence of my kingdom and people. My efforts have failed, and since I am your prisoner," he added, laying his hand on the hilt of the general's dagger, "draw that poniard from your side, and strike me to the heart." But Cortes, struck with his chivalrous bearing, received him kindly, and assured him that he and his household should be treated with all honor.

So terrible was the effluvia from the dead bodies, that the conquerors were compelled to withdraw from the city. That same night there came on "the greatest tempest of rain, thunder and lightening, especially about midnight, that was ever known," displaying, to the imaginative mind, an awful manifestation of the sympathies of nature. "It seemed as if the deities of Anahuac, scared from their ancient abode, were borne along shrieking and howling in the blast, as they abandoned the fallen capital to its fate."* Such was the conclusion of that memorable day which sealed the fate of the Aztecs. It was the 13th of August, 1521, the day of St. Hypolitus, thence selected as the patron saint of Spanish Mexico.

A dead silence, interrupted only by the feeble wails of the dying, now succeeded to the fierce clamor that had so long raged around the city. "The soldiers," says Diaz, "were all as deaf as if they had been for an hour in a steeple, with the

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

bells ringing about their ears. This was owing to the continual noise of the enemy for ninety-three days; some preparing their troops and bringing them on, shouting, calling, and whistling, as signals to attack us on the causeway; others in the canoes coming to attack our vessels; some again at work upon their palisadoes, or opening the ditches and water cuts, and making stone parapets, or preparing their magazines of darts and arms, and the women supplying the slingers with their ammunition. Then, from the temples and adoratories of their accursed idols, the timbals and horns, and the mournful sound of their great drum, and other dismal noises, were incessantly assailing our ears, so that day or night we could hardly hear each other speak. But these dins immediately ceased on the capture of Gautemozin, for which reason, as I have observed, we felt like so many men just escaped from a steeple where the bells had been ringing about our ears."

On the following day, the wretched remains of the population were permitted to pass out of the city—a spectacle so ghastly, that, says a witness, "it was misery to behold them." The number is variously estimated at from thirty to seventy thousand; it is certain that, for three days, the several causeways were each filled with a procession of wretched, emaciated creatures, who seemed rather like animated corpses than like human beings. The number of those who had perished during the siege cannot be accurately computed; but it must have been immense, for the population of many adjacent cities was crowded within the walls of the capital. "What I am going to say," says Diaz, "is truth, and I swear and say *Amen* to it. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but I cannot conceive that the mortality there exceeded this of Mexico. * * *

The streets, the squares, houses, and the Taltelulco were covered with dead bodies; we could not step without treading on them; the lake and canals were filled with them, and the stench was intolerable." The actual mortality has been variously estimated at from one hundred and twenty thousand to more than double that number. Vast numbers of the confederates

of the Spaniards also had met their fate, within and around the city—no less than thirty thousand of the Tezcucans alone, it is said, having perished during the siege.

Thus fell the renowned capital of Anahuac, after a siege of three months, in which the hardihood of the assailants and the resolute endurance of the besieged have never been surpassed. That the whole country, already, in a great measure, subjected by arms or by policy, should soon fall under the rule of the victors, followed as a matter of course. Such a result with such diminutive means could hardly have been achieved in any other age or by any other people. Nothing short of that wonderful union of ferocity, chivalry, rapacity, and fanaticism,

“Stern to inflict and stubborn to endure,”

which, beyond all men, distinguished the Spaniard of the sixteenth century, could have led this little band to triumph through scenes of such continued peril and romance as at the present day almost challenge belief. “The whole story,” says Mr. Prescott, “has the air of fable, rather than of history! a legend of romance, a tale of the genii!”

“Whatever,” continues the same admirable author, “may be thought of the Conquest in a moral view, regarded as a military achievement, it must fill us with astonishment. That a handful of adventurers, indifferently armed and equipped, should have landed on the shores of a powerful empire, inhabited by a fierce and warlike race, and, in defiance of the reiterated prohibitions of its sovereign, have forced their way into the interior;—that they should have done this, without knowledge of the language of the land, without chart or compass to guide them, without any idea of the difficulties they were to encounter, totally uncertain whether the next step might bring them on a hostile nation, or on a desert, feeling their way along in the dark, as it were;—that, though nearly overwhelmed by their first encounter with the inhabitants, that they should have still pressed on to the capital of the empire, and, having reached it, thrown themselves unhesitatingly into the midst of

their enemies;—that, so far from being daunted by the extraordinary spectacle there exhibited of power and civilization, they should have been but the more confirmed in their original design;—that they should have seized the monarch, have executed his ministers before the eyes of his subjects, and, when driven forth with ruin from the gates, have gathered their scattered wreck together, and, after a system of operations, pursued with consummate policy and daring, have succeeded in overturning the capital, and establishing their sway over the country;—that all this should have been so effected by a mere handful of indigent adventurers, is a fact little short of the miraculous,—too startling for the probabilities demanded by fiction, and without a parallel in the pages of history.”

CHAPTER XVII.

TRANSACTIONS AFTER THE SIEGE—TORTURE OF GAUTEMOZIN—SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY—TITLES AND OFFICES CONFERRED ON CORTES—HIS OSTENTATIOUS STATE—HIS WISE POLICY.

THE exultation of the Spaniards over their wonderful success was at first unbounded. The taking of the city was celebrated with a grand festival and a dance, of such intemperate revelry and license as grievously to scandalize the reverend Father Olmedo—who, however, by dint of “scolding and grumbling,” converted the scene into a religious celebration, and inflicted a sermon on the delinquents. A grievous disappointment awaited them in the small amount of treasure discovered in the capital—for the Aztecs, true to their threats, had defrauded the avarice of their conquerors. In vain, under the eye of Cortes himself, was the lake carefully searched in the spots indicated by his prisoners. Comparatively little was found, except a great golden sun, which was fished up from a pond in the royal palace. The soldiers, “very pensive and grave” at their disappointment, demanded that the unhappy Gautemozin should

be tortured to effect a discovery; and Cortes, to his eternal infamy, delivered his royal victim into their hands.

The brave prince, with inflexible fortitude, withstood the cruelties of his tormentors, and when his companion in suffering, the cacique of Tacuba, groaned aloud, said, coldly, "Do you think, then, that I am taking my pleasure in my bath?" Nothing was extorted by this inhuman process except the confession that the treasures were buried in the salt floods of the lake. The disappointed soldiery again accused their general of defrauding them of the fruits of their victory; and the white walls of his palace were covered "every morning with libels against him, either in prose or verse;" In this war of pasquinades, "which every day grew more indecent," Cortes, who piqued himself on his poetical vein, did not hesitate eagerly to engage in person.

As if by general consent, the supremacy of the victors was now acknowledged, far and near, by the provinces late tributary to their foes; the emissaries of Cortes penetrated to the waters of the Pacific, and his heart swelled high at the thought of new and unbounded conquests among the precious isles of the Indies.

A dangerous insurrection in Panuco was suppressed with great vigor and ferocity by Sandoval, no less than four hundred chiefs being consigned to the gallows or the stake. "By which means," says Cortes, "God be praised, the province was restored to tranquillity." Throughout all New Spain, the Indians, except the Tlascalans, were reduced to a state of actual slavery, similar to that established in the West India Islands.

The rebuilding of the capital was commenced in a style of great permanence and splendor, and, under the toiling hands of a countless multitude of natives, it rose from its ruins with almost unheard-of rapidity. In less than four years, a great city, of European construction, with palaces, cathedrals, and fortresses, occupied the exact site of the ancient capital of Anahuac.

Since his very first embarkation to the termination of the

conquest, Cortes had not received a single intimation from the Spanish government of its approbation or disapproval of his wonderful career. This was partly occasioned by the rarity and difficulty of communication, and partly by the dilatory and indecisive policy of the court. A few months after his grand success, however, a commissioner, appointed through the malice of Fonseca, arrived at Vera Cruz, with full power to examine his doings, and, if advisable, to seize his property and person. By a mixture of force and bribery, however, this person was soon induced to reëmbark, without having effected any serious annoyance.

In July, 1522, Charles V., after a long absence, returned to his Spanish dominions, and his attention was immediately engaged by clamorous accusations and vehement vindications of the Conqueror. He referred the matter to a commission of the highest authority, which, after a patient hearing of all parties, decided that the honor of Spain was concerned in the most unqualified acknowledgment of such brilliant services. Almost every point was decided in favor of Cortes. He was appointed governor, captain-general, and judge of all New Spain, with almost complete authority, both military and civil (October, 1522). His officers also received high honors and rewards; and the soldiers were made happy by liberal, though ill-fulfilled promises. Fonseca and Velasquez met with a signal rebuff and disappointment; and both of these inveterate enemies of Cortes died not long after, their deaths being hastened by chagrin and vexation.

On receipt of these welcome tidings, Cortes, ever given to splendor and display, launched forth into an almost regal magnificence of state and attendance. His household is described by a contemporary as "consistinge of many stewards and officers of his house, morris dancers, chamberlaines, dore keepers, cheefe bankers, or exchaungers of mony, and the rest, fitly agreeing with a great king. Whethersoever Cortes goeth, hee bringeth foure kinges with him, to whom he hath given horses, the magistrates of the citty, and soldiers for execution

of Iustice goinge before with maces, and as hee passeth bye, all that meete him cast themselues flat vppon the grounde, after the auncient manner."

With his accustomed energy, he took the most vigorous measures for the regulation and permanent settlement of his vast acquisitions. Spanish colonies were rapidly planted, even in the remote regions of California, and great and successful temptations to immigration were held forth. For the better population of his realms, he enjoined, under penalty of forfeiture, that every married man should bring his wife, and for the same purpose, ("as well as for the security of the consciences of such,") all bachelors, under stringent liabilities, were enjoined forthwith to marry. "The general," says Mr. Prescott, "seems to have considered celibacy as too great a luxury for a young country." A somewhat disagreeable application of his rule soon befell the legislator, in the unexpected arrival of his own wife, Dona Catalina—whom he received with all proper respect, but whose speedy demise gave occasion to many slanderous insinuations among his enemies.

True to his principles, such as they were, he made strenuous and (considering the motive) laudable exertions for the conversion of the natives. Twelve friars of the Franciscan order—an order eminent for its religious zeal, undaunted courage, and unwearied perseverance—arrived in 1524, and were received with universal rejoicing and exultation. They set to work forthwith, with such vigor and success that, in less than twenty years, according to their boast, nine millions of Indian converts had been gathered into the bosom of the church.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREAT ACQUISITIONS TO THE CROWN OF SPAIN—TERRIBLE MARCH OF
CORTES TO HONDURAS—MURDER OF GAUTEMOZIN—USURPATION
AT MEXICO—RETURN OF CORTES—VEXATIOUS COMMISSION—
CORTES EMBARKS FOR SPAIN—HONORS BESTOWED ON
HIM—HIS RETURN TO MEXICO.

IN developing the resources of the country, especially its agricultural wealth, Cortes displayed the qualities of a wise and sagacious legislator; and New Spain, ere long, became the choicest colonial possession of the Spanish crown. Within three years from the fall of Mexico, he had brought under the dominion of Castile an extent of country, as he claimed, measuring four hundred leagues on the Pacific coast, and five hundred on the Atlantic: and the numerous nations of which it was composed were, by his iron energy and unflinching policy, tranquilly settled in obedience to their European masters.

Discovery and conquest still engaged his ardent attention. He made constant efforts to discover the strait, so long supposed to connect the Atlantic with the Indian ocean. He fitted out an expedition, under Alvarado, which resulted in the conquest of the rich province of Guatemala. Another, which he dispatched to Honduras, under Olid, was the cause of severe misfortune, as well to himself as to the interests of the country at large. That ambitious officer, after planting a colony in the new territory, had thrown off his allegiance, and set up a small independent government of his own.

The haughty governor, on learning this notable defection, "showed apparent tokens of the perturbation of his mind, by ye vehement swelling of ye veins of his throate and nostrils." He took the rash and hazardous resolution to march overland in person to the new settlement, exploring the country by the way, and overcoming all opposition. In October, 1524, with a hundred cavalry, and three or four thousand Indians, he set forth upon the most terrible march which modern history has

recorded. For many months, with his famishing followers, he struggled through the wilderness, entangled in swamps, toiling over barren mountains, and bridging almost innumerable rivers. On one occasion he was compelled to construct a floating bridge, composed of a thousand pieces of timber, each sixty feet in length.

On this expedition, Cortes, by the murder of his captive, the hapless Gautemozin, loaded his name with eternal infamy. That unhappy sovereign, whom, with an unsleeping jealousy, he always carried on his journeys, was made the victim of a false and frivolous accusation of a conspiracy. His conqueror, eager to rid himself of one who was a constant source of anxiety, after the mere mockery of an investigation, ordered his immediate execution. The ill-fated prince, with his habitual composure, said, at the fatal tree: "Malinche! here your false words and promises have ended—in my death. I should have fallen by my own hand, in my city of Mexico, rather than have trusted myself to you. Why do you unjustly take my life? May God demand of you this innocent blood." His cousin, the chief of Tacuba, who shared his fate, said, simply, with touching loyalty, "I am happy to die by the side of my true sovereign." They were hanged, with other caciques, from the branches of a huge Ceiba-tree; "and thus," says honest Diaz, who was present, "ended the lives of these two great men, and I must say, like good Christians, and, for Indians, most piously. * * * And I also declare, that they suffered their deaths most undeservingly, and so it appeared to us all, among whom there was but one opinion upon the subject—that it was a most unjust and cruel sentence."

So died the last of the Aztecs—for with the death of this brave defender of his country ends their national history. No one arose after him to rescue his toiling countrymen from the yoke of slavery, or to lift an arm against the triumphant invader. But Nemesis, in the shape of an avenging conscience, was already busy with his destroyer, of whom one of his own companions remarks, "thenceforth, nothing prospered

with him, and it was ascribed to the curses he was loaded with." After the death of his victim, he became, says our old chronicler, "very ill-tempered and sad," and "was so distracted with these thoughts, that he could not rest in his bed at night, and would get up in the dark to walk about as a relief from his anxieties." While thus restlessly pacing by night in one of the Indian temples, he fell from a considerable height, and received severe injuries—which, however, with his wonted endurance, he kept to himself, acting as his own chirurgeon, and striving to conceal the circumstance.

On arriving, after this terrible passage, at the place of his destination, Cortes learned that a counter-insurrection had already restored his authority, and that the unfortunate Olid had been beheaded in the market-place of Naco. Undismayed by his recent sufferings and losses, the indomitable chief, without delay, commenced fresh enterprises. He made an arduous tour of exploration, and was meditating vast schemes of discovery and conquest, when evil tidings recalled him to Mexico. The temporary rulers of that province had received a vague report that, with his whole army, he had perished in the marshes of Chiapas; and with all the insolence of suddenly-acquired authority, had commenced a reign of plunder and usurpation. His property had been seized in the name of the state, or, more probably, for the use of his self-appointed administrators—nor was the Holy Church without her share; for, (says Diaz, subsequently,) "a great part of it had been appropriated to the expenses of celebrating his funeral service, and to the saying Masses for his soul, and ours, to give credit to the report; and these perpetual Masses, which had been so purchased out of the property of Cortes upon the supposition of his death, and for the good of his soul, were now, that he was found to be alive, and no longer in need of them, purchased by one Juan de Caceres, for the benefit of his own soul, whenever he was to die; so that Cortes was farther off from getting back his property than ever." The factor, having solemnly erected a monument to him, "then proclaimed him-

self governor and captain-general of New Spain, with the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, and issued out an order that all women who had any regard for their souls, and whose husbands had gone with Cortes, should consider them dead in law, and marry again forthwith."

On receipt of these unwelcome tidings, Cortes embarked in the Gulf, but was twice driven back by tempests, and became so disheartened and worn out, that all the solicitations of his friends were needed to induce him to persevere. It was not until June, 1526, after an absence of nearly two years, that he reëntered Mexico. His journey thither was a perfect triumphal procession; and his enemies, crushed to the earth, only owed their lives to his forbearance.

This triumph was soon overshadowed by the jealousy of the court. A thousand slanderous reports filled the ears of the emperor. It was insisted that Cortes (who had always been fanatically loyal) intended to throw off the royal authority. A commissioner was sent out to investigate the affairs of the province. He died soon after his arrival, and his successor speedily followed him to the grave. Slander, the most unfounded, ascribed their end to Cortes; and a most ridiculous story was trumped up that he had attempted to take off the new comers and their suite with a treat of custards and cheese-cakes. These dainties, says our old chronicler, refuting the story, "were so much approved of, and some of the company eat of them in such quantities, that they made them sick; but those who eat of them in moderation were not at all affected. However, this prior, Fray Tomas Ortiz, asserted that they had been poisoned with arsenic, and that he had not eaten of them from a suspicion that they were so; but others who were present declared that he stuffed himself heartily with them, and said that they were the best he had ever tasted."

The third commissioner, a personal enemy of Cortes, gave him such annoyance, that he resolved to return to Spain, and plead his cause in person. He took with him a vast amount of treasure and jewels, with many natural curiosities, and a

number of native jugglers, as a part of his present for the Pope. ("These Indians," we are afterwards told, "danced before his Holiness and the cardinals, who expressed their high satisfaction at their performances." A plenteous shower of absolutions rewarded this "delicate attention" to the Church!) In May, 1528, he arrived at the little port of Palos, the same whence Columbus had departed thirty-six years before, on the eventful voyage which terminated in the discovery of a world.

Here, at the memorable convent of La Rabida, the Conqueror of Mexico, his task achieved, fell in with Francisco Pizarro, the destined conqueror of Peru, then busy in providing means for his gigantic undertaking. The meeting of these famous men, in the ancient home of the great discoverer, has been charmingly described by a distinguished poet:

"Much of a Southern Sea they spake,
 And of that glorious City won
 Near the setting of the Sun,
 Throned in a silver lake;
 Of Seven Kings in chains of gold,*
 And deeds of death by tongue untold,
 Deeds such as breathed in secret there
 Had shaken the Confession Chair!"

Here too, at the age of thirty-one, died Sandoval, next to Cortes undoubtedly the greatest captain in New Spain. His life, like that of his chief, had been one of constant excitement, of wonderful valor and enterprise, as well as of repeated cruelty and carnage. Leaving this, the most faithful and devoted of his followers, in the lonely cemetery of Rabida, Cortes set out for Toledo, where the court then lay. His journey, like that of Columbus, was a continued triumph. The whispers of envy were instantly silenced before the presence of the man who, with his unaided hand, had added such brilliant jewels

* By a royal edict, Cortes was authorized to bear in his coat of arms the heads of Seven Princes, who had fallen before his arms—being those of Montezuma, Gautemozin, and the princes of Tezucuo, Iztapalapan, Cujoscan, Tacuba, and Matalzingo.

to the Spanish crown. He received the title of "Marquess of Oaxarca," with an immense grant of land and more than twenty thousand slaves, in that beautiful portion of Mexico. A marriage into one of the noblest families in Spain was another reward of his achievements and a sufficient refutation of the slanders which had attended the death of his first wife.

But royal jealousy, as in the case of Columbus, proved too strong to admit his receiving the full requital of his services. He could not procure a reinstatement in his office of governor, and was compelled to content himself with that of captain-general—the court being still willing to use his genius and valor in effecting further conquests. He was also empowered to make fresh discoveries and to found colonies in the southern ocean. With these partial acknowledgments of his merits, in the spring of 1530, he reëmbarked for Mexico.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENTERPRISE OF CORTES—HIS SECOND RETURN TO SPAIN—CAMPAIGN
AGAINST ALGIERS—DISAPPOINTMENTS AT COURT—HIS DEATH—
HIS CHARACTER—FATE OF THE CONQUERORS.

THE late governor was received in the capital which he destroyed and built, with such enthusiasm, (both by the Spanish and Indian population) as to prove that his administration had been, on the whole, both just and popular; but the jealous annoyance of the new government finally caused him to retire, and take up his abode in his beautiful city of Cuernavaca. Here he devoted himself to the improvement of his extensive estates and to the fitting out of expeditions of discovery. In one of these, the peninsula of California was discovered; and Cortes himself, while making fresh exploration in the same region, encountered the greatest hardships and perils, but without any adequate result. In 1539, he dispatched three vessels, under Ulloa, which passed through the entire length

of the Gulf, and surveyed the western coast of the Peninsula. The commander, who, with two of his vessels, continued to stand northward, was never afterwards heard from. These expeditions cost Cortes an immense sum of money, no portion of which he ever regained from his discoveries or from the gratitude of the court. Extensive additions, however, had been made to geographical knowledge.

To obtain reimbursement for these heavy expenditures, and to assert his interests in claims conflicting with those of the provincial government, Cortes, in 1540, once more betook himself to Spain. He was received with distinguished honors, but advanced little in his suit; and in the following year joined, as a volunteer, in the expedition undertaken by Charles V. against Algiers. The navy was scattered by a tempest, and the vessel of Cortes was wrecked on the coast. With his son, he escaped by swimming, but lost from his person a set of emeralds, of inestimable value—the spoils of the unfortunate House of Montezuma. The attempt proved disastrous, and a council of war decided to break up the siege—Cortes in vain remonstrating, and longing for the veterans who had stood by him at the taking of Mexico.

Returned to Castile, he spent several years more in fruitlessly urging his claims on an ungrateful court. He vainly besought the emperor to “order the council of the Indies, with the other tribunals which had cognizance of his suits, to come to a decision; since he was too old to wander about like a vagrant, but ought rather, during the brief remainder of his life, to stay at home and settle his account with heaven, occupied with the concerns of his soul, rather than with his substance.”

Seeing his efforts useless, he set forth on his return to Mexico; but was taken with a mortal illness on his way, at Seville. Perceiving his end at hand, he executed his will, in which there appears a singular scruple of conscience in the author of scenes like those enacted by the Conqueror of Mexico. It had long been questionable, he averred, whether *Indians* could be rightfully held in slavery, and “since this point has not yet

been determined," he proceeds, "I enjoin it on my son Martin and his heirs that they spare no pains to come to an exact knowledge of the truth; as a matter which deeply concerns the conscience of each of them, no less than mine." Having confessed himself and received the sacrament, he expired with much composure, on the 2d of December, 1547, being in his sixty-third year. His remains have performed a pilgrimage as curious and distant as those of Columbus, but finally enjoyed a less honorable repose. It was found necessary, in 1823, privately to remove them from the vault of a chapel in Mexico, to secure them from the senseless rage of a mob whose hatred of Spanish tyranny extended beyond the grave.

The character of this extraordinary man may best be read in his life, and in the traits of marked personal peculiarity which continually come to light in his own words, and the records of all who knew him. The strange but true antitheses of his disposition have been strikingly presented by the elegant Historian of the Conquest: "He was avaricious, yet liberal; bold to desperation, yet cautious and calculating in his plans; magnanimous, yet very cunning; courteous and affable in his deportment, yet inexorably stern; lax in his notions of morality, yet (not uncommon) a sad bigot. The great feature in his character was constancy of purpose; a constancy not to be daunted by danger, nor baffled by disappointment, nor wearied out by impediments and delays."

That he was a hero, is his slightest praise; for all the endurance, hardihood, and desperate valor which he constantly exhibited, and which have never been surpassed, are obscured by the contemplation of the miseries which he inflicted and the cruelties by which he attained his ends. His truer glory consists in the legislative talent which he displayed; and in the wonderful facility with which, from the empire which he so rudely dashed in pieces, he formed another, deficient in the elements of true happiness, but perhaps superior to that which had preceded it. Hardly any where, except in Mexico, have the European and the Indian races so coalesced as to form a

state; and the result is mainly due to the wise policy of Cortes, who saw that conversion rather than extermination was the true way of possessing the wealth of Mexico. A people whom he subdued ferociously, he governed sagaciously, and his name is not burdened with greater odium than ought, unfortunately, to attach to the majority of European founders of states in America.

For a description of his person and deportment, there can be no better authority than the gossiping old narrator, who served with him throughout, and who was ever a keen observer of men and manners. "He was of a good stature and strong-built, of a rather pale complexion and serious countenance. His features rather small; his eyes mild and grave. His beard was black, thin, and scanty; his hair in the same manner. His breast and shoulders were broad, his body very thin. He was very well-limbed, and his legs rather bowed; an excellent horseman, and dexterous in the use of arms. He also had the heart and mind, *which is the principal part of the business.* * * *

"He was very affable with all his captains and soldiers, especially those who had accompanied him in his first expedition from Cuba. He was a Latinist, and, as I have been told, a bachelor of laws. He was also something of a poet and a very good rhetorician; very devout to our Holy Virgin, and his patrons—St. Peter, St. Jago, and St. John the Baptist in particular—and charitable to the poor. When he swore, he used to say, 'By my conscience!' and when he was angry with any of us, his friends, he would say, 'Oh! may you repent it!' When he was very angry, the veins in his throat and forehead used to swell; and when in great wrath, he would not utter a syllable to any one. He was very patient under insults and injuries; for some of the soldiers were at times very rude and abusive with him; but he never resented their conduct, although he had often good reason to do so. In such cases, he used only to say, 'Be silent,' or, 'Go away, in God's name, and take care not to repeat this conduct, or I will have you punished.' He was very determined and headstrong in all business of war,

not attending to any remonstrances on account of danger. * *
 Where we had to erect a fortress, Cortes was the hardest laborer in the trenches; when we were going into battle, he was as forward as any. * * * * *

“In his early life he was very liberal, but grew close latterly; some of his servants complaining that he did not pay them as he ought: and I have also to observe that in his latter undertakings he never succeeded. Perhaps such was the will of Heaven, his reward being reserved for another place; for he was a good cavalier, and very devout to the Holy Virgin, and also to St. Paul, and other Holy Saints. God pardon him his sins, and me mine! and give me a good end, which is better than all conquests and victories over Indians.”

The same delightful old chronicler, whom we have so often quoted, gives a brief account of the fortunes of each of his former companions, in a style the most quaint, curt, and suggestive that can be imagined. Most of his biographies consist of a single sentence—many of only three or four words. Great numbers are recorded as having been sacrificed and “devoured” by the enemy—others slain in battle—others, in their old age, turned friars and hermits, distinguished by their austerities—and (sad to relate) the story of others is too often comprised in the ominous sentence, “who afterwards was hanged,”—mostly for rape, murder, or sedition! Of one, who died on the road, he says, “we accordingly buried him, and placed a cross on his grave. We found in his pocket a purse, containing a quantity of dice, and a memorandum of his family and effects, in Teneriffe. Rest his soul! *Amen.*”

When he wrote, nearly all who had sailed in the original armament of Cortes were dead,—“concerning their tombs and monuments,” he dolefully proceeds, “I tell you that their tombs are the maws of cannibal Indians, who devoured their limbs, and of tygers, serpents, and birds of prey, which feasted on their mangled bodies. Such were their sepulchres, and such their monuments! but to me, it appears, that the names of those ought to be written in letters of gold, who died so

cruel a death, for the service of God and his Majesty, to give light to those who sat in darkness, *and to procure wealth, which all men desire.*"

"At this moment," he continues, "there only remain alive five of the companions of Cortes, and we are very old, and bowed down with infirmities, and very poor, and with a heavy charge of sons to provide for, and of daughters to marry off, and grandchildren to maintain, and little rent to do it withal! and thus we pass our lives in pain, in labor, and in sorrow."

Such was the end of the men who seized the golden realms of Mexico, and shared the plunder of the generous Montezuma—and such is generally the end of those whose riches are acquired by rapine, whose treasurer is the sword, and whose steward the dice-box.

"I cannot tell," says an ancient moralizer, "how it commeth to passe, except by the iust iudgement of God, that of so much gold and precious stones as haue been gotten in the Antiles by so many Spaniards, little or none remaineth, but the most part is spent and consumed, *and no good thing done.*"

FERNANDO MAGELLAN,

THE GREAT CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.

DISPUTES OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL—FERNANDO MAGELLAN—HIS VOYAGE TO THE SOUTHWARD—THE PATAGONIANS—DISCOVERY OF THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—VOYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLES—DEATH OF THE COMMANDER—CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE.

IMMEDIATELY after the memorable voyage of Columbus, his Holiness, the Pope Alexander VI., had issued a bull, dividing the world like an apple, and bestowing the halves on his faithful adherents, the kings of Spain and Portugal—with the apostolic privilege of converting the inhabitants and seizing their territories. Despite this pious and equitable arrangement, a strong jealousy existed between the favored courts, each naturally desiring to get possession of the larger share. An especial bone of contention was the ownership of the Moluccas or Spice islands, immemorially celebrated for their aromatic products, but as yet not monopolized by either of the rival powers. The hope of finding a westerly passage to the fragrant seas of India was almost relinquished, when a new and brilliant adventurer started up.

Fernando Magalhaens, or Magellan, was a Portuguese by birth, and had served in India for five years under the famous Albuquerque. He had distinguished himself at the siege of Malacca, but, disappointed in his hopes of preferment, had finally carried his services to the court of Spain. Charles V. and his minister, the great Cardinal Ximenes, pleased with his assertion of the right of Spain to the contested archipelago, listened willingly to his proposals for a fresh attempt to reach

it from the westward. Five small vessels and two hundred and thirty men were accordingly placed under his command; and on the 20th of September, 1519, he set sail from San Lucar, on the most remarkable voyage since the first expedition of Columbus.

He first touched upon the shore of Brazil, along which he coasted to nearly the fiftieth degree of south latitude. Here he found a convenient harbor, which he named Port St. Julian, and in which he resolved to pass the winter (April, 1520). This season (which in those latitudes extends from May to September) proved very severe, and great discontent arose among the crews. A formidable sedition broke out, which he suppressed with much promptness, courage and ferocity. Mendoza, one of his captains, the chief ringleader, was stabbed by his orders, under pretence of a conference. Another was publicly hanged, and a third set on shore to perish.

For two months, no natives were seen on this desolate coast; but one day a man of gigantic stature, almost naked, appeared on the beach, dancing violently, and throwing dust upon his head, in token of amity. He was brought on board, wondering at all he saw. "He was so tall," says old Pigafetta, the amusing chronicler of the voyage, "that our heads scarcely came up to his waist, and his voice was like that of a bull." On seeing the reflection of his face in a looking-glass, he started back in alarm, with such force as to throw down four Spaniards, who stood behind him. Numbers of his tribe soon appeared on the shore, "marvelling vastly to see such large ships and such little men." They are described as "a barbarous people, unarmed, onely couered with skinnes, a runagate people, withoute any certaine place of abode, lawlesse, of a large stature, and are called Patagones."* One of them learned to repeat the Lord's prayer, and was baptized by the name of *Juan Gigante* (Jack Giant).

With the customary treachery of discoverers, Magellan en-

* This word, in Spanish, signifies, "clumsy-hoofed," and was bestowed on account of their uncouth foot-gear, made of the hide of the Guanaco.

trapped two of these simple people, and by a cunning artifice put them in fetters, while they roared in vain for aid to their god Setebos.* A grave modern author can hardly credit the noise they are said to have made, but admits that "if he then roared out like a bull, we need not wonder, since the provocation and the danger were sufficient to make him exert every faculty both of body and mind." A perfidious stratagem to gain possession of some of the women (for the purpose of propagating the breed of giants) was luckily defeated, with the loss of one of the assailants.

As the spring came on, the Spaniards weighed anchor and stood southward, and in the latter part of October, Magellan, to his great joy, beheld an opening to the westward through this iron-bound coast. It was the famous strait which still bears his name; and a strong current flowing into it inspired the most sanguine hope of a free channel. But the less adventurous spirits under his command shrank from attempting a passage which might lead them into unheard-of perils. A strong remonstrance was made against proceeding; but the daring commander avowed his intention to sail on, even if his crews were reduced to eat the hides from the ship's rigging—an anticipation of famine, which was soon literally fulfilled. Reminding his men of the end of the late mutineers, and assuring them that such should be their own fate, if they uttered a murmur, the fierce and dauntless discoverer, with three ships, boldly entered the strait.

For thirty-seven days the little squadron was involved in the perils of that intricate navigation, which, even now, is not without its terrors to the boldest; and the praises which old John Davis lavishes on the subsequent achievements of Drake, (and himself) apply, with tenfold force, to the original explorer.

"And being without reliefe of ancorage, was inforced to follow his course in the hell darke nights & in all the fury of tempestious stormes. I am the bolder," adds the honest old

* See Shakspeare's "Tempest."

voyager, "to make this particuler relation in the praise of his perfect constancy and magnanemitye of spirite, because I haue thrise passed the same straights, and haue felt the most bitter and mercyles fury thereof."

In the frequent tempests to which, in the course of this remarkable voyage, the adventurers were exposed, they appear to have derived a superstitious comfort from the occasional presence of a *corposant*.*

"During these great storms," says a Spanish historian, "they said that St. Elmo appeared at the topmasts with a lighted candle, and sometimes with two, upon which the people shed tears of joy, receiving great consolation, and saluted him according to the custom of mariners. He remained visible for a quarter of an hour, and then *disappeared with a great flash of lightning, which blinded all the people.*" This somewhat equivocal symptom does not appear to have started any doubts of the celestial nature of the appearance, or to have interfused any unpleasant suggestions that it might be of decidedly adverse origin.

On the 28th of November, the open sea was seen stretching before them, and Magellan, bursting into tears of joy, ordered a public thanksgiving to be made throughout the squadron. He now stood northward to gain a milder climate, and then westward, for nearly four months, wafted along by such gentle and favorable breezes, that the great ocean he was traversing, received the alluring title of the "The Pacific." The worst anticipations of famine, however, were realized. The crews were compelled to eat the hides from the rigging, steeped in salt-water, and those who, from scurvy of the gums, were unable to gnaw the tough and repulsive morsels, perished from actual starvation. Only two islands were passed, and those so lonely and deserted, that he bestowed on them the name of *Desventaduras*, or Unhappy. It was not until the 16th of

* *Corpo Santo*, or Holy Body—an electrical phenomenon, which, in certain latitudes and in stormy weather, occasionally appears on the yards or masts of vessels, in the form of a ball of fire.

March, 1521, that he arrived at the Philippine Isles, twenty of his men having died, and the remainder being in a miserable state of suffering and exhaustion.

After touching at several islands, on the 5th of April he arrived at the harbor of Zebu, which he entered firing a grand salute, with all the state and pomp which his shattered squadron could assume. With the sovereign of this island he soon formed a promising alliance, and with the usual zeal for proselytism, in a few days had baptized him and half his people. An opportune miracle or so hastened the good work, and in a fortnight from his arrival, the zealous commander had brought all Zebu and its neighborhood within the pale of the Church—except one unconvincible village, which, *in terrorem*; he burned to the ground, erecting a cross amid its ashes.

All this triumph and success was, by an unprecedented piece of rashness, suddenly converted into ruin and defeat. The chief of Matan, a neighboring island, was an enemy to the king of Zebu, and, on the demand of Magellan, had refused to pay tribute or allegiance to the Spanish emperor. That commander, determined to strike a fatal blow at any opposition, resolved, in spite of all remonstrance, on an immediate attack. With only forty-nine Spaniards, clad in complete armor, he landed on the island, and assailed a force of three thousand of the people of Matan.

The combat lasted for many hours, the Indians fighting bravely, and the Spaniards, despite their courage and the superiority of their weapons, falling one by one before the overwhelming force of numbers. Magellan had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and his helmet had twice been struck off. He fought with desperation, but, his sword-arm being disabled, he was finally beaten to the ground, and overwhelmed by a shower of lances. Eight of his men perished with him, and twenty-two were wounded. The rest regained their boats.

Here, then, says a contemporary, with a mixture of spite and admiration, "the goode Portugall, Magaglianus, ended his greedy desire of spices." He perished, the victim of rashness,

at a moment when the highest prize of nautical achievement yet remaining—the circumnavigation of the globe*—was already in his grasp. He was a man of the most undaunted courage and the highest skill in his profession, but headstrong and unscrupulous in the extreme. His good qualities are evidenced not only by his exploits, but by the affection and admiration of his crews, who, despite his severity, and the obnoxious circumstance of his being a foreigner, appear to have held him in high regard.

The king of Zebu, who, on his admission into the Church, had been christened Don Carlos, (after the Emperor Charles V.,) but whose conversion seems to have been of no very radical nature, taking advantage of the misfortune of his allies, now committed a most treacherous and cruel massacre on a number of them whom he had enticed into the palace. Among these was the brave Juan Serrano, who had succeeded to the command of the squadron. The unfortunate man, wounded and fettered on the shore, piteously besought aid or ransom from his companions in the ships; but Carvallo, the next in command, turned a deaf ear to his request. "Finding all his entreaties were vain," says Pigafetta, "he uttered deep imprecations, and appealed to the Almighty at the great day of judgment to exact account of his soul from Juan Carvallo, his fellow-gossip. * * * His cries were, however, disregarded, and we set sail without ever hearing what became of him."

Of the five ships which had sailed on this eventful voyage, only one, the *Vitoria*, a little vessel of sixty tons, succeeded in completing the circumnavigation of the globe. After touching at many islands, among them the Moluccas, the object of the expedition, she arrived at San Lucar, on the 6th of September, 1522; twenty-one of her crew having died, and the rest being worn out by the fatigues of a voyage which had

* Magellan, on a former voyage to the East, had reached Malacca, and thus only wanted a few degrees, at his death, of completing the circumnavigation by voyages in opposite directions.

lasted more than three years. The adventurous little craft, after having traversed nearly fifty thousand miles of ocean, was drawn ashore, and remained for many years a monument of the most remarkable achievement of the century. Of her European crew, only eighteen had survived. "These," concludes old Pigaffetta, with just and honest exultation, "were mariners who surely merited an eternal memory more justly than the Argonauts of old. The ship, too, undoubtedly deserved far better to be placed among the stars than the ship *Argo*, which from Greece discovered the great sea; for this, our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southward through the great ocean towards the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing the globe, until she marvellously regained her native country, Spain."

The honors which, had he survived, would have been due to Magellan, fell to the lot of Sebastian del Cano, the commander of the *Vitoria*. He was ennobled by the emperor, and was permitted to bear for his arms a globe, with the honorable motto,

"PRIMUS ME CIRCUMDEDISTI."

(THOU FIRST HAST ENCOMPASSED ME.)

To the great surprise of the fortunate adventurer, he discovered that, in his protracted navigation, he had lost a day in his reckoning, arriving, according to his calculation, on the fifth of September. This circumstance, which, as a matter of course, must befall all who circumnavigate the earth from east to west, was, in that day, matter for much perplexing speculation among the learned and scientific.

THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

BY FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

CHAPTER I.

THE COLONY OF PANAMA—ACCOUNT OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO—ALMAGRO
AND LUQUE—FIRST VOYAGE OF PIZARRO—TERRIBLE LOSS AND
SUFFERING—FAILURE OF THE EXPEDITION AND RETURN—
VOYAGE OF ALMAGRO.

“Oh, could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted Earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest
To see the oppressors in their turn oppressed.”

COWPER.

WITHIN less than a quarter of a century from its discovery by Cabot, the whole eastern coast of the American Continent, from Hudson's Bay to Terra del Fuego, had been visited and explored by a succession of daring adventurers. All that lay to the westward was unknown, until the famous expedition of Balboa, in 1513, had proved the existence of a great ocean lying beyond the isthmus. The brilliant exploits and melancholy fate of that renowned pioneer, have been already narrated. The conquest of those realms of gold, of which the vague and exciting rumors had moved him to such arduous undertakings, was reserved for more fortunate, but not more vigorous and indefatigable hands.



FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

Pedrarias, the governor of Castilla del Oro, not long after the execution of his rival, had transferred his capital from Darien, on the Atlantic coast, to a site on the Pacific, called Panama, some distance eastward from the present city of that name. Vague but continued reports of the existence of a wealthy empire on the southern sea were continually reaching the new settlement; and in 1521, an expedition was dispatched to the southward. But the illness of the commander prevented him from penetrating any farther than Balboa had already done; and for some years no further movement was made in that direction.

At this time, reports of the astonishing successes of Cortes began to inflame the minds of his countrymen throughout the numerous colonies already founded in the islands or on the mainland; and in the rising city of Panama, especially, we are told, "were diuers which affected golden discoveries." Of all this host of active adventurers, the name most splendid for courage, fortitude, and sagacity, and most infamous for cruelty, oppression, and perfidy, is that of Francisco Pizarro.

He was the illegitimate son of Gonzalo Pizarro, an officer of Cordova, ("The Great Captain,") and was born at Truxillo, in Estramadura, about the year 1471. His introduction to the world was of no very auspicious character, for (we are informed) he was "exposed at the Church dore, and none being found that would giue him the breast, hee was nourished by sucking a Sow for certaine daies." By a very natural sequence to this piggish nurture, he was brought up to the ignoble calling of a swineherd, and never learned even to read or write. The forlorn and neglected condition of his youth must not be overlooked, in forming a charitable estimate of his subsequent career.

Little is known of his early life; but that he was of a bold and self-reliant nature is evident from the fact that he deserted his swinish charge, and ran away to Seville, where he embarked to seek his fortune in the New World. In 1510, he sailed from Hispaniola with Ojeda, on his disastrous expedi-

tion to Uraba, on the mainland, and was left by that cavalier in charge of the perishing colony. It has been already narrated that he was a companion of Balboa, in his memorable march to the South Sea, and that, at the command of the malignant Pedrarias, he brought that illustrious discoverer in chains to Acla for execution. He had also accompanied Morales on the expedition of 1515, distinguished by such ferocious cruelty and deserved suffering; and, crossing to the Pearl islands, had stood by that commander, when, from the summit of a tower, their vanquished host, the cacique of the island, had pointed out the long line of coast stretching to the golden realms of the Incas.

The brilliant and profitable exploits of Cortes, who had just completed the Conquest of Mexico, borne to the capital of the isthmus, excited the emulation of a few daring men, and especially of Pizarro, who, after a life passed in constant contention with fortune, now found himself, at the age of fifty, possessed of only a small estate in the neighborhood of Panama. Diego de Almagro, like himself, a foundling, and a battered soldier of fortune, entered warmly into his plans for fresh discovery and conquest; and Hernando de Luque, a priest of great enterprise, and ambitious of ecclesiastical preferment, joined them in the resolve to attempt some signal enterprise. The latter was to furnish the chief share of the necessary funds, (acting as agent for a wealthy colonist, named Espinosa,) and Pizarro was to have chief command of the expedition. Thus did three obscure individuals, in a village just rescued from the wilderness, undertake the conquest of distant and unknown realms—of whose very existence their only authority was the vague report that, far to the southward, was a mighty kingdom, abounding in gold.

Two small vessels were procured, and one of them (built by Balboa) was soon in readiness for sea; and from the needy crew of desperate adventurers which haunted the new capital, an hundred were readily enlisted for the enterprise. With these, in the middle of November, 1524, Pizarro set sail, leav-

ing Almagro to follow in the second vessel, as soon as it could be fitted out. Crossing the Gulf of St. Michel, he steered southward, and, rounding the Puerto de Pinas, entered the river Biru. After an unsuccessful and harassing attempt to explore the marshy region through which it flows, the voyagers again weighed anchor and stood southward.

It was the rainy season, and they soon encountered a series of tempests and thunder-storms, from which they barely escaped with life, exhausted and half famished. Returning to the shore, they found it to consist of vast swamps and intricate forests, through which they vainly sought a passage to the interior. Utterly disheartened, the majority clamored loudly for return. But Pizarro could not bear to relinquish the scheme in which he had embarked his all, and which, to his sagacious eye, promised such splendid results. He determined to remain on shore, with a portion of his command, and to dispatch the vessel home for supplies.

After her departure, the condition of the little company left in this desolate region was forlorn in the extreme. Famine and exposure soon put an end to nearly half their number; but the indefatigable commander, with the remainder, forced his way into the country, where the distant glimmering of a light afforded a proof of habitation. An Indian village was discovered, and the scanty supply of maize, here obtained, gave them a further respite from starvation. The inhabitants wore ornaments of gold, and confirmed the accounts of a great and wealthy empire lying in the south.

At length the vessel, after a voyage distinguished by great suffering and privation, made her return with supplies—but the crew were hardly able to recognize the remnant of their companions in the famine-wasted wretches that hastened to the shore. They reëmbarked, and joyfully leaving this "Port of Famine," held on their intended course. On landing again, Pizarro, with a small party, explored the interior, where he found an Indian village, deserted by the alarmed inhabitants, with a supply of food and considerable gold. Human flesh

was cooking before the fires, and the Spaniards, overcome with horror and disgust, retreated to their ship. At a point which he named Punta Quemada, Pizarro again went on shore, and took possession of a fortified Indian village, from which the inhabitants had fled. Here he determined, for the present, to take up his quarters, and to dispatch the vessel to Panama for repairs.

Before she sailed, however, the insecurity of his position became manifest; the Indians, assembling from all sides, attacked the intruders with great fury; five of the Spaniards were killed and a great number were wounded; and it was evidently impracticable, with a diminished force, to retain the desired post. All, therefore, embarked, and the vessel was headed northward. She made a favorable run toward Panama, and Pizarro, with most of his company, disembarking at Chicama a little before they reached it, awaited with anxiety the result of an application to Pedrarias.

Almagro, whose departure had been grievously delayed, had finally set sail, with sixty or seventy companions, and pursuing the same track as Pizarro, had successively touched upon various points where the notching of trees indicated the visits of his consort. At Quemada, he had, like the latter, a sharp engagement with the savages, and lost an eye in the encounter. Undaunted by this misfortune, he pushed on, and, touching at various places, and plundering considerable gold, reached the mouth of the river San Juan, about 4° north latitude. Here the construction of the villages and the extent of cultivation gave strong indications of approach to civilization. At every step, fresh accounts reached him of the southern empire; but finding nothing of his consort, he bore northward, and finally re-joined him at his quarters in Chicama. Both, elated by their prospects, and unterrified by their misfortunes, pledged themselves to each other to die rather than to relinquish their undertaking.

CHAPTER II.

MEANNESS OF PEDRARIAS—CONTRACT OF PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, AND
 LUQUE—SECOND VOYAGE OF PIZARRO AND ALMAGRO—RUIZ CROSSES
 THE LINE—SUFFERINGS OF PIZARRO AND HIS MEN—DISCOVERY
 OF TACAMEZ—FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS—RETURN OF
 ALMAGRO—THE ISLAND OF GALLO—DARING RESO-
 LUTION OF PIZARRO AND TWELVE COMPANIONS.

BUT Almagro, on repairing to Panama, found the governor obstinately opposed to any further persistence in an enterprise attended with such loss and disaster. Though Pedrarias had lost nothing himself, he would neither assist the project, nor relinquish his own claims upon its possible profits without a handsome bribe, wrung from the exhausted coffers of the confederates. A curious scene of altercation, detailed at much length by one who was present, ensued.

“What more will you give me?” demanded the avaricious governor, unsatisfied with a release from large indebtedness.

“Almagro, much chagrined, said, ‘I will give three hundred *pesos*, though I swear by God I have not so much money in the world; but I must borrow it to be rid of such an incubus.’

“‘You must give me two thousand.’

“‘Five hundred is the most I will offer.’

“‘You must pay me more than a thousand.’

“‘A thousand pesos then,’ cried the captain, in a rage, ‘I will give you, though I do not own them; but I will find sufficient security for their future payment.’”

For such a paltry consideration (\$12,000) did the mean-spirited governor relinquish his share of the wealth of Peru; while Almagro, keener-sighted, doubtless rejoiced in having got rid of him so easily. He was appointed as equal in command to Pizarro in the projected voyage—a circumstance which secretly preyed upon the jealous heart of that commander.

“And this slight discontent, men say,
 Cost blood upon another day.”

With all the appearance of concord, however, the three confederates met in Panama, and with much form and solemnity executed that memorable contract for the spoliation and division of the unknown realms and treasures of the south. "In the name of the most holy Trinity," commenced this singular document, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three distinct persons, and one only true God, and of the most holy Virgin our Lady, we form this partnership." Neither Pizarro nor Almagro could write, and their names, therefore, were subscribed by the hands of the witnesses; while, the more strongly to bind them to its observance, they took oath upon a missal, tracing a cross thereon, in the name of God and the Holy Evangelists. To make all sure, the worthy Father Luque then administered the sacrament, giving each a portion of the consecrated wafer and taking the same himself. So impressive was the scene, that the bystanders were melted to tears; but all these ghostly precautions for amity and fair-play eventually proved to be of no more value than is usual where solemn vows and lengthy protestations are used to cover lurking rivalry and distrust. (March 10th, 1526).

An equal division of the countries to be conquered was, with no better effect, stipulated, with wearisome repetition, in the document.

"Such," says Mr. Prescott, "was the singular compact, by which three obscure individuals coolly carved out and partitioned among themselves an empire, of whose extent, power and resources, of whose situation, of whose existence, even, they had no sure or precise knowledge. The positive and unhesitating manner in which they speak of the grandeur of this empire, of its stores of wealth, so conformable to the event, but of which they could have really known so little, forms a striking contrast with the general skepticism and indifference manifested by nearly every other person, high and low, in the community of Panama."

This skepticism proved an obstacle almost as formidable as the difficulties of the enterprise itself. Two vessels, well fitted

out, were made ready, and volunteers were summoned for an expedition to Peru. Few at first responded to the call. The numbers who had left their bones on the marshy shores of the wilderness, and the wretched looks of the survivors, served as a fearful warning to all from venturing on the same perilous track. Singular to relate, nearly all the remains of the former crews enlisted, determined to see the adventure to the end; and from the floating mass of needy adventurers with which new colonies are filled, enough were enrolled to make up the number of an hundred and sixty men. A few horses and fire-arms were added to the equipment; and, with this slender armament, each in his own vessel, Pizarro and Almagro again set sail on their hazardous adventure.

Under the guidance of an experienced pilot, named Ruiz, they held their course to the south, without touching on the coast, to the River San Juan, the farthest point reached by Almagro. Encouraged by the gold which they found in the native villages, the commanders resolved to gain, if possible, more volunteers by the display of their plunder. Almagro accordingly set sail for Panama; Pizarro, with a part of his force, remained on shore, and Ruiz, in the other vessel, pressed southward to effect discoveries. The latter, coasting along the shore, found it well peopled and cultivated, and from the crew of a *balsa*, or native craft, which he overhauled, gained fresh intelligence of the situation and riches of Peru. Gold and silver, he was told, were as plenty as wood in the palaces of the monarch. Two natives of that kingdom he detained, that they might serve as interpreters. After further surveys, he returned to the encampment, being the first European who had crossed the line in the vast Pacific.

Meanwhile, Pizarro had made a most disastrous march into the tangled forests of the interior, where many of his men had been cut off by the natives, or devoured by the huge alligators and serpents with which the whole region was infested. The survivors suffered great extremities from famine, and from the attacks of myriads of musquitoes. Buried to their necks

in the sand, to avoid these minute but insufferable tormentors, they were on the point of despair, when the return of Ruiz and Almagro revived their fainting spirits, and afforded the means of restoring their emaciated bodies. The latter had brought with him eighty fresh volunteers, mostly new comers to the colony, and eager to get as soon as possible to the land of gold.

With this reinforcement, the vessels again got under way, and for a long time contended with a series of frightful tempests, which almost reduced them to wrecks. At length they approached the cultivated and healthful region of Quito, and anchored off the port of Tacamez, recently conquered by the Incas of Peru. Here were two thousand houses and a considerable display of wealth; but the Indians, mustering in great numbers, stoutly opposed the landing of the intruders. A sharp conflict ensued, and the Spaniards, vastly outnumbered, might have been overwhelmed by their antagonists, but for a diverting accident. One of the cavaliers, in the press of the action, fell from his horse—and the natives, utterly amazed at this unexpected division of what they had supposed a *centaur*, or single animal, fell back in surprise, and allowed the invaders to regain their vessels.

It was now evident enough that their force was utterly insufficient for the conquest of the country, and a fierce altercation ensued between the two captains, who were with difficulty prevented from deciding the contest, sword in hand. It was at length agreed that Pizarro, with a part of the force, should remain on the little island of Gallo, while his partner returned to Panama for fresh recruits and additional supplies. The impatient spirits, destined to this desolate encampment, broke forth into remonstrance and lamentation; which, however, availed little with their stern commander. The letters which they dispatched to their friends in Panama, entreating assistance, and avowing that their lives would all be sacrificed to the cupidity of their leaders, were mercilessly seized by Almagro, who thus trusted to prevent any prejudicial reports from reaching the colony.

All his vigilance, however, proved ineffectual. In a ball of cotton, sent as a present to the governor's lady, was concealed a paper, setting forth a full statement of their condition, written by the malcontents, imploring rescue from certain death, and ending with the following precious quartette, uncomplimentary to the captains, composed by one Juan de Sarabia, a fellow-townsmen of Pizarro's:

"Oh, then, good Sir Governor,
 Look sharp into their ways;
 there goes the Drover for his flock,
 and here the Butcher stays."*

Such was the effect of this forlorn document, that the new governor, De los Rios, utterly refused to countenance any further attempts to carry out the enterprise. He forthwith dispatched two vessels, under an officer of his own, to bring off the survivors of the expedition from their forced detention on the island. The arrival of this succor was received with exultation by its reluctant tenants, who had already suffered great extremities from privation, and from the continued drenching of thunder-storms.

But Pizarro stood firm to his purpose; and his resolution was confirmed by a letter from his associates in Panama, who pledged themselves to forward reinforcements and supplies as soon as possible. He well knew that eloquence or persuasion would be wasted on his discontented followers, but sternly resolved to prosecute his adventure—alone if necessary—or to die in the attempt. Drawing a line with his sword on the sand, he addressed them in a few words, which, for deep persuasion, couched under harsh truth, have seldom been surpassed.

"Comrades and friends," he said, "this side is that of death, of toils, of famine, of nakedness, of storms, and homelessness; the other is that of ease: on that, lies Panama and its poverty;

* "Pues Señor Gobernador,
 Mirelo bien por entero
 que alla va el recogedor
 y acá queda el carnicero."

on this, Peru and its riches. Let each man choose what becomes a good Castilian." So saying, he stepped over the line to the southward. Ruiz and twelve others only followed him; and considering the perils already encountered, and the despair of timely aid, it is wonderful that the number should have been so many. There is hardly an instance of courage or hardihood which can be compared to that of this little handful of men, who thus preferred to remain on a pestilential and desolate island, rather than relinquish the vast undertaking to which they had put their hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLAND OF GORGONA—RELIEF FROM PANAMA—DISCOVERY OF TUMBEZ—PERUVIAN TREASURE—SURVEY OF THE COAST—RETURN TO PANAMA—PIZARRO REPAIRS TO SPAIN—AUDIENCE BEFORE THE EMPEROR—GRANT OF THE CROWN.

THE vessels sailed away, and the little crew of forlorn adventurers were left alone, with nothing to aid them but stout hearts and an unlimited trust in the saints. Morning prayers were always duly performed, and as duly at sunset,

* * * "With many a melting close
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose—
Rose to the Virgin—'twas the hour of day
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory opening in the West,
To golden climes and islands of the blest."

They passed upon a raft to the distant island of Gorgona, and there, for seven months, dragged out a miserable existence, watching wearily and fruitlessly for the expected sail.

Meanwhile, the utmost exertions of Luque and Almagro, after great delay, could only obtain the governor's permission to dispatch a vessel with a few hands to the relief of their ally—and positive orders were issued that it should return to

Panama within six months. Its arrival was greeted with rapturous joy, and the little band of invincibles, eagerly embarking, quitted the spot which, in commemoration of their woes, received the appropriate name of "Hell." Guided by Ruiz, they steered southward, crossed the line, and, at the end of twenty days, entered the noble gulf of Guayaquil. The Peruvian town of Tumbez, with the Andes in its rear, lay before them, and, to their great joy, exhibited strong evidences of wealth and population.

The strangers, in their floating habitation, were objects of intense curiosity to the Indians, who gathered in crowds on the shore to behold the wondrous spectacle. A number soon came off in their balsas, bearing plentiful offerings of the delicious products of the tropics, and also several llamas, which the discoverers viewed with much interest and delight. Among these visitors was a Peruvian noble, of high rank, whom Pizarro, after the usual fashion, informed (through an interpreter) that he had come to claim the lawful allegiance of the country to his master, the king of Spain, and to rescue its inhabitants from the perdition to which their evil spirits were conducting them. To this impudent announcement, however, the chief maintained a discreet silence.

In return, a Greek knight, named Pedro of Candia, was sent on shore, who was most hospitably received by the people, and who excited their alarm and wonder by the first exhibition of the terror of fire-arms. He was, we are told, "kindly entertained of the Gouverneur, who shewed him a temple dedicated to the Sunne, wherein were vnspeakable riches." This temple he described as being gorgeously covered with plates of gold and silver. In the gardens of a religious nunnery were parterres of fruit and flowers, most exquisitely imitated in the same precious materials.

The Spaniards, half frantic with joy at these tidings, weighed anchor, and stood along the coast in quest of fresh discoveries. Every where they were treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the generous natives, who, from their fair com-

plexions, and the brilliant gleaming of their armor, gave them the title of "Children of the Sun"—of their own adored luminary. Every where, too, the mind of Pizarro was filled with fresh elation by the accounts of the great Inca, whose city lay amid the distant Andes, and whose temples and palaces were resplendent with the precious ores. A fertile and well-irrigated country, and substantial edifices of stone, all confirmed the conviction that he had at last lighted on that famous Peru, the object of such daring resolve and such indefatigable endurance.

He reached the ninth degree of south latitude, and then, at the solicitations of his people, turned his prow to the northward. He left two of his men at Tumbes, and carried off, by permission, some of the natives in his vessel, intending to teach them Castilian, and use them as interpreters.

Great was the joy and excitement at Panama, when the little crew, who had been given up for lost, returned with tidings of their marvellous discovery. The governor, however, even now, frowned upon fresh undertakings, declaring that he "did not mean to depopulate his own Province to people new Lands, nor to cause the death of any more People than had been killed already, for a show of Sheep, (llamas) Gold, and Silver, which had been brought home." It was now resolved to apply for assistance to the crown itself; and the illiterate, but naturally eloquent Pizarro was selected as the envoy most fitted to plead the cause of the enterprise at the imperial court. His associates, though not entirely trusting him, made every exertion for his creditable outfit. Fifteen hundred ducats were raised with difficulty, and with this, and with specimens of the gold, the llamas, and the fabrics of Peru, in the spring of 1528, he quitted Panama.

Early in the summer, he reached Seville, and there was forthwith arrested at the suit of Enciso, (mentioned in the account of Balboa) to whom the early settlers of Darien were in debt. The court, however, dispatched orders for his release, and he betook himself to the Emperor Charles V. at Toledo. That

sovereign, continually pinched for funds to carry out his ambitious plans, viewed with exultation the rich trophies of Peruvian wealth, and listened with deep interest to the wonderful story of Pizarro. So stirring was his narrative, so full of pathos and intuitive eloquence, that Charles, listening to his account of the sufferings of himself and his companions, was melted into tears. The suit of the applicant met a favorable audience, and was commended to the immediate attention of the Council of the Indies.

It was not until the following summer (1529), however, that a decision could be gained from that tardy machine of colonial administration. At that time (July 29th), an instrument was executed by the crown, granting to him the right of discovery and conquest over a great extent of the South American continent, and conferring on him the appointments of governor, captain-general, and other important offices, for life. Almagro received only a petty command, and Luque was invested with the new bishopric of Tumbes. All authority, in effect, was centred in the hands of Pizarro. Praiseworthy injunctions for the good treatment of the Indians were laid on him; ecclesiastics were provided for their conversion; and government, with a paternal regard for the peace of the projected colony, strictly prohibited all lawyers and attorneys from resorting there. Pizarro, on his part, was bound to raise two hundred and fifty men for the conquest, and to sail from Panama within a fixed time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BROTHERS OF PIZARRO—DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN—THIRD
VOYAGE TO PERU—MARCH ALONG THE COAST—VALUABLE
PLUNDER—ARRIVAL AT PUNA—BATTLE WITH THE
INDIANS—ASSISTANCE OF SAINT MICHAEL.

FLUSHED with these signal successes, the adventurer returned to his birth-place, where his present importance and popularity formed a most striking contrast to the forlorn and destitute condition of his youth. He found many of his townsmen ready to embark in his fortunes, and among them four of his brothers. Of these, Hernando alone was legitimate. Gonzalo and Juan Pizarro were of the same unsanctified origin as himself; and Francisco de Alcantara was only connected with him by their mother. The first was haughty and arrogant to the last degree, and all were men of the most indomitable courage and resolution.

Some difficulty, however, was found in obtaining the requisite funds; and it is said that, but for the assistance of Cortes, then flushed with the spoils of the Montezumas, the enterprise might have fallen through altogether. Pizarro was finally unable fully to complete his stipulated armament; and to avoid too strict an inquest, hurriedly got under way, in January, 1530, and put to sea with only a part of his command.

His two associates were eagerly waiting at Nombre de Dios to learn the result of his application, and great was their dismay and disappointment on finding that the offices and honors which were to have been impartially divided, were all concentrated in the person of their artful emissary. But he replied to their reproaches with many plausible excuses and fair promises; Luque and Espinosa argued for conciliation: and the fierce Almagro, by their representations, was induced to patch up a hollow treaty with his rival, who made repeated assurances that all the terms of the contract should be fulfilled.

On arriving at Panama, however, a strong aversion to the

perilous enterprise appeared among the colonists. A few of his old crew joined the banner of Pizarro; but his force, all told, amounted only to an hundred and eighty men, with twenty-seven horses. With this slender armament he resolved to sail, in three vessels, leaving Almagro in Panama to gather reinforcements. Mass was solemnly said in the cathedral, and the whole company received the sacrament. Thus fortified by the ministrations of the church, this little crew of desperadoes sailed forth, early in January, 1531, on the memorable voyage for the Conquest of Peru.

Thirteen days brought them to the Bay of St. Matthew, a little north of the line. Here Pizarro disembarked his troops, and pushed southward along the coast, accompanied by his vessels. After a most toilsome march, the land-forces fell upon a small town in Coaque, which they took by surprise. "We fell on them, sword in hand," says one of them, "for, if the Indians had been avised of our coming, we had never gotten such store of gold and emeralds as we did get." Many of these precious stones were broken to bits by the rude soldiers, in attempting to test their genuineness. The value of the ill-gotten treasure was, however, very large, and Pizarro shrewdly sent a considerable quantity back to Panama, to allure fresh adventurers to his standard.

Again they marched along the shore, suffering terribly from the heat, in their armor of steel and their doublets of quilted cotton; and several perished on the way. The natives, warned by the fate of Coaque, retired at their approach, taking their valuables with them. The arrival of a vessel from Panama, with supplies, and of a small reinforcement under one Belalcazar, revived the drooping spirits of the Spaniards, almost worn out with heat, toil, and privation. They finally reached the Gulf of Guayaquil, and encamped on the isle of Puna, near Tumbez. The citizens of this place, with whom the islanders were at deadly enmity, came over in a friendly manner to visit the strangers. Soon after his arrival, on the report of a conspiracy, Pizarro seized a number of the native chieftains, and

gave them up to be massacred by their enemies, the people of that city. The islanders, provoked by this outrage, attacked the Spanish quarters in great force. They were, however, though several thousand in number, defeated and dispersed by the fire-arms and cavalry of the invaders. During this battle, it is said that Michael the Archangel was seen in the air, with sword and shield, fighting valiantly against Satan and his legions—"but hardly had the Castilians shouted 'victory,' when the devils fled away, and, a great whirlwind gathering in the air, terrible voices were heard, crying 'Thou conquerest! Michael, Thou conquerest!' From this circumstance, Don Francisco Pizarro felt such devotion to the said Archangel, that he vowed to call by his name the first city he should found,"—a vow to which the city of San Miguel still bears witness.

Notwithstanding their defeat, the islanders kept up a harassing warfare, and Pizarro hailed with joy the arrival of a vessel with a reinforcement of a hundred men. They were commanded by Hernando de Soto, afterwards famous for the Conquest of Florida and the discovery of the Mississippi. Strengthened by this addition to his force, the general now resolved to cross over to the mainland, and try his fortunes in the golden recesses of Peru.

CHAPTER V.

THE PEOPLE OF PERU—TRADITION OF THEIR ORIGIN—GOVERNMENT, "A PATERNAL DESPOTISM"—THEIR CIVILIZATION—THEIR RELIGION—WORSHIP OF THE SUN—SUPERSTITIONS—DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE—DEFEAT OF HUASCAR AND ENTHRONEMENT OF ATAHUALLPA.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary system of human community ever recorded in history, was that of the Peruvians when first discovered by their European invaders. The origin, both of the nation and its remarkable rulers, was, of course, among a

people deficient in written records, lost in fable and tradition. According to the native history (or mythology), in a remote age there appeared on the banks of Lake Titicaca, a man and woman, of majestic appearance, and clothed in decent raiment. These mysterious personages, Manco Capac and Mama Ocollo, declared themselves the Children of the Sun, sent by that beneficent luminary to rescue the human race from its abyss of misery and ignorance. Collecting the savage tribes, who wandered the adjoining regions, they taught them the arts of civilized life, and instituted a regular government. They founded the city of Cuzco, and bequeathed to their descendants, the long line of Incas, the growing empire of Peru.

Conquest continually advanced its boundaries; and by the sixteenth century it comprised a vast extent of country, stretching, for nearly two thousand miles, along the Pacific, and embracing a variety of conquered or dependant races. The government of all, both Peruvian and subjected, was the most perfect specimen of a "paternal despotism" which has ever been presented to the eye of the world. The Inca was absolute, and all the inhabitants of his vast dominions did not possess the shadow of a right or law apart from his sovereign will. Nor was this portentous assertion of authority a mere instrument of terror, produced only on state occasions, to overawe the refractory or minister to the caprice of the sovereign. It formed an integral and engrossing portion of the life of every man, woman and child throughout the Peruvian domains. Industry, food, clothing, shelter, domestic relations, amusements, every thing, were under the direct supervision of government. No one was allowed to be idle. No one was permitted to suffer from want. Education, marriage, social intercourse, were all under strict regulation. In such a place the subject must reside; such and such work, at stated times, he must perform; at such an age he must take a certain wife; and he must bring up his children in a fixed and certain manner. "The imperative spirit of despotism would not allow them to be happy or miserable in any way but that established by law. The power

of free agency—the inestimable and inborn right of every human being—was annihilated in Peru.”*

Despotism, says a profound but popular writer, may be borne, but the intermeddling of a royal busy-body is too much for human nature.

This rule, accurately enough applied to the sprightlier people of Europe, may have its exceptions; for, strange to say, among the Peruvians, this apparently vexatious system seems to have *worked well*. It was, indeed, remarkably accordant with the gentle, industrious, and custom-loving disposition of the races to which it was applied; and few more pleasing pictures of rural quiet and tranquillity exist, than those which are given of this people under its primitive government.

Under this strange supervision, too, it is evident that the Peruvian race was gradually approaching civilization. An enlightened system of agriculture, irrigation, and husbandry in general, was pursued; and the splendid roads and causeways, carried over the terrible heights and through the almost impassable ravines of the Andes, still attest a high degree of mechanical skill, as well as indomitable industry.

The religion of the original Peruvians was, for an idolatry, far superior in refinement and humanity to that of most of the American races. Their chief deity was the Sun, whom they venerated as the fountain of life, and on whose altars they offered their choicest sacrifices. His temple in Cuzco was literally covered with gold, attached in resplendent plates to the walls; that of his bride and sister, the moon, being similarly adorned with silver, as more suited to the nature of that chaste and modest luminary. Human sacrifices were rare, were unpolluted by cannibalism, and were only offered on the most momentous occasions. But many of the races which, by conquest or encroachment, had fallen under the Peruvian sway, exercised grosser idolatries and rites more frequently sanguinary. The Incas, with a politic toleration, not only spared the idols of vanquished provinces, but were even in the habit of

* Prescott.

transporting them to the capital, and defraying the expenses of their worship from the royal treasury. An old writer, after an enumeration, extending over many pages, of the hideous rites and abominable devices of the remoter tribes, severely concludes:

“It were an endlesse toyle to reckon vp all the superstitions of Peru, in which were so many nations, agreeing in disagreeing from truth, yet disagreeing in their diuersified errors. To let passe Paucura, which fatte, sacrifice, and eate their captiues, and euery tuesday offer two Indians to the Deuill; and the drunken Prouince of Carrapa, where they eate little and drinke much, * * * * *; the Mitimaes, which are earely at their meate, and make but one drinking in the day, (which lastes from morning till night) * * *; the Canari put their wiues to the drudgery abroade, while themselues spinne, weaue, tricke vp themselues, and performe other womanish functions at home; The Galani make their captiues drunke, and then the chiefe Prieste cutteth off their heads and sacrificeth them. Generally, in the mountaines they were more cruell, but all obserued bloudie, beastly, diabolicall ceremonies, the recounting whereof must needes weary the patientest Reader.” Such accounts, received from prejudiced sources, must be taken with some grains of allowance, but it is certain that a tendency to strong drink and protracted revelry was a Peruvian failing—cherished by the facility with which their maize was converted into intoxicating liquors.

At the time of the Spanish invasion, the throne of the Incas, disputed by rival claimants, had been only recently secured by the victor. Huayna Capac, one of the wisest and most powerful of the Incas, the conqueror of Quito, at his death, in 1525, had divided his empire between two sons, giving Peru to Huascar, and the lately-subdued kingdom of the north to Atahualpa, whose mother was a princess of the fallen dynasty. For five years the half-brothers ruled in apparent amity, each in his own domain. At the end of that time, jealousy or some uncertain questions of dispute, brought

about a collision of the rival sovereigns. The contest, after various indecisive actions, was finally decided in a great battle, near the mountain of Chimborazo. Atahualpa, who commanded his own forces, defeated the Peruvians, with terrible slaughter, and pushed rapidly into the heart of his brother's dominions. In a second engagement, fought by Huascar in defence of his capital, the generals of his rival were again successful, after an obstinate and bloody engagement, lasting an entire day. The unfortunate Inca was taken captive, and Cuzco fell into the hands of his enemies. He was held in strict confinement, while his fortunate rival took undisputed possession of his kingdom, and assumed the imperial title of Inca of Peru.

CHAPTER VI.

DESERTION OF TUMBEZ—MARCH SOUTHWARD—SAN MIGUEL FOUNDED—
THE NATIVES ENSLAVED—PIZARRO MARCHES IN QUEST OF THE INCA
—CROSSES THE ANDES—ARRIVAL AT CAXAMALCA—VISIT TO
ATAHUALLPA—HIS INDIAN DEMEANOR—DARING AND
TREACHEROUS RESOLUTION OF PIZARRO.

PIZARRO, having decided on active measures, lost no time in transporting his forces from Puna to the neighboring town of Tumbes. On landing, he was surprised at the hostile reception which he met from a body of natives, and still more at finding the town almost entirely demolished. The temple was stripped of its precious ornaments, and nothing remained to satiate the thirst of his followers for the vaunted gold. Two Spaniards, whom he had left here on his former voyage, had disappeared; but a note is said to have been given him by an Indian, containing the alluring announcement—"Know, whoever you may be, that may chance to set foot in this country, that it contains more gold and silver than there is iron in

Biscay." But the discontented soldiery regarded this as merely a subtle device of their leader to reanimate their hopes.

He decided, however, to push on, and at least to explore the country; and, with the most efficient portion of his force, early in May, 1532, set out from Tumbez. Marching southward through a thickly-settled country, he conciliated the natives by lenient treatment, and obtained in return abundant supplies. At every village, he made formal proclamation, in the name of the Pope and the Emperor, that the inhabitants should yield their faith and their allegiance to the high dignitaries in question; and the natives, making no opposition to a proceeding of which they could not comprehend a word, were duly enrolled by a notary as faithful subjects of his most Catholic majesty.

In the valley of Tangarala, thirty leagues south of Tumbez, he founded a city, which, in fulfilment of his vow, he named San Miguel—the neighboring Indians being enslaved, and parcelled out among the colonists, "seeing that without the services of the natives they could not be sustained, * * * for this cause, as well as the agreement of the rev'd. father and the office-holders, that it would redound to the service of God, as well of the natives themselves, the Governor distributed these Indians that they might sustain the settlers, and that the Christians might indoctrinate them in our Holy Faith, conformably to the directions of his Majesty."

The gold which had been acquired he sent back to Panama to pay for the outfit, and to attract fresh volunteers—persuading his men, like Cortes, to relinquish the booty already in their grasp, in the hope of gaining the means to acquire still richer plunder. He had gained much information concerning the country, and had learned that the victorious Atahualpa was now quietly seated on the throne of his father. Continual reports of the boundless wealth of that sovereign inflamed his cupidity; and he resolved, at whatever risk, to set forward for the alluring regions of the interior. It was probably his purpose to seek a peaceful interview with the Inca, and to

wait for stronger forces before carrying out his scheme of plunder and invasion.

On the 24th of September, leaving a small garrison at San Miguel, he set forth with his little army in search of the distant court of the most powerful sovereign in America. For five days he marched through a most delightful country, abounding in aqueducts, and cultivated in the most skilful manner. At the end of that time, he halted in a beautiful valley, to allow the soldiers to recruit their strength. Observing, with uneasiness, signs of discontent, he took the bold resolution of inviting all who were tired of the expedition to return to the settlement. Only nine took advantage of this offer. The rest avowed their determination to see the adventure to an end. By this hazardous, but politic precaution, he removed the seeds of disaffection from his camp, and effectually stopped the mouths of such as might be inclined, farther on, to a retreat. With only an hundred and sixty-eight men, of whom a little more than a third were cavalry, and with a mere apology for fire-arms or artillery, he pressed boldly on toward the mountains. At a place called Zaran he halted, dispatching De Soto to a Peruvian post among the hills. At the expiration of a week, that officer returned, and with him came a messenger from the Inca himself, with presents for the Spanish commander, and a friendly message from Atahuallpa, inviting him to visit the court. Many courtesies were interchanged, with the aid of the interpreters, whom Pizarro had taken to Spain, and caused to be instructed in his own language. A most civil offer of respect and service was dispatched to the Indian emperor.

A few days' march brought the Spaniards to the foot of the Andes. Behind the mountain lay Caxamalea, where Atahuallpa, with his army, was then encamped. The terrors of the ascent, and the uncertainty of what might await them, caused many of the Spaniards to waver, and to prefer marching along the easy and level road which led to Cuzco. But their leader, with the fervid eloquence of nature, urged them on. He en-

treated them not to incur the contempt of the Inca, by drawing back from their resolve, already announced; and assured them that in spreading the doctrines of the True Faith, the Lord would ever be found fighting on their side. Enthusiastic shouts were returned, and it was resolved on the following day to commence the ascent of the rugged sierra.

Pizarro, with one hundred men, part cavalry and part foot, set forward up the mountain, leaving his brother Hernando, with the remainder, to wait for further orders. The soldiers toiled upward, leading their horses, over frightful ledges and ravines, and along precipices where a single false step would insure destruction. At night, they took up their quarters in a strong fortress of stone, commanding the pass, and sent word to Hernando to follow as speedily as possible. The next day the march was resumed, and the adventurers suffered greatly not only from the difficulty of the way, but from the cold air of the elevated region into which they had risen. An embassy from the Inca, bearing a friendly message and a welcome present of llamas, met them at nightfall; and Pizarro, with politic arrogance, did not fail to vaunt the power and dignity of his sovereign, whom he described as being as far superior to the Inca as the latter was to the petty chieftains who owned his sway.

On the following morning, he resumed his march, and on the seventh day, after a most difficult descent of the sierra, arrived in view of Caxamalca. The city lay in a beautiful valley, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, and inhabited by a race of much refinement and industry. At the hot baths, a league from the town, lay encamped the army of the Inca—its white tents covering the hill-side, thick as snow-flakes, for several miles. "So many did they appear," says one of the adventurers, "that for certain we were filled with dread, for we had never dreamed that the Indians could have held so proud a state, nor so many tents, pitched with such skill, the like whereof was never before seen in the Indies, and caused in all the Spaniards great fear and confusion; howbeit, it would never have done to show it, or in the least to recoil; for if any

sign of weakness had appeared, the very Indians we had with us would have killed us; so with a sprightly bearing, after having well surveyed the aforesaid town and tents, we descended into the valley below, and entered Caxamalca," (November 15th, 1532).

This place, of about ten thousand inhabitants, was quite deserted, and the Spaniards took up their quarters in a great square or rather triangle, surrounded by low buildings, probably barracks. Anxious to learn the force and the intentions of the Inca, the Spanish general immediately dispatched his brother Hernando and De Soto, with a small body of horse, to the Indian camp. Galloping rapidly over a causeway which led thither, this martial cavalcade appeared like a strange apparition before the astonished eyes of the Peruvian guards. Atahualpa, they were informed, was in a light summer-house at the baths, and thither they took their way. The court of this building was thronged with Peruvian nobles, and, in their midst, seated on a low cushion, like an oriental chieftain, was the Inca himself. His dress was the simplest in the crowd, except that he wore round his forehead the crimson *borla*, a fringe which hung down to the eye-brows, the Peruvian emblem of imperial dignity. Calmness and apathy alone were visible on his countenance.

The Spanish ambassador, without dismounting, delivered the message of his general—enlarging on the power of the Spanish sovereign, proffering instruction in the Holy Faith, and requesting a visit from the sovereign of Peru to the Spanish camp. To this speech, translated by the interpreter Felipillo, the Inca vouchsafed not a word, and appeared entirely unconscious that any thing had been spoken. One of his nobles answered, "It is well." But Hernando, ill at ease, respectfully requested the Inca to convey his pleasure with his own lips. At this entreaty, Atahualpa, with a slight smile, turned his head, and replied, "Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast, which will last till to-morrow morning; I will then visit him, with certain of my nobles. Meanwhile, let him occupy the

public buildings on the square, and enter no other dwelling, till I come, when I will direct what shall be done."

He now looked with some appearance of interest upon the splendid war-horse of De Soto, and that cavalier, giving his charger the rein, dashed swiftly over the plain, displaying the graces of his steed and his own exquisite horsemanship. "This strange beaste made the Indians afraid, but *Atabaliba*" (Atahuallpa) "was nothing moued therewith." Even when the fiery animal was reined upon his haunches, so near the Inca that the foam from his mouth fell on his person,* he preserved the same immovable and *statuesque* demeanor. *It is said*, that on the same evening he put to death several of his soldiers for their weakness in shrinking back as the terrible animal passed them.

After partaking of some refreshment, the Spaniards returned to their quarters, where all were filled with dismay at their reports of the power and state of the Inca—a dismay by no means lessened when at evening they beheld the camp-fires of the Peruvians lighting up the distant hill-side—"a fearful thing to see, for it appeared like the heaven filled with stars." Pizarro alone secretly exulted; for he now beheld the career of his weary attendance and protracted toils at last brought to a crisis. With almost inconceivable audacity, he had resolved, in emulation of Cortes, with his slender force, to seize the Inca in the midst of his nobles, and hold him as a hostage for the obedience of his realms. The promised visit on the morrow seemed to offer a fair opportunity for his treacherous scheme; and he used every incentive of fanaticism, ambition and rapacity, to reanimate the courage of his followers.

* In the old ballad of "King Estmere," a similar affront is put upon the paynim (Saracen) king of Spain, by the Christian Champion, who rides into the banquet-hall in such discourteous wise, that

"The froth, that came from his brydle bitte
Light in kynge Bremor's bearde."

This ballad, it should seem, was written in the fifteenth century, or we might suppose that the old romancer had in view the singular scene above related.

CHAPTER VII.

AMBUSCADE OF THE SPANIARDS—VISIT OF ATAHUALLPA—IMPUDENT SPEECH OF THE FRIAR VALVERDE—ANSWER OF THE INCA—SEIZURE OF HIS PERSON—MASSACRE OF HIS ATTENDANTS—PLUNDER OF HIS CAMP—AGREEMENT FOR HIS RANSOM—HIS DEMEANOR—EX-PEDITION TO PACHACAMAC—HORSES SHOD WITH SILVER.

EVERY precaution to insure success to his iniquitous scheme was now taken by the Spanish general. It was resolved to post the soldiers in the numerous halls and passages which opened on the great square; at a given signal, all were to rush forward, and fall sword in hand upon the Peruvians, and seize the person of their monarch. All the arrangements being most carefully completed, "the reverend fathers busied themselves the whole night in prayer, begging that God would award due success to his most sacred service, the exaltation of the faith, and the salvation of such a number of souls—spilling much blood as well as tears in the discipline they underwent"—all, evidently, half frightened out of their wits! Pizarro then cheered the soldiers "with a right Christian harangue which he made them," and all uplifted their voices in the pious chant, "*Exsurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam.*" "One might have supposed them," says Mr. Prescott, "a company of martyrs, about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers, meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history!"

At noon on the following day the Inca took up his march for the city. Before him went a multitude of attendants, sweeping every particle of dust from the causeway; and the crowd of nobles on whose shoulders he was borne, and who marched by the side of his litter, "shone like the sun," with the blaze of their golden ornaments. The Spaniards, panting with fear and impatience, had been waiting all day at their arms, when the unwelcome news arrived that the Inca would delay his entrance into the town until the following morning. At this change of purpose, all was consternation; but Pizarro,

with remarkable presence of mind, sent a message, entreating Atahualpa to enter, as he had prepared an entertainment, "*and all was in readiness to receive him.*" The cumbrous procession again moved forward, and Atahualpa sent orders that a palace, called "The House of the Serpent," should be prepared for his reception. As a token of his confidence and good faith, he ordered his nobles and attendants to lay aside their arms, and thus, without the shadow of hostility or even defence, approached the city.

A little before sunset, he entered the great square, borne on a splendid throne of massive gold, overshadowed with the plumes of the gay birds of the tropics. Before him went four hundred menials, clearing the way, and singing their national chants, "which in our ears," says one of the Spaniards, "sounded like the Songs of Hell."

From his lofty position, the Inca calmly surveyed the multitude of his followers, who formed around him in courtly order. When about six thousand of them had entered the square, he looked around inquiringly, and said, "Where are the strangers?" At this word came forward the reverend Father Valverde, Pizarro's chaplain, with a crucifix in one hand and a breviary in the other, and made a long harangue, commencing with the creation, and thence proceeding through the fall of Adam, the incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection, the appointment of St. Peter as God's Vicar on Earth, the apostolical succession of Popes, the bull in favor of Castile, and ending logically with a formal demand that the Inca should submit his spiritual guidance to the Pope, and his temporal allegiance to the king of Spain. All this was duly translated by the interpreter, Felipillo, who, by way of expounding the doctrine of the Trinity, explained to his royal auditor that "The Christians had Three Gods and One God, making Four in all."

"To the which words," says a by-stander, "and much besides that the reverend father said, he remained silent without returning a reply. He then said that he would see what God

had commanded, as he was told, in the book; so he took the book, and opened it, and looked it over, examining its form and arrangement; and rather admiring the writing, it seemed to me, than what was therein written." He next held it to his ear, and saying, contemptuously, "This tells me nothing," flung it angrily away. Then, with a countenance flushed with emotion, he made answer to such portions of the address as he had been able to understand. He would be no man's tributary, he said, and as for the great priest beyond the waters, he must be mad to talk of giving away countries he had never seen. Nor would he change his faith. The God of the Christians, according to their own account, had been slain by his own creatures, but the eternal Sun, the great deity of Peru, still shone on his glorious and beneficent course through the firmament. Excited by the insults he had received, he declared that the Spaniards should render a strict account of their doings in his territories.

The discomfited friar, seeing the ill success of his eloquence, picked up the book, bowed his head, and hastened to Pizarro. "Did you see what passed?" he cried,—“while we waste time in fooleries and arguments with this dog, full of pride, the square is filling with Indians. Set on them at once! I absolve you.” The fatal gun, the signal of slaughter, was fired, and the Spaniards, horse and foot, rushed furiously from their lurking-places. Taken by surprise, utterly unarmed, and bewildered by the unwonted discharge of artillery and fire-arms, the unhappy victims were slaughtered without the slightest means of resistance. The nobles, with affecting devotion, flung themselves before their master, to receive the blows of the murderers, and, by clinging to the legs of their horses, and striving to pull the riders from their saddles, for some time kept back the press from his person. But they died by hundreds around him, and Pizarro, darting through the throng, seized his captive with his own hand. A most wanton and merciless slaughter was still kept up, and did not cease till the shades of night blinded the assassins, and

“The hand which slew till it could slay no more,
Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore.”

Within less than an hour, four thousand of the unarmed and harmless multitude that had so gayly entered the square with their songs and their holiday attire, lay murdered on the pavement. A more atrocious and unprovoked massacre is not recorded in history. Not one of the Spaniards had received an injury.

The unfortunate Atahualpa, surprised and stunned, as he must have been, by the suddenness and extent of his misfortune, displayed the true fortitude and impassive bearing of the native American. “It is the fortune of war,” he said, coldly, as he sat at supper with his captor. At this time he was about thirty years of age, robust in person, and of rather a fierce expression. His manner was grave and even stern, especially toward his own people; but he was occasionally mirthful in the presence of his victors.

On the following day, the prisoners, of whom there were a vast number, were employed to cleanse the city, and give burial to their murdered countrymen; after which service, they were dismissed to their homes. The remains of the great army of the Inca, stupefied by the loss of their sovereign, offered no resistance to the seizure of his household or effects, and gradually melted away for want of a head—great numbers, however, being retained as personal attendants by the victors. The plunder of the camp and the city, consisting of gold, silver, and delicate fabrics of wool, was exceedingly valuable. Of the latter, there is said to have been enough for several ship loads.

The captive Inca, perceiving the thirst for gold with which his conquerors were consumed, now began to hope for freedom by the payment of a great ransom. He promised Pizarro that, if he would set him free, the floor of the apartment in which they stood should be covered with gold. Observing the incredulity of his captors, he declared that he would not only cover the floor, but fill the room with gold, as high as he could

reach ; and, standing on tiptoe, stretched his hand as high as possible against the wall. Filled with amazement, Pizarro accepted the tempting offer; and a red line, nine feet from the floor, was drawn around the wall. This room was twenty-two feet long, by seventeen broad, and Atahualpa likewise engaged to fill an adjoining apartment twice full of silver. The agreement was formally recorded by a notary, and the unfortunate prince, relying on the good faith of his conqueror, sent orders throughout his realms to strip the palaces and temples of their golden ornaments.

Meanwhile, though held in strict confinement, he was permitted to receive the visits of his nobles, who still thronged, with the deepest devotion, to offer him their homage. Pizarro and his chaplain labored hard to effect his conversion, but without success—the only argument to which he allowed any weight being the following—“that his idol could not be the true God, seeing that he had helped him so little in his need.”

His deepest alarm and jealousy were now aroused by the discovery that Huascar, whom he still held captive in a city not far distant, was making offers to the Spaniards, and that Pizarro intended to arbitrate between the rival claimants of the throne. He forthwith dispatched secret orders for the execution of his unfortunate brother, who was drowned in the river of Andamarca, declaring, with his last breath, that his oppressor would not be long in following him. With true Indian policy, Atahualpa affected deep sorrow at the event, and laid the entire blame at the door of the keepers.

Masses of gold, wrought in plate or ornaments, continued to arrive from the distant provinces; but the Spaniards, as the prospect of obtaining the magnificent ransom improved, were filled with trepidation, both for their own safety and that of their daily-increasing treasure. Their captive, however, ridiculed the idea that any conspiracy, to which himself would necessarily be the first victim, could take place among his subjects, and invited the Spanish commander to send his own emissaries to Cuzco, to ascertain the truth. This the latter

resolved to do, but first dispatched his brother Hernando, with a small force, to Pachacamac, a wealthy town on the coast, an hundred leagues from Caxamalca. On their march, which lay over the mountains, the Spaniards were amazed at the solid and admirable construction of the road, and at the innumerable flocks of llamas that studded the sides of the hills. Every where they found the marks of industry and dense population, and every where met the most kind and hospitable treatment.

After some weeks' journey, they arrived at Pachacamac, which city had its name from a famous idol, whom the Incas, with their accustomed toleration, on the conquest of the country, had suffered to receive the homage of his worshippers conjointly with their own venerated deity, the Sun. "The demon Pachacamac," says a Spanish writer, "they say, was well pleased with this arrangement, and showed great content in his responses, seeing that whether the one or the other was served, the souls of these simple unfortunates would still remain caught in his net." "This Demon," says one of the conquerors, "would appear in a certain cavern to divers of the priests, and would converse with them, and 'tis certain that all the nobility of Atabalica" (Atahuallpa) "used to resort there, like as the Moors and Turks do to the House of Meca."

Arrived at the temple, Hernando, despite the resistance of the indignant keepers, thrust himself in, crying that he "had come too far to be stopped by the arm of an Indian priest." The hideous idol was dragged forth, and broken into fragments, "and in default of a preacher," says Hernando, "I made them a sermon myself, telling the delusion wherein they lived." He also taught the people the signs of the cross, as a charm against the Devil for the future. This pious zeal was not crowned with the usual profitable return, for the priests, advised of his coming, had secreted the greater part of the gold with which their temple abounded.

From this place, Hernando marched to Xauxa, where Challcuchima, the most powerful general of the Inca, lay encamped.

On the rocky road, the shoes of his horses gave out, and for want of iron, they were all shod with silver—the most plentiful metal in the Spanish company. The chief, whose person Hernando was anxious to secure, readily consented to accompany them to his imprisoned master. Arrived before the Inca, the old warrior flung himself on his knees before him, and, bathing his hands in tears, exclaimed, “Would that I had been here! this would not then have happened.” But the Inca preserved his usual calm and impassive demeanor.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPOIL OF THE TEMPLES OF CUZCO—ARRIVAL OF ALMAGRO—DIVISION
OF IMMENSE PLUNDER—SCHEME FOR THE MURDER OF THE INCA
—HIS TRIAL, SENTENCE, AND EXECUTION—HYPOCRISY
OF PIZARRO—REFLECTIONS.

THE emissaries dispatched to Cuzco had met the most signal success. They had been carried to that city (six hundred miles) on the shoulders of the natives, and had found their wildest dreams of Peruvian treasure exceeded by the magnificence of its spoil. From the temple of the Sun alone, they obtained seven hundred plates of gold, for that sacred edifice was literally covered with the precious metal. These low-lived wretches conducted themselves with great arrogance and indecency, and scandalized the religious Peruvians by violating the “Virgins of the Sun”—an order of *religieuses*, held in the highest esteem by his worshippers. They brought back two hundred loads of gold and silver, each the burden of four Indians.

During these proceedings, Almagro, with a reinforcement of two hundred men, had arrived at San Miguel. On learning the marvellous exploits and successes of his partner, he lost no time in making his way over the mountains, and, with his command, in February, 1533, arrived at Caxamalca.

THE INCA ATAHUALPA BEFORE PIZARRO.





The stipulation of the Inca was not quite fulfilled, though the gold, suffered to retain the forms into which it had been wrought, occupied greatly more space than if it had been cast into bars. But the soldiers, regarding the vastness of their spoil, were clamorous for a division; and Pizarro thought it most prudent to comply. A number of the most beautiful articles were selected for the emperor, as specimens of the wealth and art of his newly-acquired territories. Conspicuous among these were elegant imitations of the Indian corn, the ear being composed of gold, and the partly-opened husk of silver, with the delicate tassel or beard of the same material. With these valuables, and with the emperor's fifth, Hernando Pizarro was to proceed to Spain, and sustain the interests of his companions.

The remainder of the treasure, when melted down into bars, proved equal in amount to the value of fifteen millions of dollars at the present day. "There is no example in history," says Robertson, "of such a sudden acquisition of wealth by military service, nor was ever a sum so great divided among so small a number of soldiers." The share of Pizarro amounted to more than half a million of dollars, besides the great throne of the Inca, wrought of solid gold, and valued at three hundred thousand more. The cavalry each received about an hundred thousand, and the infantry nearly half that amount of the spoil. Neither Almagro and his company, nor the colonists of San Miguel, were allowed more than a mere nominal proportion of the plunder.

The treasures of Atahualpa had been shared, but that unfortunate prince still remained a prisoner in the hands of his captors, an object of groundless jealousy and suspicion. He had hitherto been permitted to hold the appearance of royalty, and to issue commands to his subjects, and had beguiled the weary hours of captivity with chess and other European games learned of his conquerors. Stricter measures now seem to have been taken with him, for, we are told, he had become "much grieved with his imprisonment, and especially in regard

of the chayne which they put upon him." He eagerly demanded his liberation, and Pizarro, with a vile show of equity, caused the notary to execute a full release of the engagement to which, as the price of his freedom, the unfortunate Inca had been bound. But he still held him in close confinement, darkly meditating the means of freeing himself from one whom the reverence of his subjects had made too dangerous.

A pretext was not long wanting. Absurd and unfounded rumors of a great rising among the Indians began to circulate in the Spanish camp. Pizarro, with the air of an injured man, taxed his captive with the suspected plot. "You are jesting," said his victim, with a smiling face, but with secret alarm; "you always say things to me in jest! What are I or my people, that we should take arms against men so valiant as yourselves? do not utter these jests." But the innocence of the Inca availed him little. The soldiers, especially those of Almagro, began to clamor for a march to fresh regions of treasure. Atahuallpa must be first disposed of, and Pizarro, as a preliminary step, dispatched De Soto, the best friend of the unfortunate Inca, on a short expedition. After his departure, an infernal scheme, under the guise of law, for the murder of the prisoner, was hastily concocted. Pizarro and Almagro, sitting as judges, went through the formal mockery of a trial of their captive, on charges of usurpation, idolatry, adultery, and attempt to excite insurrection. This shameful indictment is described even by a Spanish contemporary as "a badly-contrived and worse-written document, devised by a factious and unprincipled priest, a clumsy notary without conscience, and others of the like stamp, who were all concerned in this villany."

Indian witnesses were examined, and their testimony was perverted by the wicked interpreter to prove the guilt of the Inca. Whatever were the proof, the judgment, as a matter of course, went against him, and he was sentenced by the two judges, with the concurrence of the infamous Friar Valverde, to be burned alive that same night in the great square of Caxamalca. To the honor of several of the Spanish officers, they

vehemently remonstrated against this barbarous decision, and entered a written protest against the proceedings.

When his cruel sentence was communicated to the unfortunate Atahualpa, tears fell from his eyes, and he exclaimed, "What have I done, or my children, that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too," he said, turning to Pizarro; "you who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits at my hands." In the most affecting manner, he besought that his life might be spared, offering double the ransom he had paid, if time were only given to obtain it.

Pizarro, at this touching appeal, turned aside—weeping, it is said—but his atrocious purpose remained unaltered; and his victim, recovering his self-possession, from that moment displayed the true Indian calmness and fortitude. That same evening (August 29th) he was conducted, chained hand and foot, to the place of execution, where the army, by torch-light, stood arrayed around the stake. By his side, like an evil spirit, hovered the infernal friar, Valverde, urging him to embrace the faith of his murderers. Anxious to secure so distinguished a convert, he even assured him, before the pyre was lighted, that if he would be baptized, he should die by the less torturing death of the *garrote*.* Pizarro confirmed the promise, and the Inca, yielding to their devices, received this devilish travesty of the sacrament, with the name of Juan, in honor (!) of St. John the Baptist.†

Turning to Pizarro, he besought him, as a last request, to have compassion on his children, and to take them under his protection. "Was there no other one in that dark company

* An instrument of strangulation, still commonly used in Spanish execution. It consists of a collar of iron, tightened by a serew around the throat of the sufferer, and effecting at the same time suffocation and crushing of the vertebræ.

† The singular fact is related by one who was present, that the Inca's secret reason for acceding to this proposal was his belief that, if his body was not actually destroyed by fire, "the Sun, his father, would the next morning restore him to life!" Imagination could devise no circumstance more touching.

who stood grimly around him, to whom he could look for the protection of his offspring? Perhaps he thought there was no other so competent to afford it, and that the wishes so solemnly expressed in that hour might meet with respect, even from his conqueror. Then, recovering his stoical bearing, which for a moment had been shaken, he submitted himself calmly to his fate,—while the Spaniards, gathering around, muttered their *credos* for the salvation of his soul! Thus by the death of a vile malefactor perished the last of the Incas.”*

The next day, his obsequies, with pompous solemnity, were celebrated in the church—a solemnity somewhat disturbed by the tumultuous entrance of a great number of his wives and female relatives, avowing their intention to sacrifice themselves, according to custom, on his tomb. Several, despite the remonstrances of the Christians, “laid violent hands on themselves, in the vain hope of accompanying their beloved lord to the bright mansions of the Sun.”

De Soto, on his return, learned with horror and amazement of the deed which had been perpetrated in his absence. He hastened to Pizarro, “and found him,” says a contemporary writer, “exhibiting much sentiment, with a great felt hat clapped on his head, by way of mourning, and well pulled over his eyes.” To the angry remonstrances of his officer, he answered that he had been too hasty, and laid the blame upon others. A scene of fierce recrimination ensued between the generals, the friar, and others accessory to the iniquitous deed—each endeavoring to shift the responsibility on to the rest; a sufficient confession that their crime was utterly indefensible.

Thus ends one of the very darkest pages of Spanish and American history. No reader of feeling or reflection will require comment on a deed bearing in its face the brand of such odious perfidy, ingratitude, and cruelty. In return for his own good faith, for the submission of his empire, for the surrender of unhopèd treasure, the unhappy victim met with imprisonment, chains, and the sentence to a cruel and revolting death.

* Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*.

Despite his pompous affectation of regret (remorse he may well have felt) the burden of this damning infamy rests almost entirely on the head of Pizarro. Whatever instruments he employed, the deed was his own—a deed which could never have been committed by any but such as himself—men naturally fierce, rapacious and cruel, uneducated, save in the superstitions of a wretched dogmatism, and trained from childhood to scenes of blood, oppression, and violence. Doubtless a dark and cruel policy was his main and prompting motive; but it is said that the incentive of personal pique was not wanting. The imprisoned Inca, delighting in the mysterious art of writing, (which he regarded as a new sense) had caused the name of God to be inscribed on his nail, and presented it to each of the soldiers, charmed with their ready and concurrent response. Pizarro, who had never learned to read, was unable to answer him—and the ill-concealed contempt of the Inca, it is said, awakened a hatred in the heart of his conqueror, that ere long found its bloody gratification.

To one who, like the ancient Greek, believes in an avenging Nemesis, there is something very comfortable in recalling the violent deaths which befell nearly all the actors in this doleful tragedy—though little reflection is needed to show that the evil wishes and undisciplined passions which prompted the crime, only worked out their legitimate end in involving its authors in fresh and fatal adventures.

Old Purchas (abating one or two mistakes in fact, such as the complicity of Soto) gives, in a few words, a more terse and edifying version of their end than any writer on the subject: "But God the righteous Iudge, seeing this villainous act, suffered none of those Spaniards to die by the course of Nature, but brought them to euill and shamefull ends. * * * His" (Atahualpa's) "Murtherers dyed, as is said, the like bloody ends; *Almagro* was executed by *Piçarro*, and hee slaine by yong *Almagro*; and him *Vacca de Castra* did likewise put to death. *Iohn Piçarro* was slaine of the Indians. *Martin* an other of the Brethren was slaine with *Francis*. *Ferdinandus*

was imprisoned in Spaine and his end vnknowne; *Gonzales* was done to death by *Gasca*. *Soto* dyed of thought in Florida; and ciuill warres eate vp the rest in Peru.”*

CHAPTER IX.

CONDITION OF PERU—MARCH TO CUZCO—FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS—
EXECUTION OF CHALLCUCHIMA—ENTRANCE INTO CUZCO—FRESH PLUN-
DER OF TREASURE—CORONATION OF THE INCA MANCO CAPAC—
FOUNDATION OF LIMA—RECEPTION OF HERNANDO IN SPAIN
—DISPUTES OF ALMAGRO AND THE PIZARROS.

THE death of the Inca was the signal for a general disruption of the Peruvian empire. His subjects, accustomed for generations to rely implicitly on the guidance and command of a single ruler, found themselves without a head, and committed the excesses which attend a sudden relief from long-accustomed restraint. Many of the nobles set up governments of their own, and a species of anarchy prevailed throughout Peru.

Pizarro, with what ceremony he could, invested with the royal dignity a youth named Toparca, a brother of his victim; and then, with five hundred Spaniards, and a large retinue of Indians, set out for Cuzco. They reached Xauxa without molestation; and there defeated, with much slaughter, a large body of Indians drawn up to oppose them. Here Pizarro halted, and sent forward De Soto, with sixty horse, to reconnoitre the route. That adventurous cavalier, after a fatiguing march, was attacked on the sierra of Vilcaconga by a force of Indians, with such fury and resolution, that all the courage and discipline of the mounted cavaliers barely saved them from defeat. A number were killed, and the remainder were

* Valverde, perhaps as culpable as any, gained the bishopric of Cuzco, the grand object of his ambition; but a few years after perished, with others, in a massacre by the Indians.

preserved only by the timely arrival of Almagro, with the rest of the cavalry, at sight of which the enemy retired.

Pizarro, suspecting his prisoner Challeuchima of secretly encouraging these hostilities, assured him that if the Peruvians did not lay down their arms, he should be burned alive—a brutal menace, to which his captive opposed the sullen and obdurate silence of the Indian. He then marched on, and effected a junction with the cavalry, and, after the usual travesty of a trial, inflicted the cruel punishment he had threatened. To the exhortations of Valverde, at the stake, the old chief answered, coldly, "I do not understand the religion of the white men." He perished with the customary fortitude of his race, invoking with his last breath the name of Pachacamac.

On this march, Toparca died, and soon afterwards, to the surprise of Pizarro, a young noble of high rank, with a great retinue, presented himself at the Spanish quarters. He was the Prince Manco Capac, brother of the ill-fated Huascar. He claimed the throne of the Incas by right of succession, and the general, seeing the advantage of sustaining the shadow of an Inca, answered favorably to his pretensions.

On the 15th of November, 1533, the Spanish army and its long train of Indian attendants filed into Cuzco, the ancient and renowned capital of the Incas. A countless multitude of natives had assembled to watch their entrance; and all gazed with dread and amazement upon the war-horses, the glittering mail, and the white countenances of the mysterious strangers. Pizarro took up his quarters in one of the royal palaces, and his men were disposed, with strict order and discipline, in readiness to resist an assault.

At this distance of time, and from the discordant accounts of the conquerors, it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the population of Cuzco. It probably amounted to some hundreds of thousands, and exhibited the tokens of greater order, comfort, and civilization than the Spaniards had yet seen in the New World. Many of the edifices were of stone, admirably wrought, and a strong fortification, on a great rock,

overlooked the whole. The streets were paved, and a canal of pure water, faced with stone for twenty leagues, ran through the heart of the city.

The temples and palaces were forthwith plundered anew by the licentious soldiery, who did not spare even the grave itself, but stript the royal mummies of their jewels and rich ornaments. The unfortunate citizens were tortured to extract their knowledge of secret hoards. Among other valuables, were found a number of hollow statues of women and of llamas, as large as life, composed of gold and silver, "which only to look at," says a rapacious spectator, "was truly a great satisfaction." Large masses of silver, in bars, were likewise discovered.

But the great mass of the Peruvian treasure, despite their cruelty and sacrilege, for ever escaped the clutches of the insatiate conquerors. Riches of inestimable value, it is said, were buried or concealed throughout the country by the oppressed natives, who had the satisfaction of secretly enjoying the rapacious search and disappointment of their oppressors. It has been said that the spoil of Cuzco exceeded the ransom of Atahualpa, but, according to the best authorities, it appears to have been considerably less. Only six or seven millions of dollars were allowed in accounting with the crown, whose interests, however, may have suffered somewhat from the remissness of its agents. A division was made, as before, and the dice-box, as usual, put into immediate requisition. So great and so sudden was the abundance of wealth, that every article of European use or luxury was held at prices to which Californian extravagance can hardly furnish the shadow of a parallel.

The inauguration of the young Inca was performed, with the accustomed solemnities, and as much of magnificence as the spoliation of royalty and religion would permit; and the mummies of his ancestors, according to immemorial usage, were seated at the inaugural banquet, and served with the most ceremonial attention. A Spanish municipality was immediately established, and the palaces and other public edi-

fices were bestowed on his followers by Pizarro, who now assumed the title of governor. Churches were erected, and the conversion of the natives, afterwards so successfully completed, was at once undertaken.

In the midst of his successes, the jealousy of the victor was aroused by news that Alvarado, the companion of Cortes, and the fierce conqueror of Guatemala, had landed on the coast, and was marching to Quito. But that reckless adventurer, in a terrible march across the mountains, lost a fourth part of his force, which had consisted of five hundred men, and two thousand of his Indian auxiliaries. Thus weakened, and seeing no prospect of acquiring treasure, he agreed to quit the country on payment of a large sum for his fleet and munitions of war—being left, however, a considerable loser by the expedition.

After some unimportant insurrections, easily suppressed by the whites, all Peru, apparently, settled down in obedience to the nominal sway of the Inca and the actual despotism of the Spaniards. Pizarro now perceived the necessity of a Spanish capital for his vast domains, and accordingly, after a careful survey, selected the beautiful valley of Rimac, on the coast, not far from Pachacamac. Here, in January, 1535, he commenced the erection of a stately city, which he called *Ciudad de los Reyes*, (City of the Kings,) but which, with a slight change, still bears the original name of the valley. The Indians, for more than a hundred miles around, were summoned to labor at the task; palace, cathedral, and public building rose rapidly from the earth, and Lima, as it is now called, still remains a splendid testimony of the foresight of Pizarro, the grandeur of his plans, and the solidity of their execution.

His brother, Hernando, in January, 1532, had arrived in Spain, with an immense treasure, the property of the crown and of private adventurers. A great sensation was produced by the actual view of the masses of precious metal, and the beautiful forms into which it was wrought; and the emperor, absorbed in expensive schemes of ambition, viewed with de-

light the prospect of supplies to his exhausted treasury. He readily confirmed and extended the powers and honors already bestowed on the Pizarros; and by way of compensation to Almagro, gave him authority to conquer and govern a district of country extending two hundred leagues south of that assigned to his partner. Attracted by the splendid trophies of Peruvian enterprise, great numbers flocked to the standard of Hernando; and he set sail with a gallant armament to join his brothers.*

This force, however, was detained with much loss at the isthmus, the scene of such repeated delay and sufferings—sufferings which, even with all the means and appliances of civilization, have in our own day proved fatal to so many eager adventurers to those golden shores of which it is the gateway.

Almagro, who was in command of Cuzco, on receiving news of his separate command, conducted himself with much arrogance, insisting that the city lay within the limits assigned to himself; and his rapacious followers inflicted great injuries upon the citizens, seizing their dwellings and property at their pleasure, and conducting themselves as in a town taken by storm. Pizarro, alarmed in his new capital by reports of these disorders, hastened to Cuzco, where his brothers, supported by their faction, were on the point of engaging in a civil war with his rival. A hollow treaty between the two governors was patched up, and both parties solemnly imprecated the curses of Heaven on their heads, if either should fail in faith or friendship to the other. Their mutual distrust, however, was sufficiently evinced by an article stipulating that neither should asperse or disparage the other, in their dispatches to the emperor (June, 1535).

Their quarrel thus insecurely hushed up, the rivals parted, Pizarro to superintend the erection of his rising city of Lima, and Almagro on a long and venturous expedition for the conquest of Chili.

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE OF THE INCA MANCO—GENERAL RISING OF THE PERUVIANS—
 SIEGE AND BURNING OF CUZCO—DEFEATS AND MASSACRES OF THE
 SPANIARDS—THE SIEGE OF CUZCO RAISED—THE RETURN OF
 ALMAGRO—IMPRISONMENT OF THE PIZARROS—BATTLE
 BETWEEN THE RIVAL FACTIONS—DEFEAT AND EXE-
 CUTION OF ALMAGRO—FATE OF HERNANDO.

THE Peruvians had hitherto, for the most part, appeared submissive to outrage and enslavement. Their minds, probably, were confused and appalled by the sudden appearance and wonderful success of their oppressors; while, accustomed to implicit obedience, their allegiance was still apparently given to the nominal Inca, though deprived of all but the shadow of power. That prince, high-spirited and ambitious, had for some time been convinced that the Spaniards meant only to use him as a tool for their own purposes. His person and authority were treated with contempt, and he took the bold and patriotic resolution of exciting a general rising against the oppressors. He had sent his brother, and the High-priest of the Sun, with Almagro, on a friendly pretext, but in reality to insure the cooperation of the distant caciques.

He withdrew quietly from Cuzco, but, the suspicions of the Spaniards being aroused, was brought back and placed in close confinement. The hopes of Peruvian enfranchisement now seemed at an end, but the captive, with true Indian boldness and wariness, left no means untried to regain his freedom. To ingratiate himself with Hernando, who was now in command of the native capital, he successively disclosed to him the existence of several hoards of treasure, which had been secreted by his people; and having thus gained his confidence, inflamed his cupidity by describing a statue of his father, Huayna Capac, of pure gold, which he said was concealed in a cave among the Andes.

To secure this precious relic, (probably his own invention,)

he was suffered to depart, with a couple of Spaniards, but returned no more. Juan Pizarro, who, with sixty horse, was dispatched in pursuit of him, was soon encountered by an army of several thousand Indians, who, with the Inca at their head, were drawn up to oppose him. After several desperate engagements, in which the Spaniards performed prodigies of valor, and succeeded in repeatedly repulsing the foe, he was recalled to Cuzco by the alarming tidings that the capital itself was besieged. He hastened back, hotly pursued by the Peruvians, who, with their "songs of hell," hung closely on his rear, and approached the city. As far as the eye could reach, it was surrounded by a countless host of Peruvian warriors, and the air was resplendent with the flashing of copper-headed spears and axes. This vast body, (it is said two hundred thousand strong,) opening their ranks, suffered the little band of cavalry to pass through them and enter the city. It is probable that they wished to have as many of the enemy as possible entrapped in a situation from which there could be no escape (February, 1536).

All night the myriad watch-fires of the besiegers shone "like nothing but a clear sky, right fully covered with stars," and in the morning they commenced the assault by discharging showers of missiles into the city. With burning arrows they fired the roofs, and Cuzco was soon wrapped in conflagration. The fire raged for several days, and consumed at least half of the ancient capital of Peru.

When it was over, the Spaniards, whose whole force did not exceed two hundred, with a thousand Indian auxiliaries, sallying from their stronghold, made a desperate charge on the besiegers, and slew great numbers. The natives fought well, but nothing could effectively resist the charge of the Spanish cavalry. They gained possession, however, of the great fortress overlooking the city, whence they annoyed the besieged with showers of missiles. They also threw a number of human heads among the Spaniards, who recognized with horror the faces of their friends, dwelling in the adjoining regions, and

who thus perceived that the rising was general. The latter continued, however, to defend themselves stoutly, and by an unexpected sally, from three points, did great mischief to their foes. Several of the Indians were seen mounted on horses, with European armor, which they had taken from the Spaniards, and the young Inca, on a fine war-horse, with a long lance, appeared in the first ranks of the battle.

Hernando had resolved, at whatever cost, to rēgain possession of the citadel; and, marching secretly in the night, came upon the garrison by surprise. The post was taken by storm, but with the loss of Juan Pizarro, the most amiable and popular of the brothers. The Inca noble who commanded it, a man of Herculean frame and dauntless courage, defended the last tower with desperate resolution, striking down his enemies with a huge copper-headed mace, or hurling them one by one from the top of the ladders. Overcome by numbers, and seeing resistance vain, he threw away his weapon, and, wrapping his mantle around him, flung himself headlong from the battlements.

The insurrection had been general, and Lima itself had been besieged by the Indians, who, however, were severely chastised by the governor. Several hundreds of the Spaniards, in various settlements, had been massacred. Pizarro had made repeated attempts to relieve his brothers at Cuzco, and, at different times, had dispatched four hundred men to their assistance. None of these, however, reached their destination. Attacked by the Indians in the wild passes of the Cordilleras, they had been successively cut off—in some instances, to a man. Pizarro, almost in despair, sent letters, entreating assistance, to the governors of Guatemala, Mexico, and other provinces, even offering to share with them the conquests which might thereafter be made—sure proof of the extremity to which he was reduced.

For five months the dauntless little garrison of Cuzco had held out against the overwhelming force of their enemies, and the Indians, who still kept up the blockade, began to suffer

from want of supplies. The Inca, therefore, for the present, disbanded his forces, that they might attend to the planting of the annual crop, and himself withdrew to Tambo, a strong fortification at no great distance from the city. Hostilities, however, still continued, and many desperate skirmishes were fought in the environs.

Hernando, ever on the alert, now resolved on a vigorous effort to end the war, by seizing the person of the Inca. With eighty cavalry, and some foot, he marched suddenly to Tambo, and came upon the fortress by surprise. In the darkness of early morning he assailed this almost impregnable position; but the garrison, which was very large, was speedily on the alert, and Manco himself, on his war-horse, appeared, directing the defence. After three unsuccessful assaults, the Spaniards were driven back, and were glad, by a forced march, annoyed by the enemy, to regain their quarters.

Almagro, as we have seen, had set forth on an expedition for the conquest of Chili. In the tremendous solitudes of the Andes, his men had suffered terribly from cold and privation, and had inflicted the most odious cruelties on the unfortunate natives whom they subdued. On one occasion, it is said, the ferocious commander caused thirty Indian chiefs to be burned alive, to atone for the death of three of his followers. He penetrated about a hundred leagues to the southward, and then, despondent of treasure or renown, turned homewards. He took the route by the coast which leads over the arid desert of Atacama, and underwent, with his people, the most fearful extremities. The adventurers finally approached Cuzco, and in the valley of Yucay, with a portion of his force, the general defeated the Inca, who had fallen on him with a great body of warriors. He now determined to seize on Cuzco, which Hernando, with a small force of Spaniards, still commanded. In a dark and stormy night, he entered the city, took the garrison by surprise, and seized the persons of Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro (April, 1537). His lieutenant, Orgonez, begged him to strike off their heads, alleging that

"The dead man does not bite," but Almagro recoiled from this extreme measure. Shortly after, marching out, he defeated one Alvarado, a general of Pizarro's, and brought him prisoner, with nearly all his men, five hundred in number, to the city.

Pizarro, in his capital, heard, with the greatest alarm, of these losses, but was unable, for the time, to revenge them. Espinosa, one of the prime movers of the original expedition, had lately arrived at Lima, with a considerable reinforcement, to assist the colonists against the Indians, and was now dispatched to Cuzco, to attempt negotiation with the successful chief. The dread of Indian hostilities, for a time, seemed ended—Manco, with only one of his numerous wives, having been compelled to take refuge in the savage recesses of the Andes. But the good offices of Espinosa proved fruitless, for the time, and the deadliest animosity between the rival factions ensued. Gonzalo and Alvarado, indeed, escaped from their imprisonment, but the life of Hernando, still in the hands of the victor, hung only by a single thread.

At length negotiations were resumed, and it was agreed that the matters in dispute between Almagro and the Pizarros should be referred to the arbitration of a friar, named Bobadilla. A personal interview, broken off by angry recrimination, took place between the chiefs, and the friar decided every point in favor of his patron, Pizarro, "proving himself a very devil," says one of the losers, and giving, says a more impartial authority, "the most unjust sentence that had been pronounced since the time of Pontius Pilate."

But Pizarro, to save the life of his brother, who was still held in strict confinement, consented to more liberal conditions, meaning to revenge himself the first opportunity. Hernando was released, and the governor, violating his pledges, instantly renewed the war, dispatching the late captive, with a force of seven hundred men, against his rival. The latter, with five hundred, encountered him, not far from the city of Cuzco; but, overcome with old age and maladies—the result of his sins—was unable to lead his men to combat. He surveyed

the scene from a litter, while Orgonez, a brave and fiery cavalier, commanded the little army. The battle was bloody in the extreme, two hundred being killed on the field. The victory fell to Hernando; and Orgonez, with other cavaliers, was cruelly murdered after the surrender (April, 1538). The utmost rancor and malice appears to have animated the contending factions. Almagro, who, with indescribable anguish, had witnessed the defeat of his veterans, was made prisoner.

Hernando, dreading lest his revenge should be disappointed by a natural death, used every means to restore his victim and to encourage the hope of life. Meanwhile, a process, spreading over two thousand pages, was hatched up against him, and, after the usual ceremony of a trial, he was sentenced to execution. On learning his fate, he piteously begged for life—a strange example in one who had always been noted for his daring, and whose face was scarred to deformity by the wounds of a hundred battles. After receiving the sacrament, he was privately *garroted* in his dungeon.

Having achieved this sanguinary success, Hernando, with a great treasure, embarked for Spain, to fortify the interests of his family, and take precautions lest they should be called to account for their late violent and high-handed measures. Taking the circuitous route of Mexico, he was a considerable time in reaching Spain, and did not present himself before the emperor until two years after the death of his victim. He met a cold reception, but trusted that his treasures, dealt with a liberal hand among the officers of the court, would bear him out. He was mistaken. The influence of an attached follower of Almagro outweighed his own and that of all his wealth. He was confined in a strong fortress, where for twenty years he lived in close imprisonment. In 1560, he was released, an impoverished man. All his brothers were dead, and Peru was in the hands of strangers. He survived to the age of a hundred, a rare example of justice, in Spain, executed on a wealthy and powerful offender.

CHAPTER XI.

RENEWED HOSTILITY OF THE INCA—EXPEDITION OF GONZALO PIZARRO—
 ARRIVAL AT THE NAPO—VOYAGE OF ORELLANA DOWN THE AMAZON
 —TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS AND LOSS OF GONZALO AND HIS PEOPLE—
 THEIR DISASTROUS RETURN—ARROGANCE OF THE GOVERNOR—
 “THE MEN OF CHILI”—THEIR POVERTY AND DISTRESS—
 THEIR DESPERATE RESOLUTION—ASSASSINATION OF
 PIZARRO—HIS CHARACTER—SEQUEL.

IN these civil wars, the unhappy Peruvians, as may be supposed, had suffered severely, their allegiance being often claimed by two sets of masters, each ready to retort with savage vengeance any sign of disaffection. The Inca, taking advantage of the general confusion, gathered a strong force, and sallying from his eyrie in the mountains, did much mischief to his embarrassed foes—in one instance, cutting off a force of thirty troopers to a man. He maintained a desultory warfare for some time, and, knowing the treacherous nature of the enemy, held aloof from negotiation. Pizarro, with a miserable and infernal revenge, tortured to death a young and beautiful woman, a favorite wife of the Inca, who had fallen into his hands. “It seems to me,” writes one of the conquerors, “that our Lord punished him for this in the end he met.”

Despite atrocities like these, the country, by the wise policy of Pizarro, became speedily settled with Europeans, and towns and settlements sprang up with rapidity, in various directions. Gonzalo Pizarro, to whom the command of Quito had been assigned, was a cavalier of great boldness and enterprise, and, immediately on assuming his new government, made extensive preparations for discovery in the east. In 1540, with three hundred and fifty Spaniards and four thousand Indians, he set forth for the unexplored regions of the interior.

After a terrible passage, in the rainy season, over the Andes, he reached the famous Land of Cinnamon, and was lured farther still by reports of golden realms to the eastward. The

adventurers pressed on, suffering dreadfully from famine, and at last came upon the Napo, one of the upper tributaries of the majestic Amazon. A vast herd of swine, which they had taken with them, as well as a thousand dogs for Indian warfare, had all been lost or devoured, and famine stared them in the face. Wild roots, toads, serpents, and such loathsome reptiles, with the leather of their saddles and belts, were their only sustenance.

After pursuing this stream, with incredible difficulty, for some distance, Pizarro resolved on constructing a vessel to assist in the descent. By the constant labor of two months, a brigantine was completed, the shoes of the horses being converted into nails, and the ragged garments of the soldiers into oakum. Aboard this vessel he put Francisco de Orellana, with directions to proceed down the river, and procure provisions for his suffering comrades.

Week after week elapsed, and no succor came. The Spaniards again took up their march along the tangled and precipitous banks of the river. Two months of dreadful suffering and exertion brought them to its confluence with the Amazon. Here they found a solitary white man, who had been set ashore by Orellana. That cavalier, borne onward by a furious current, had reached the Amazon three days after his departure. He had found scarcely any supplies, and it was impossible to make head against the current to return. Abandoning, therefore, his companions to their fate, he sailed down the Amazon, and after a voyage, one of the most wonderful on record, reached the sea, and held his course for Spain. There, his fanciful reports enabled him to raise a band of five hundred adventurers, with whom he set sail for the great river. But he was not destined to enjoy the fruits of his discovery, dying on the passage, having achieved a strange mixture of renown and dishonor.

The wearied and famine-stricken Spaniards, on learning their desertion, almost abandoned themselves to despair. It was more than a year since they had left Quito, and at least four hundred leagues of tangled wilderness and rocky Cordilleras lay between them and their homes. But no resource remained

except to rētrace their steps. More than a year of cruel suffering was consumed in this, and at length, in June, 1542, the remnants of the expedition, in a most forlorn and pitiable condition, rēentered Quito. Only eighty of the Spaniards and one-half their allies had survived to return. Thus ended an expedition, the most remarkable for its endurance, and the most terrible for its sufferings, of any in the annals of America.

Pizarro, after the execution of his rival, had conducted himself with all the insolence of a conqueror. He entered Cuzco in triumph, wearing a splendid suit which he had lately received from Cortes, and laid down the law like an absolute dictator. To those who urged the rights of young Almagro, the son of his victim, "the governor answered right sharply, that his own government had no limit, and that it covered all on this side Flanders." The estates of the defeated faction ("the Men of Chili" as they were called) were confiscated, and distributed among his followers; and such enormous territories and *repartimientos* were lavished on his brothers, that even his own partizans murmured.

The shattered remains of the Almagran party, with the young chief (son of their general by an Indian) to whose fortunes they still faithfully adhered, in time found their way to Lima, where all their efforts for redress or satisfaction were treated with undisguised contempt. To such poverty had they sunk, amid all the wealth of Peru, that, it is said, twelve of these forlorn *hidalgos*, lodging together, could muster but a single cloak, which they wore abroad by turns—the pride of the Spanish cavalier not permitting him to appear without this necessary appendage to gentility. Their desperate state of mind was aggravated by the taunts and ridicule of the successful faction, and the governor, as he rode carelessly through the streets, often met with sinister looks and sombreros stoutly fixed on the head. To all the warnings which he received, and all the suggestions to rid himself of this dangerous nucleus of sedition, he answered, with the carelessness of power and courage, "Poor devils! they have had bad luck enough. We will not

trouble them further." To renewed remonstrances, he answered haughtily, "Be in no concern about my life. It is safe enough, so long as every man in Peru knows that I can in a moment cut off any head that dares to harbor a thought against it."

At length the ruined faction was reduced to despair by a report that Vaca de Castro, who had been appointed by the crown to do justice in the colonies, was lost at sea on his passage. The principal cavaliers now came to the desperate resolution of redressing their own wrongs by the assassination of their oppressor. Some twenty of them, on Sunday, June 26th, 1541, assembled at the house of Almagro, resolved to fall upon the governor as he returned from hearing the mass.

The whole plot, strange to say, leaked out through the scruples of one of the conspirators, who revealed it in confession to his priest. The startling tidings were instantly communicated to Pizarro, who, however, answered coldly, "This priest wants a bishopric," evidently supposing the whole story to be a fabrication for the purpose of ingratiating the informants with himself. Still he resolved not uselessly to incur the threatened danger, and accordingly on the appointed day remained at home, under pretext of indisposition.

Great was the consternation of the conspirators at the failure of their opportunity. Pizarro was evidently apprised of their plot, and their heads already seemed tottering on their shoulders. With the recklessness of desperation, they rushed into the street, crying, "Long live the king! death to the tyrant!" As they marched hastily across the great square to the palace of the governor, one Gomez Perez stepped aside to avoid a puddle of water. The fierce Juan de Rada, their leader, turned abruptly, and said, "Are you afraid of wet feet, when we are going to bathe in human blood?" and ordered the too dainty conspirator instantly to return.

Pizarro, at this time, was at dinner with a number of officials and cavaliers, about equal in number to the conspirators; but they were unarmed, and several were men of peace. A terrified domestic ran into the house, crying "Help, help! all the

Men of Chili are coming to murder the Marquis!" Most of the guests, at this alarm, fled precipitately, and made good their retreat into the garden. Pizarro coolly ordered Chaves, one of his officers, to keep the door, while he put on his armor. But that cavalier, taken by surprise, wildly demanded of the conspirators, who had reached the head of the stairs, what they meant and where they were going. They answered by stabbing him and flinging his body down the stairs.

Martin de Alcantara, the half-brother of Pizarro, was assisting the latter to buckle on his armor. Seeing that the antechamber was gained by the conspirators, he sprang to the door of the apartment, and, with two of the governor's pages and one or two cavaliers, made a desperate defence. Two of the conspirators fell, but Alcantara, overpowered with the loss of blood, sank dying on the floor. Pizarro, who had vainly endeavored to buckle on his cuirass, now flung it away, and wrapping his cloak around his left arm, sword in hand, sprang like a lion on his foes. "Ha! traitors!" he cried, "have you come to kill me in my own house! Courage, my friends; we are yet enough to make them repent their audacity."

The chamber rang with the clashing of swords, and two more of the conspirators speedily fell before the sinewy arm of the infuriated old Conqueror. But his faithful pages were both soon stretched by his side, and Rada, thrusting one of his companions forward, to receive the death stroke of the governor, made room for several weapons which struck him to the earth. "A confessor, for the love of God!" murmured the dying man. But none was at hand, and as the swords of the assassins were pointed at his body, he cried "Jesu!" and tracing a cross on the floor with his finger in his own blood, and trying to kiss it, fell lifeless before repeated blows. "He died," says a Spanish author, "without confession, and without a soul to say for him, 'God forgive thee!'"

The assassins, like those of Cæsar, rushed into the street, brandishing their bloody weapons, and cried aloud, "The tyrant is dead! long live our master the emperor and his governor,

Almagro!" The Men of Chili, three hundred in number, rallied around them; young Almagro was solemnly proclaimed governor; and the blood-cemented fabric of the brothers, for a time, was levelled to the earth. The remains of the victim, wrapped in a cotton cloth, by the light of a few tapers, were huddled into an obscure grave in a corner of the cathedral—the only attendants being his wife and a few of his black servants. His bones, however, were afterwards removed, and were placed in a more honorable position, with a monument suitable to his rank; and his portrait still heads the long file of Peruvian viceroys, depicted in the great hall of the palace, by far the most striking, both in its appearance and associations.

Thus, at the age of about sixty-five, perished Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, the most remarkable and perhaps the worst man of that host of discoverers and conquerors by whom the early history of America has been illustrated and disgraced. His career forms the best commentary on his character. Ambition and rapacity appear to have been his ruling traits; but he was not avaricious, for his immense acquisitions were devoted not merely to his own aggrandizement, but to the nobler office of building cities, settling colonies, and laying the foundations of an empire. Though bigoted in the extreme, he had none of that crusading zeal which so eminently distinguished Cortes, and he was far more anxious to seize the treasures and to enslave the bodies of the Indians than to convert their souls. Doubtless, he was as brave as a man can be, and possessed of a fortitude and perseverance perhaps surpassing that of any character recorded in history. But he was cruel, remorseless, and perfidious to the very extremest degree; and his name has ever been held in deserved execration by the great majority of mankind.

Many years ago (it is said) it was proposed to erect a column to his memory at his native place, Truxillo; on which occasion, the poet Southey produced the following just inscription:

"Pizarro, here was born; a greater Name
The lists of glory boast not; toil and pain,

Famine and hostile elements, and hosts
 Embattled, failed to check him in his course;
 Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
 Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
 He overran, and with relentless arms
 Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,
 And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.
 There is another world beyond the grave,
 According to their deeds where men are judged.
 O, reader! if thy daily bread be earned
 By daily labour,—yea, however low,
 However wretched be thy lot assigned,
 Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
 Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.”



The death of Pizarro was the signal for the breaking out of fresh civil wars, which our limits will not allow us to describe. Almagro, after a brief period of authority and triumph, was vanquished by Vaca de Castro, and, with a great number of his adherents, suffered execution. The faction of Chili became extinct. The victor was, in his turn, imprisoned by Blasco Nuñez Vela, who, in 1544, came out with the appointment of viceroy; and the unfortunate Inca, Manco Capac, was murdered by a small party of Spaniards, who, after sustaining a defeat in the civil wars, had taken refuge in his camp. With him perished the national spirit of the Peruvians, who, thenceforth, with scarcely an effort at resistance, were enslaved and exterminated by cruel labors, at the pleasure of their conquerors.

The viceroy, ere long, fell before the power of an adverse faction, and Gonzalo Pizarro, by his prompt and energetic action, secured the undisputed mastery of Peru. Blasco Nuñez, who attempted to regain his authority, was defeated, and perished on the field of battle. The Spanish government next dispatched Pedro de la Gasca, a man of great judgment

and shrewdness, to assume the viceroyalty and assert its authority. After a series of intrigues, negotiations, and campaigns, lasting more than a year, Gonzalo, in 1548, was defeated by the officer of the crown, and, as usual, with his chief adherents, suffered execution. The administration of the victor was distinguished by pacification of the country, relief of the oppressions of the natives, and a confirmation to the Spanish crown of its most valuable American dependency.



JUAN PONCE DE LEON,
SEARCHING FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

THE DISCOVERY AND INVASION OF FLORIDA.*

CHAPTER I.

CONQUEST OF PORTO RICO, BY PONCE DE LEON—HIS VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH—DISCOVERY OF FLORIDA—HIS SECOND EXPEDITION AND DEATH—THE ATTEMPT OF AYLLON—OF NARVAEZ—INGENIOUS SHIP-BUILDING—DESTRUCTION OF THE EXPEDITION.

AMONG the adventurers who flocked to the standard of Columbus, on his memorable second expedition, (1493,) was Juan Ponce de Leon, a soldier well versed in Moorish warfare. Having made himself conspicuous in the Indian wars of Hispaniola, he was, on the subjugation of that island, appointed commander over the province of Higüey. In 1508, he made a reconnoitering expedition to the island of Boriquen, (Porto Rico,) whose verdant mountains lay directly opposite his domains. Attracted by the beauty and wealth of the island, he obtained a royal appointment as governor over it, and in 1509 made a settlement there. The usual oppression of the Indians, as a matter of course, soon commenced; and they were at first deterred from resistance by a belief that their oppressors were supernatural beings, incapable of being killed.

A certain cacique, however, of an inquiring turn of mind, resolved to try the experiment; and, with mingled terror and satisfaction, succeeded in drowning a young Spaniard, whom his people were carrying across a stream. The body was

* Among the early historians of American discovery, the name Florida was applied to a vast extent of country, embracing nearly all the eastern portion of the continent, between Canada and Mexico.

watched until it putrefied, and then, all doubts being laid, a general conspiracy for the destruction of the invaders was agreed on. It met, at first, with complete success. All the villages of the Spaniards were taken by surprise; an hundred of the colonists were slain; and the remainder were compelled to take refuge in the fortress. At length, being reinforced, they sallied forth, and renewed hostilities; and Ponce de Leon, by his valor and generalship, soon reduced the island to complete subjection and slavery.

Hardly had he succeeded in this enterprise, when the common fate of rising Spanish adventurers overtook him. He was deprived of his command, and, in his old age, was compelled to seek some other field for the display of his yet unquenchable energy. In this strait, his imagination was wonderfully excited by the stories of certain old Indians, who told him that, far in the north, there was a land abounding in gold, and containing a stream of such purity and virtue, that whoever bathed in it would be restored to the full vigor and beauty of youth. Many of the Indians of Cuba, they said, had gone there, in old times, and were supposed to be still enjoying, in renovated youth, the delights of that enchanting region.

Nothing can better illustrate the gorgeous and dreamy imagination of the age, than the fact that this worldly, practical, and experienced man now embarked a great portion of his accumulated wealth in such a chimerical enterprise. He fitted out three ships, manned them with volunteers, and on the 3d of March, 1512, set sail from Porto Rico in quest of the fairyland, which was to replenish his coffers, and afford him youth to enjoy them. He touched at Guanahani, and made vain inquiries concerning the land of promise. Sailing onward, on the 27th he came in sight of a new land. Baffled, however, by adverse weather, he was unable to gain the shore until the night of the 2d of April, when he anchored a little way below the mouth of what is now called the St. John's river. He landed, and, in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, took possession of the country, to which, from its gay and flowery aspect, as well

as from the discovery being made on Palm Sunday,* he gave the beautiful and appropriate name of Florida. Sailing southward, he doubled Cape Canaveral, and, for several weeks, coasted along the shore, making way slowly against the Gulf Stream. But of the many streams and fountains with which the land abounded, none seemed able to rējuvenate his weary frame, nor was any gold found glittering among their snowy sands. On the 14th of June, he turned his prow homewards, and, after a weary navigation, arrived, a disappointed man, in Porto Rico.†

Thence he repaired to Spain, where the raillery of the court was in some measure compensated by a royal grant, appointing him adelantado of the newly-discovered region. In January, 1515, he rēgained his office as governor of Porto Rico, and there he remained until excited to fresh adventure by the renown of the exploits of Cortes. Fitting out two vessels, in 1521, he again set sail from his island, and, after a tempestuous voyage, again arrived at the Land of Promise. With a large force, he made a descent upon the coast. But the Indians, with unwonted courage, attacked their invaders, several of whom were slain. Ponce de Leon, wounded by an arrow, was carried on board his ship. He then set sail for Cuba, where, soon after his arrival, he expired, from the mingled effects of his wound and of an old age of disaster and disappointment. A Latin epitaph, of quaint conceit, chronicled his exploits:

“Beneath this mound rest the bones of the valiant Lion” (Leonis),
“Who in his deeds surpassed the names of the famous.”

The unfortunate discoverer of Florida, it has been truly remarked, bequeathed his ill luck to his successors. A most

* “Pascua Florida.”

† The expedition and its result are most tersely described by old Galvano, who says that Ponce “went to seeke the Isle of Boynea, where the naturals of the Countrey reported to be a Wel, which maketh olde men yoong. Whereupon, he laboured to find it out, and was in searching of it the space of sixe monethes, *but couldde finde no such thing.*” “There was never a spring or puddle but they drank of it,” says another, “but in vayne.”

disastrous expedition to South Carolina, under Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, succeeded—the leader, and nearly all his men, three hundred in number, being slain by the Indians. Another attempt for the subjugation of the country was made in 1528, by Pamphilo de Narvaez, already mentioned as defeated and captured, with the loss of an eye, by Cortes, in the Mexican town of Cempoalla. This ill-starred cavalier, with four hundred men, landed on the western coast of Florida, and, with great difficulty, penetrated through the marshes and tangled forests to the village of Appalachee. In returning, disappointed in their hopes of treasure, nearly a third of his command perished from hunger, fatigue, and the hostilities of the Indians. The remainder lost their way, and were finally brought up by a great arm of the sea; and, despairing of regaining their ships by land, resolved on the forlorn expedient of constructing rude vessels, and embarking in quest of them. The most patient and ingenious industry was exhibited in the strange and arduous task of converting their little cavalcade into the semblance of a fleet.

“One of them constructed a pair of bellows out of deer-skins, furnishing it with a wooden pipe. Others made charcoal and a forge. By the aid of these they soon turned their stirrups, spurs, cross-bows, and other articles of iron, into nails, saws, and hatchets. The tails and manes of the horses, twisted with the fibres of the palm-tree, served for rigging: their shirts cut open and sewed together furnished sails; the fibrous part of the palm-tree also was used as oakum; the resin of the pine-trees for tar; the skins of horses were made into vessels to contain fresh water; and a quantity of maize was won by hard fighting from the neighboring nations.”*

Five crazy barks were at length completed, and, with forty or fifty men crowded in each, the little squadron set sail. They endured terrible hardships in their voyage along the coast, and finally all their vessels were dispersed and swallowed up by tempests. Five men only survived the expedition. These

* Irving's Conquest of Florida.

were Alvar Nunez and four others, who, getting to the shore, took up their march to the westward. Passing from tribe to tribe, often kept as slaves, they gradually worked their way to Mexico, having crossed the great River Mississippi, besides almost innumerable others, and having consumed nearly ten years in this terrible and unprecedented journey.

CHAPTER II.

HERNANDO DE SOTO—HIS RETURN TO SPAIN—APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF CUBA AND FLORIDA—SAILS TO CUBA—EXPEDITION TO FLORIDA—MARCH INTO THE COUNTRY—BATTLE AT VITACHUCCO—KING TUSCALOOSA—DESPERATE BATTLE AT MAUVILA—BURNING OF THE TOWN—VICTORY OF THE SPANIARDS.

THE mysterious and reserved demeanor of Nunez, and his applications to the crown, were supposed to indicate his knowledge of wealthy regions locked up in the vast wilderness he had traversed; and the thirst for conquest was again inflamed.

Hernando de Soto, already mentioned in the account of the conquest of Peru, had now returned to Spain with great wealth and renown,* and was eager for an opportunity to inscribe his name, like those of Cortes and Pizarro, on the list of independent conquerors. The court looked with favor on his scheme, and bestowed on him the titles of Governor and Captain-General of Cuba, as well as of Florida, with liberty to discover and conquer to his full satisfaction. Nine hundred and fifty Spaniards, equipped in gallant style, soon flocked to his banner; and a daring band of Portuguese cavaliers, who had served in the wars of Africa, enrolled themselves under his command.

* There are few instances of a more sudden rise to prosperity than that of this famous cavalier. On leaving Spain, says one of his companions, "All the Estate *Soto* then had, was no more but a Sword and Buckler." In a few years he returned with one of the most brilliant names of the conquest, and with some millions of dollars, which he freely lavished on his projected enterprise.

At the muster, these gentlemen appeared in substantial armor, while the Spaniards made a more gaudy, but less martial appearance, "gallantly apparelled" says one of the former, "in doublets and cassocks of silk, pinckt and embroidered. But that unseasonable gallantry did not please the general; and therefore he appointed another review, where all should appear in armor. The Portuguese appeared again very well armed, whereas the Castilians for the most part had no more but old rusty Coats of Mail, and all Head-pieces with spears or naughty" (worthless) "lances."

In April, 1538, the armament set sail from San Lucar, and about the last of March arrived at Santiago de Cuba. The colonists manifested great joy at the arrival of their governor, and active preparations were made for the conquest of Florida. All were enthusiastic with anticipation, "and thought the hour of departure would never come, so fully were they possessed that *Florida* was the richest country as yet discovered in the *Indies*."

Filled with exultant hopes, the adventurers, on the 18th of May, 1539, set sail in nine vessels from the port of Havana. A few days brought them to Tampa Bay, where they landed, carefully avoiding any offence to the inhabitants. The principal chief of the neighborhood was a powerful warrior, named Hiriga, to whom De Soto sent a friendly message, proffering alliance. But the angry chief, irritated by the former cruelties of the Spaniards, (it is said his nose had been cut off, and his mother thrown to the dogs by Narvaez,) answered fiercely that all he wanted of the white men was their heads—and he charged his people to bring him nothing else from the invaders.

In an attack upon the Indians, which shortly after occurred, to the surprise of the assailants, one of the fugitives called out in Spanish, "Sirs, I am a Christian! do not kill me, nor these poor men who have given me my life." It proved to be one Juan Ortiz, a soldier of Narvaez, who for ten years had been a captive among the savages, and whose life, like that of Captain Smith, had been saved by the generous intercession of the

daughter of the chief who took him. He proved invaluable as an interpreter to the Spaniards, in the long and wearisome campaigns which ensued.

Through his mediation, an alliance with several of the native chiefs was effected; and for many days, during which the Spaniards marched into the interior, they were supplied abundantly by the Indians with their simple fare—beans, millet, walnuts, and raisins. They reached at last the town of Ochili, situated on an ancient mound, and containing five hundred houses. This place Soto took by surprise, treating the vanquished inhabitants with lenity, and thence marched onward to Vitachuco, the capital of the Indian province of the same name. The chief of that country received them with much civility, and for three days all was apparent amity and good-will. On the fourth, as the Spaniards were leaving the town, their entertainer, who walked by the side of Soto, suddenly snatched away his sword, and attempted to stab him. At this signal, his people, to the number of six thousand, suddenly rushed from the woods, and fell upon the invaders. The battle lasted nearly all day, but the Spaniards, assisted by their allies, were victorious, and repulsed the enemy with much loss.

At Osichili (Tallahaschoche) they had another sharp fight, but took the town, and thence marched on Appalachee. The natives, who had gathered in vast numbers in an intervening swamp, opposed them bravely, but the place was finally won, and here De Soto took up his quarters for the winter. The vessels were brought around into the Appalachee river.

An exploring party, dispatched an hundred and eighty miles to the westward, discovered a good harbor, and reported indications of gold. A young Indian, who was taken prisoner, also declared that there was much gold in his native country, to the eastward: "Whereupon," says the old Portuguese chronicler, who was present, "he described the manner how that Gold was dug, how it was melted and refined, as if he had seen it done a hundred times, or as if the Devil had taught him; insomuch that all who understood the manner of working in

the Mines, averred that it was impossible for him to speak so exactly of it, without having seen the same; and so the relation of that *Indian* passed for a real truth, because of the circumstances wherewith he confirmed it."

Accordingly, in March, 1540, they again took up their march—a march destined to result in years of disappointment and suffering, and in the destruction of two-thirds of their number. It is impossible, in these limits, to describe the numerous events of this journey, extending over many months, or to recount the numerous petty chieftains who were subdued, and whose people were temporarily enslaved. It was the common custom of Soto to carry the cacique of each settlement as a prisoner and guide to the next—the unhappy villagers being chained and loaded like beasts of burden.

These miserable creatures, worn out by toil, frequently perished on the way. "Nor indeed," says the Portuguese, "did any of those who were put in Chains ever returne again, if Fortune and the pains they took neatly to file off their Chain, did not restore them to liberty, or unless upon a march through the negligence of their guards they straggled away Chain, Baggage, and all together." Elsewhere he complains of the hardships of the soldiers in carrying their own provisions, "because the *Indians* that served us, going naked and in Irons during the bitter cold of Winter, were almost all starved to death." So wearied were the Spaniards themselves with continual marching, that one of them flung away a bag-full of the most beautiful and valuable pearls, rather than carry it farther.

In addition to their other troubles, these travellers, always accustomed to the use of salt, suffered greatly from the want of it, and a loathsome malady, which in the end carried off sixty of them, occasioned by this want, began to make its appearance.

No gold was found, though continual reports lured them onward, and the Spaniards, gradually turning to the north and west, traversed the Cherokee country, and by the beginning of September, found themselves in the territories of a gigantic

chieftain, named Tuscaloosa, who ruled over the whole surrounding region. His memory is perpetuated to this day by the river as well as by the state capital still bearing his name. On learning of the approach of the Spaniards, he dispatched his son to their quarters, with a friendly message, and an invitation to visit him at his residence.

They found him seated in Oriental state, environed by attendants, before his door. "Those of greatest quality," says the Portuguese, "were next him, one of whom, to keep the Sun off of him, held over his Head an Umbrello of Bucks-skin of the bigness of a Buckler, and party-colored black and white, with a St. Andrew's cross in the middle of it." He was of vast frame and admirable proportions, standing a full head and a half taller than any present, and being the most splendid specimen of an Indian whom the Spaniards had beheld.

His countenance, proud and calm, maintained its habitual apathy, in despite the novelty and strangeness of all that he beheld. "All the troopers in the Retinue made a great many *Passades* in the Market Place, spurring their horses sometimes to the very place where the *Cucique* was, which he beheld with a great deal of gravity, casting his eyes onely upon them now and then in a most haughty and disdainful manner." On the arrival of Soto, he still kept up his dignity, "not budging out of his place to go and meet him." He seated the Spanish general by his side, however, and addressed him with much civility.

After some repose, the army again took up its march, accompanied by Tuscaloosa, now gayly decked with a scarlet dress and mantle, and mounted on the stoutest horse in the whole army. By October 18th, they arrived at the strong town of Mauvila, or Maubila,* the principal capital of that chief, situated at the junction of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers. It was carefully fortified, and was surrounded by a rampart of living trees, closely planted and interwoven. The

* The present city and bay of *Mobile*, it would seem, derive their name from this original Indian appellation.

houses were only eighty in number, but were of immense size, some of them being capable of lodging fifteen hundred persons.

It was soon evident enough that the Spaniards had run their heads into a snare, from which all their valor and advantage in arms would be required to free them. The fierce and wily chieftain, who had guided them to his stronghold, had from the first resolved to rid the country of their hated presence, and, to that end, had ordered his subjects, men and women, from far and near, to rendezvous at Mauvila; promising, as spoil, the bright arms and gaudy robes of the intruders. Ten thousand warriors, it is said, were assembled in the houses; and Tuscaloosa, in spite of the efforts of De Soto, who "endeavored to sweeten him with civilities," as well as to detain him by force, abruptly quitted the Spaniards, and entered his palace.

To the repeated messages that he should rejoin them, dispatched through Ortiz, no answer was vouchsafed; but when a rather peremptory invitation to dinner was conveyed in the same manner, an Indian noble, with his eyes flashing fire, stepped forth, and cried furiously, "Who are these robbers! these vagabonds! who keep calling to my chief Tuscaloosa, come out! come out! with as little reverence as if he were one of them? By the sun and moon! this insolence is no longer to be borne. Let us cut them to pieces on the spot, and put an end to their wickedness and tyranny." He bent his bow, but ere the shaft was discharged, was cut down by a Spaniard. Swarms of warriors, armed to the teeth, now poured out of every house, and a desperate battle, within the rampart, took place.

De Soto, fighting valiantly on horseback, killed several of the Indians with his own hand, and all endeavored to defend themselves until the main body of the troops should come up. The reverend clergy, already in their quarters, also did their devoir valiantly; for, says the Portuguese, "the Monk and Priest, laying hold each of them of a staff, stood on each side of the door to knock on the head the first that should set his foot within the house." The assailants, proceeds the same

narrator, fetching the slaves into the inclosure "knock'd off the Chains they carried, and gave them Bows and Arrows to fight against us. Thus they seiz'd all our Equipage and even our Pearls; and seeing that we marched through a Country that in all appearance had submitted, many Souldiers had left their arms with the Baggage; So that they fell into the Enemies' hands, who had besides Swords and Halberds which they had snatched from those who entred with the Governour."

The van-guard, fighting for their lives, finally, with some loss, worked their way out of the town, and joined their companions without. A furious battle, lasting for three hours, ensued. Now the Spaniards, at the point of the lance, would force the torrent of their enemies to the very gate, and now, overpowered by missiles from the rampart, were compelled in turn to give ground. At length the governor ordered a general assault. Two hundred dismounted cavaliers, "marching with extraordinary fury," says the old chronicler, forced the gate, with great slaughter, and the assailants reëntered the town. Here the fight still continued, with additional horrors; the houses being fired, and the stifling smoke enveloping the combatants on each side. Choaked with the heat and exhaustion, the Spaniards would drink hastily from a pool which was nearly half blood,* and then renew the combat.

At last the rear-guard, under Luis de Moscoso, who had loitered by the way, hastened up, alarmed by the noise of the battle, and finally, after a bloody conflict, lasting for nine hours, victory declared in favor of the Spaniards. The town was all in flames, and great numbers of the Indians perished in the conflagration. Eighty-two of the Spaniards, with forty-two horses, had fallen, and at least seventeen hundred wounds were distributed among the survivors.

The loss of the Indians was incredible, for they had fought with desperation to the last. Twenty-five hundred bodies

* "The Christians, choaked with droughth, went to refresh themselves in a Pool near the Palissado, where they drank as much bloud as water; and so returned to the Fight."—*Portuguese Narrative.*

were scattered without the walls, and the number which had perished within, especially in the burning houses, was probably still greater. Among them, it is probable, was their king, Tuscaloosa—for nothing more was heard of him. All the equipage and plunder of the Spaniards, which, especially in pearls, was very valuable, had been consumed in the flames.

The condition of the victors, wounded and shelterless, was miserable in the extreme, and they were compelled, for want of ointment, to dress their wounds with the fat of the dead Indians—a horrible species of chirurgery, which, as we have seen, was also common in the campaigns of Mexico. Greatly to their credit, they treated with kindness the wounded and dying enemy, who, in great numbers, lay scattered around. Not the slightest sign of hostility was again seen in the neighborhood, for nearly all the warriors of the province had perished on that terrible day.

Of all the losses of the Christians, nothing troubled them so much as that of the flour and wine which they used for the sacrament—for, after solemn consultation among the clergy, it was held that to substitute corn-bread would be an offence bordering on sacrilege.

CHAPTER III.

DISCONTENT OF THE CAVALIERS—DESPONDENCY OF SOTO—HE MARCHES WESTWARD—WINTERS AT CHICAZA—BATTLE AND BURNING OF THE VILLAGE—ARRIVAL AT THE MISSISSIPPI—THE LITTLE CACIQUE OF CHISCA—PASSAGE OF THE RIVER—MARCH TO ARKANSAS—RETURN TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

WHILE remaining amid the ruins of Mauvila, Soto learned that ships had arrived on the coast, and that the Bay of Achusi, (Pensacola,) where he had ordered his fleet to rendezvous, was distant only seven days' journey from his present

position. But the elation with which he received these tidings was damped by the discontent and sedition of his followers. With despair, he overheard a conversation between certain of the cavaliers, who avowed their intention to seize the ships and make their way to Mexico. All his toils seemed to have been in vain; the sacrifice of his immense fortune, and the fatigues and perils of his journey, had been incurred for nothing. There was no treasure to send to Cuba to attract fresh volunteers. He became a moody and disappointed man; but in his secret soul resolved never to return without having accomplished something commensurate to his former fame and anticipations. But the fire of ambitious enthusiasm was burnt out, or quenched by disappointment. "He no longer pretended to strike out any grand undertaking; but, stung with secret disappointment, went recklessly wandering from place to place, without order or object, as if careless of time and life, and only anxious to finish his existence."

Turning his back upon the coast, on the 18th of November, he again set forth into the interior; the malcontents being overawed by his stern and ominous demeanor. He crossed the Black Warrior and the Tombigbee, not without opposition from the Indians, and at the end of thirty days arrived at the village of Chicaza (Chickasaw). Here he encamped for two months, living in friendly intercourse with the surrounding natives. At the end of that time, disputes having occurred, and some Indians having been slain, the most powerful cacique of the neighborhood resolved on a deadly revenge. In the dead of night a furious attack was made upon the village, which was fired by burning arrows. After a long battle, the assailants were beaten off; but forty of the Spaniards and fifty of their horses had perished in the flames or by the weapons of the enemy.

During the remainder of the winter, (1541,) they remained at a miserable encampment in the neighborhood, often attacked by the savages, and suffering terribly from cold. Being, for the most part, without shelter, "the chiefest remedie were

greate fires. They spent all night in turnings without sleepe; for if they warmed one side, they freesed on the other."

On the first of April, they again took up their march, and on the way stormed and took a strong fortress, called *Alibano*, with great slaughter of the enemy, and with the loss of fifteen of their own number.

After marching for many days through a marshy and uninhabited country, Soto came in sight of a vast river, which he called the Rio Grande. It was the Mississippi, which still rolls its majestic current over his grave. Here was a village called Chisca, which the Spaniards seized and pillaged. The aged cacique, who was lying ill on his bed, on hearing the alarm, seized his tomahawk, and with great fury rushed down from his fortress toward the village—declaring that he would exterminate the intruders. "With all these bravadoes, the cacique, besides being infirm and exceedingly old, was pitiful in dimensions; the most miserable little Indian that the Spaniards had seen in all their marchings. He was animated, however, by the remembrance of the deeds and exploits of his youth, for he had been a doughty warrior, and ruled over a vast province."*

This fiery little chieftain, however, was held back by his women and attendants, who entreated him to wait for the assembling of his people. Within three hours he was surrounded by four thousand warriors, and Soto was glad to purchase peace by giving up his plunder and prisoners. Food and shelter were then supplied to the visitors, who remained here some time to recruit their strength. They then marched for four days along the bank, seeking a convenient place to cross. Twenty more were employed in building boats; and a multitude of warriors, with a great number of canoes, assembled on the opposite shore. These Indians continually annoyed them with desultory attacks, though as often repulsed. "It was a pleasant sight," says one, "to see them in their *Canoes*, which were most neatly made, and very large, with their Pavilions, Feathers, Shields, and Standards, that looked like a fleet

* Theodore Irving's Conquest of Florida.

of galley^s." The boats being finished, the army passed over the Mississippi, and landed without opposition, the enemy withdrawing before its approach. "The River in that place," says the Portuguese, accurately describing its present appearance, "was half a league over, so that a man could not be distinguished from one side to the other; it was very deep and very rapid, and being always full of trees and timber that was carried down by the force of the stream, the water was thick and very muddy."*

Thence the Spaniards marched westward, now on the most friendly terms with the natives, and now, by some violence or misunderstanding, incurring their hostility. On one occasion, two blind men were brought to De Soto to be healed, and at a grand religious ceremony, a mighty cross was erected, and the Indians, to the number of many thousands, joined in beseeching the God of the Christians to send rain on their parched fields. "God in his mercy, willing to show these heathens, that he listeneth unto them who call upon him in truth, sent down, in the middle of the ensuing night, a plenteous rain, to the great joy of the Indians."—*Las Casas*.

At last, after many strange adventures, the little army came to a village, called Utiangue, situated, it is probable, on the Arkansas, and here Soto determined to remain until spring. Plenty of provisions and fuel were found, and the winter was passed in comparative comfort.

But all hopes of golden regions to be discovered, or of wealthy empires to be subdued, had gradually faded from his mind. Nearly half his command had perished on the way; and the greater part of the horses were gone. He now resolved to direct his course to the Mississippi, and there to build brigantines, in which he might send to Cuba for colonists and supplies. Accordingly, in the spring of 1542, he broke up his encampment and marched eastward, arriving at

* "This place, where De Soto and his army crossed the Mississippi, was probably the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, one of the ancient crossing places, between the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth parallel of latitude."—*Irving*.

last at the village of Guachoya, situated, it would appear, near the confluence of the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers. The inhabitants fled in their canoes, and the Spaniards took up their quarters in the deserted fortress.

The cacique finally returned, with a large retinue, and friendly relations were established. While conversing, at a grand audience, the chief happened to sneeze; and, to the surprise of the Spaniards, all his attendants broke out into something like the European "God bless you," so universally applied on such occasions. "May the Sun guard you—may the Sun be with you—may the Sun shine on you—defend you—prosper you, and the like; each one uttered the phrase which first came to mind, and for a short time there was a universal murmuring of these compliments." By the insidious manœuvres of this chief, who wished to revenge himself on his enemies, Soto was decoyed into hostilities with the people of Anilco, a neighboring province, and great numbers of the latter were massacred by his ferocious allies.

CHAPTER IV.

HAUGHTY MESSAGE OF THE CACIQUE QUIGUALTANQUI—ILLNESS
AND DEATH OF DE SOTO—HIS BURIAL IN THE MISSISSIPPI—
FATE OF THE SURVIVORS—THEIR VOYAGE TO MEXICO—
SUMMARY OF SPANISH CRUELITIES.

THE building of two brigantines was actively commenced, with all the resources of which labor and ingenuity could avail themselves. On the opposite side of the river lay a great Indian province, called Quigualtanqui, ruled, as usual, by a cacique of the same title. Into this country Soto dispatched a small party on an exploring expedition, who, at the end of eight days, returned, reporting that they could learn nothing of the sea, but the whole region seemed to consist of vast swamps and forests, through which the river, with many windings, found its way. "Hereupon," says an old historian, "the

Gouverneur fell into great dumps, to see how hard it was to get to the sea; and worse because his men and horses every day diminished, being without succour to sustaine themselves in the country; and with that thought he fell sick." He dispatched, however, an embassy to the cacique, Quigualtanqui, informing him, as usual, that he was the offspring of the Sun, and requiring his allegiance and a visit. To this demand, that haughty chieftain returned the bold and magnanimous reply,* "That whereas he said he was the Childe of the Sunne, if he would drie vp the Riuer, hee would beleeve him; and touching the rest, that hee was wont to visit none; therefore, if hee desired to see him, it were best hee should come thither; that if hee came in peace, hee would receiue him with speciall good will; and if in warre, in like manner hee would attend him in the towne where hee was, and that for him or any other *hee would not shrinke one foote back.*"

His mortification at this grand repulse increased the illness of the unfortunate Soto, who, we are told, "had betaken himselfe to bed, being euill handled with feuers, and was much aggrieved that he was not in case to passe presently the Riuer and seeke him, *to see if hee could abate that pride of his.*"

His toils and anxieties, however, were drawing to an end. As he felt death approaching, he called in turn all his companions to his side, and took a most affectionate leave of them, beseeching their prayers for his soul. He appointed Luis de Moscosó to succeed him in the command, and charged his followers to be faithful to the crown, and to be peaceful and loving with each other. "Next day," says the Portuguese, "being the One and twentieth day of *May*, the Magnanimous, Virtuous, and Valiant Captain, Don *Fernando de Soto*, Governour of *Cuba*, and General of *Florida*, yielded his Soul to God."

* On a previous occasion, his pretensions had met even a keener rebuff; for, says Purchas, "One Cacique asked *Soto* what he was, and why he came thither. He answered that hee was the Sonne of God," (more probably, Childe of the Sunne,) "and came to teach them knowledge of the Law. *Not so*, saith the Cacique, *if God bids thee thus to kill, steale, and worke all kind of mischief.*"

"Thus died Hernando de Soto; one of the boldest and the bravest of the many brave leaders who figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western World. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career! how humble and hopeless its close! Cut off in the very vigor and manhood of his days, for he was but forty-two years old when he expired; perishing in a strange and savage land, amid the din and tumult of a camp, with merely a few rough soldiers to attend him; for nearly all were engaged in the preparations making for their escape in this perilous situation."*

His burial was a strange one; but not unworthy of his extraordinary career and of his great discoveries. The Spaniards carefully concealed his death from the Indians, fearing lest they should be encouraged to rise against the survivors. Accordingly, an evergreen oak was cut down, and a hollow made in the centre of its heavy trunk. In this singular coffin, the body of their valiant general was carefully secured, and in the dead of night, attended by the priests and chief cavaliers, was solemnly launched into the centre of the river, nineteen fathoms in depth. There, in their rude receptacle, a hundred feet below the surface, and long since covered with the drift and wreck of three centuries, still repose the remains of the renowned adventurer; and the majestic torrent of the Mississippi, rolling over the bones of its discoverer, forms a fitting and enduring monument to his fame.

The fortunes of the remaining adventurers, after the death of their leader, may be briefly summed up. Abandoning the attempt to descend the river, they took up their march to the westward, hoping to arrive at some of the frontier settlements of Mexico. In this harassing journey, which lasted from May to October, they penetrated to the desert prairies of the west, and obtained, it would seem, a distant view of the Rocky Mountains. Then, wearied and half-despairing, they came to a halt, and after much debate again started to retrace their

* Theodore Irving.

course to the Mississippi. They were greatly annoyed by the hostilities of the natives, both on their march and return, and were guilty of outrageous cruelty to their captives.

Finally, after six months of fruitless and wearisome journeying, in December, they arrived at Aminoya, an Indian settlement on the Mississippi, near Guachoya, and recommenced the building of brigantines. Every particle of iron, even to the stirrups of the cavalry and the chains of the prisoners, was pressed into the service. During the winter and spring, despite the general hostility of the Indians, seven vessels were constructed, and in these on the 2d of July, 1543, the Spaniards embarked, in hopes to regain their homes. "Of the numerous and brilliant host that had entered on this disastrous enterprise, not quite three hundred and fifty survived; and these in forlorn and wretched plight; their once brilliant armor battered, broken, and rusted; their rich and silken raiment reduced to rags, or replaced by the skins of wild beasts."

On their way down the river they were annoyed by the continued attacks of their enemies, in canoes, to such a degree that the old Portuguese heads an entire chapter "Of the Headstrongness of the *Indians* in pursuing us during our Course in the River." The last of their three hundred and fifty horses were killed on the shore by these assailants. After a wearisome voyage, they reached the mouth of the river, then, as now, bounded by vast marshes and rafts of decaying timber. They steered for Mexico, keeping westward along the coast, for fifty-three days. A violent gale then arose from the north, and though Moscoso, with five of the brigantines, succeeded in keeping in with the land, two others, in great peril, were driven to sea. They finally, however, ran on shore, and, to their delight, perceived that they had arrived on the frontiers of Spanish Mexico. Meanwhile, Moscoso and his command entered the river Panuco, near the town of that name, where, frantic with joy, the Spaniards leaped ashore, and kneeling down, repeatedly kissed the earth, giving thanks to God. They soon made their way to the town, where all were struck with pity

and horror at beholding them; for they "were blackened, haggard, shrivelled, and half-naked, being clad only with the skins of deer, buffaloes, bears and other animals, so that they looked more like wild beasts than human beings." Such was the end of an expedition commenced with better means, livelier hopes, and more sanguine expectations than almost any of the early examples of Spanish enterprise.

An account of the transactions of the Spaniards in the New World (which our limits compel us to end here) would be incomplete without a brief sketch of the cruelties which, more than any European discoverers, they inflicted on the aborigines, and of the extensive and lamentable depopulation caused by their massacres when engaged in conquest, and their crushing tyranny when masters of the country. The whole matter is summed up, more forcibly than elegantly, by old Purchas, who thus, with some additions of his own, condenses the doleful chronicle from the "Brevisima Relacion" of Las Casas:*

"To these lambes, sayeth he, the Spaniards came as cruell and hungry tygres, beares, and lions: intending nothing these forty yeeeres, (hee wrote this, anno 1542) but bloud and slaughter, to satisfy their auerice and ambition: insomuch that of three million of people which were containyd in Hispaniola of the naturall inhabitants, there scarce remayned at that time three hundred; and now, as Alexandre Vrsino reporteth, none at

* This worthy priest, Bishop of Chiapa, deservedly famous, in an age of cruelty and oppression, for his bold and generous advocacy of Indian rights, resided nearly all his life among the early Spanish settlements, and often reluctantly witnessed the most hideous scenes of massacre and torment inflicted on the unhappy natives. Where he speaks from his own observation, his account is fully reliable; but it is said that he was prone to receive exaggerated statements, and that the number of the victims, as recorded in his book, is very much overstated.

all; only two and twenty thousand negroes and some Spaniards reside there.

“Cuba and the other islands had endured the like misery; and in the firme land, ten kingdomes, greater than all Spaine, were dispeopled and desolate; and in that space there had not perished lesse than twelue millions by their tyranie.

“In the island Hispaniola the Spaniards had their first Indian habitations, where their cruelties draue the Indians to their shifts, and to their weak defence, which caused these enraged lions to spare neyther man, woman, or childe; they would lay wagers who coulde with most dexteritie strike off an Indians head or smite him asunder in the middle; they would plucke the infants by the heeles from their mothers’ brests and dash out their braines against the stones, or with a scoffe hurle them into the riuer. They set vp gibbets, and in honor of Christ and his twelve apostles (as they said, and could the deuill say worse?) they would both hang and burne them. Others they took, and cutting their hands almost off, bid them carry those letters (their hands dropping blood and almost dropping off themselves) to their countrimen, which (for feare of the like) lay hidden in the mountaines.

“The nobles and commanders they broyled on gridirons. * * * * They had dogs, to hunt them out of their couerts, which deuoured the poore soules: and because sometimes the Indians, thus prouoked, would kill a Spaniard, if they found opportunitie, they made a law that a hundred of them for one Spaniard should be slaine.

“In the Kingdome Xaragua, in Hispaniola, the gouernour called before him three hundred Indian lords, which he partly burned in a house and put the rest to the sword, and hanged vp the Queene, as they did also to Hiquanama, the Queene of *Hiquey*. Of all which cruelties, our author, an eye-witness, affirmeth that the Indians gaue no cause by any crime, that had so deserued by any law.

“In New Spaine, from the yeer 1518 to 1530, in foure hundred and eighty miles about Mexico, they destroyed aboue

four millions of people in their conquests by fire and sword, not reckoning those which died in seruitude and oppression. In the prouince of Naco and Honduras, from the yeere 1524 to 1535, two millions of men perished and scarce two thousand remayne. In Gautimala, from the yeere 1524 to 1540, they destroyed aboute foure or fve millions vnder that Aluarado, who dying, by the fall of his horse, complained (when he was asked where his paine was most) of his soule-tormente; and his city Guatimala was with a threefold deluge of earth, of water, of stones, oppressed and ouerwhelmed.

“They did the like in the kingdome of Venezuela, destroying foure or fve millions; and out of that firme land, carried to the islands for slaves, at times, in seunteene yeeres, a million of people.”

THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY VOYAGES TO NORTH AMERICA—THE FISHERIES—JOHN VERRAZANO
—VOYAGES OF JACQUES CARTIER—HE ASCENDS THE ST. LAWRENCE
—QUEBEC—THE CHIEF DONNACONA—VOYAGE TO HOCHELAGA
(MONTREAL)—WINTER IN CANADA—SUFFERING—RE-
TURN—DISASTROUS VOYAGES OF ROBERVAL AND
CARTIER—DEATH OF CARTIER.

THE American Continent, as we have seen, was first discovered in 1497, by the renowned Sebastian Cabot, who, with his father, was engaged in the enterprise, continued to our own day, of seeking a north-west passage. In the following year he made another voyage, in which he explored a considerable portion of the American coast, descending, it would seem, as low as Virginia, and perhaps still further to the south. In 1500, Gaspar de Cortereal, in the service of Portugal, sailed to the same coast, and discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In a second voyage, he perished at sea, and his brother, who went in search of him, met the same fate. Nothing concerning their fate was ascertained by an expedition dispatched in quest of them.

In a very few years the Basque and Breton fishermen, the most hardy and enterprising of France, commenced their lucrative occupation on the Great Bank of Newfoundland—a more certain and enduring mine of wealth than all the mountains of Potosi. The name of Cape Breton still attests the former presence of these ancient mariners and the country of their origin.

It was not, however, until 1523 that the French government turned its attention to the career of discovery and colonization

which had so profitably engrossed its Spanish and Portuguese rivals. In that year, Francis I. fitted out a squadron of four vessels for western exploration, and gave the command to John Verrazano, a skilful Florentine navigator, who, like Columbus, Cabot, and Vespuceius, had carried to a foreign court the services which, amid the fading glories of Italy, could neither be adequately employed or rewarded. Nothing has survived of the particulars of this first voyage; but in the following year he touched on the coast of North America, and sailed along it to Newfoundland, a distance of two thousand miles. The savages, whenever he approached the shore, beheld the strangers with wonder and admiration, but offered no annoyance. The fate of a third expedition, which he commanded, is unknown, but was probably disastrous.

In 1525, one Stephano Gomez sailed from Spain to the island of Newfoundland, and, it would seem, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and traded on its shores. According to the Spanish accounts, his people, disappointed in their hopes of treasure, frequently repeated the words "Aea nada!" (Here is nothing,) and thus conferred on the whole province the name of Canada. This title, however, is more probably derived from the Iroquois word "Kannata," signifying a cluster of cabins.

The growing wealth and importance of the Spanish colonies aroused the emulation of their neighbors; and in 1534, Francis, by the persuasion of High Admiral Chabot, fitted out another expedition for discovery and settlement. On the 20th of April, Jacques Cartier, the selected commander, sailed from St. Malo with two very small vessels, in which were crowded an hundred and twenty men. In twenty days he made Newfoundland, and, passing through the Straits of Belle Isle, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Coasting along its shores, he was charmed with the beauty of the scenery and the kindness and civility of the natives. He took formal possession of the country in the name of the French sovereign, and, cruising along the northern coast, entered the River St. Lawrence. But the weather became stormy, and, taking two of the Indians by

stratagem, he gave up further exploration, and set sail for France, where he arrived early in the autumn.

The court of France, encouraged by his report, resolved to found a settlement in the newly-explored region; and accordingly, in May of the following year, with three vessels, he again took his departure. These vessels, dispersed by tempests, did not rendezvous at Newfoundland until the latter part of July. They then entered the gulf, on which their leader bestowed the name of St. Lawrence, in honor of the saint on whose day he had first discovered it. Keeping along the north shore of the island of Anticosti, they entered the Great River, and soon after passed the mouth of the majestic Saguenay. Early in autumn, the little fleet arrived at a beautiful island, covered with vines, which Cartier named the Isle of Bacchus, and which is now known as the Isle of Orleans. It is just below Quebec.

Here an Indian chief, named Donnacona, came, with many canoes, to welcome the strangers. He placed the admiral's arm around his neck, and exhibited the most confiding and kindly demeanor. The French resolved to take up their winter quarters at the mouth of the river St. Charles, a little below the high and rocky promontory of Quebec.* "When the white men first stood upon the summit of this bold headland, above their port of shelter, most of the country was fresh from the hand of the Creator; save the three small barks, lying at the mouth of the stream, and the Indian village, no sign of human habitation met their view. Far as the eye could reach, the dark forest spread; over hill and valley, mountain and plain; up to the craggy peaks, down to the blue water's edge; along the gentle slopes of the rich Isle of Bacchus, and even

* The derivation of this name has been often contested. Some say it is nearly the original Indian term *Quebaio*; others, that it is derived from *Caudebec*, on the Seine; while other authors maintain that it had its origin in the exclamation of Cartier's pilot, on first beholding the majestic Cape, "*Quel bec!*" ("What a beak!" or promontory)—*bec*, in the Norman, corresponding to the old English *Ness* or *Nose*; as a general term for any remarkable headland.

from projecting rocks, and in fissures of the lofty precipice, the deep green mantle of the summer foliage hung its graceful folds. In the dim distance—north, south, east, and west—where mountain rose above mountain in tumultuous variety of outline, it was still the same; one vast leafy veil concealed the virgin face of Nature from the stranger's sight. On the eminence commanding this scene of wild but magnificent beauty, a prosperous city now stands; the patient industry of man has felled that dense forest, tree by tree, for miles and miles around, and where it stood, rich fields rejoice the eye; the once silent waters of the Great River below now surge against hundreds of stately ships; commerce has enriched this spot, art adorned it; a memory of glory endears it to each British heart."*

The friendly chief, whose village (Stadacona) was hard by their anchorage, was waiting on the shore, with five hundred of his people, to receive the voyagers. Much civility and many kind offices were exchanged between the strangers. The French, unused to the custom of smoking, beheld with amazement their Indian friends with long reeds in their mouths, one end glowing with fire and smoke. The pipe once lit, relates Cartier—"they suck at the other end so long that they fill their bodies full of smoke, till it comes out of their mouth and nostrils as from the chimney of a house! They allege that this practice is conducive to health; *we tried to use this smoke, but on putting it into our mouths, it seemed as hot as pepper.*"

From these people, Cartier learned that farther up the river was a large town, called Hochelaga; and, despite their remonstrances, he determined to ascend to it. With thirty-five men, he proceeded up the river, finding a rich and beautiful country on either bank, and meeting with much friendship and hospitality from the natives. On the 2d of October, he arrived at Hochelaga. Above a thousand Indians were assembled on the shore to welcome him, and the most friendly and confidential intercourse ensued. The town was circular in its

* Eliot Warburton.

form, and consisted of about fifty very large houses. It stood in the midst of great fields of Indian corn, and was strongly fortified by three rows of palisades. The inhabitants were a portion of the great tribe of the Hurons.

These simple people, in their veneration of the strangers, brought many of their maimed and sick to be healed; but the pious Cartier, disclaiming any supernatural power, made the sign of the cross over the sufferers, presented them with chaplets, and read to them a part of the gospel of St. John, praying earnestly for their conversion.

Near their village was a lofty hill, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. To this hill he gave the name of Mont Royal, afterwards applied to the city built at its base (Montreal). "Time has now swept away every trace of Hochelaga; on its site the modern capital of Canada has arisen; fifty thousand people of European race, and stately buildings of carved stone, replace the simple Indians and the huts of the ancient town."

Leaving these kindly people grieved and disappointed at the shortness of his visit, the French commander returned to Quebec, where he had resolved to await the spring. Unprovided for the extremities of a Canadian winter, the voyagers suffered dreadfully from cold. Twenty-five of them perished of scurvy, and the remainder would probably have met the same fate, but for the use of a remedy (probably spruce bark and leaves,) imparted to them by the Indians. All the kindness of these poor creatures, as usual, was repaid by a piece of atrocious perfidy. Cartier, on his departure, (May, 1536,) seized the friendly chief and several of his people, and carried them off to France, as presents to the king!

There was no encouragement, in the shape of treasure, to further enterprise; but the beauty and fertility of the country seemed to present advantages for the foundation of a colony; and, in 1540, the lord of Roberval procured from the king the office of viceroy over all the recently-discovered islands and regions of "New France." Cartier was named second in com-

mand, and in May, 1541, set sail, with several vessels, leaving Roberval to follow. In three months he reached Quebec, where the consequences of his former treachery embarrassed all his movements, and in the end proved fatal to the foundation of a settlement. The Indians of Stadacona now molested the adventurers or sullenly held aloof from them; and Cartier was fain to remove his quarters to Cape Rouge, a few miles up the river. Here he passed the winter in much discomfort, continually dreading a general attack by the natives.

Roberval had been detained until the following spring, when with three vessels he set sail in quest of his lieutenant. Early in June, he reached the Road of St. John's, Newfoundland, where he found seventeen vessels already engaged in the fishery. Here, to his great surprise, he was joined by Cartier, who had abandoned his settlement, and was sailing, a disappointed man, for Europe. No persuasion could induce him or his crews to incur a renewal of their hardships and perils. He silently sailed away in the night, and, soon after his return to Europe, died, without having added any of the renown of colonization to that which he had acquired by discovery.

Roberval, thus deserted, proceeded up the river, and passed the following winter in the deserted quarters of his associate. Fifty of his men died of the scurvy, and he lost eight more the following summer in an attempt to explore the Saguenay. His force, demoralized by sickness and misfortune, became turbulent and seditious; and in 1543, he returned to France. Six years afterwards he again sailed for the same regions; but nothing was ever learned of the fate of the expedition. "Thus, for many a year, were swallowed up in the stormy Atlantic all the bright hopes of founding a new nation in America; since these daring men had failed, none others might expect to be successful."

CHAPTER II.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN—COLONY OF PORT ROYAL—QUEBEC FOUNDED—
EXPEDITION AGAINST THE IROQUOIS—BARBAROUS TRIUMPH—MON-
TREAL FOUNDED—DEFEAT OF CHAMPLAIN—HIS PERSEVERANCE
IN COLONIZATION—ILLIBERALITY TO THE HUGUENOTS—
MISERABLE CONDITION OF THE CANADIAN SETTLE-
MENTS—CHAMPLAIN APPOINTED GOVERNOR—
INCREASE OF THE COLONIES—DEATH OF
CHAMPLAIN—HIS CHARACTER.

FOR fifty years no attempts were made by the French to colonize these inclement regions, the scene of such repeated sufferings and losses. Fisheries and traffic with the natives, however, were still carried on, in the summer, along the coasts. At length, under the enterprising rule of Henry IV., the spirit of discovery was once more aroused. In 1598, the Marquis de la Roche, invested with the same powers and dignities as the unfortunate Roberval, sailed for Nova Scotia. All he accomplished, however, was to leave forty miserable convicts upon Sable Island, where, seven years afterwards, only twelve of them, having endured the most cruel sufferings, were found to be alive.

A merchant of St. Malo, named Pontgravé, had often voyaged to Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and brought home valuable cargoes of furs obtained by traffic from the Indians. Under De Chatte, the governor of Dieppe, who had succeeded to the privileges of la Roche, in 1603, he fitted out an expedition to those regions, associating with him the famous Samuel de Champlain, a skilful naval officer, who had served with high repute in the East Indies.

They reached the Great River, and, leaving their ships at Tadoussac, explored it for a distance equal to that passed by Cartier. The town of Hochelaga, so populous and flourishing in the days of that navigator, had, by this time, it would seem, dwindled into insignificance or disappeared altogether. Such

is the brief and uncertain tenure by which man, in a state of barbarism, holds the association which alone can supply his wants and elevate his intellect.

Champlain returned to France, where he found his patron De Chatte dead, and the government of Canada transferred to the *Sieur de Monts*, a Calvinist. The new patentee fitted out four ships, and, with Champlain and many other adventurers, in 1604, proceeded to the island of *St. Croix*, where he wintered; the scurvy, as usual, making terrible ravages among his people. He then removed to *Port Royal* (now *Annapolis in Nova Scotia*) and erected a fort there. This settlement, under the judicious management of *M. Pouttrincourt* and others, continued to increase and prosper until the year 1614, when it was attacked and broken up by a hostile force from *Virginia*, under *Sir Samuel Argall*.

Champlain, in 1608, was again dispatched with two vessels, for purposes of trade at *Tadoussac*. But that far-sighted adventurer, unsatisfied with the mere profits of traffic, had resolved to use every exertion for the foundation of a French colony on the beautiful shores of the *St. Lawrence*. After a careful and minute survey, he arrived at the spot near which, three-quarters of a century before, *Jacques Cartier* had passed his first winter—the splendid headland of *Quebec*. “This magnificent position was at once chosen by Champlain as the site of the future capital of Canada; centuries of experience have proved the wisdom of the selection; admirably situated for purposes of war or commerce, and completely commanding the navigation of the *Great River*, it stands in the centre of a scene of beauty that can no where be surpassed.”

This was early in July; and before the winter came on, permanent buildings had been erected, and the fertility of the soil had been tested by cultivation. Snow lay on the ground from the first of December to the end of April, and the few Indians of the neighborhood, the miserable remains of the once-friendly tribe of *Donnacona*, suffered wretchedly from privation.

In April, (1609) on the breaking up of the cold season,

Champlain set out on an excursion up the river, accompanied by a party of friendly Algonquins, then on a war-path against their ancient and inveterate enemies, the Iroquois. With very little scruple, he entered into their bloody plans, and agreed to assist them in their projected attack. They reached the mouth of a river running from the south (the St. John) and passed up it into a beautiful lake, on which the Frenchman bestowed his own name—a name which it still retains—the Champlain. Passing to its southern extremity, this party of marauders entered upon a smaller sheet of water, now known as lake George. A desperate fight with two hundred Iroquois warriors took place on its shores. The latter were intrenched in a hastily-constructed fort; but the deadly weapons and the skilful manœuvres of the French secured the victory to their allies. A number of the enemy were killed, and ten or twelve were taken prisoners. These, despite the remonstrances of Champlain, were put to death with the abominable tortures commonly practised among the savage tribes of North America. Their heads were carefully preserved as trophies, and, to grace the barbarous festivities of triumph, Champlain was persuaded to bestow on his ferocious companions several copies of the *Pater noster*, or Lord's prayer! which, it would seem, they held in great and mysterious veneration, probably regarding it as a "medicine" of no common power.

That the celebration of their victory, on the return, was conducted in a sufficiently savage style, may well be imagined; for, on such occasions, we are told, "If they haue any of their enemies' heads or arnes, they will carrie them (as a iewell) about their necks, whiles they dance, *sometimes biting the same.*"

Champlain returned to France, where he was received with much favor by the king (Henry IV.); and in 1610, again sailed for the St. Lawrence. He reached the Saguenay in the wonderfully short time of eighteen days—a passage which may well lead us to doubt whether the art of ship-building, at this time, was not much farther advanced than is generally supposed. He found the little colony of Quebec prosperous, and,

with strange want of principle or of policy, joined another successful war party of his allies against the Iroquois. At this time, he laid the foundation of a small settlement at Montreal—the germ of one of the richest and most beautiful cities in America.

In another voyage, (1613,) he sailed up to Montreal, and explored for a considerable distance the majestic stream of the Ottawa. In the following year, he succeeded in incorporating a company in France, for the furtherance of colonization. He sailed again, and reached Montreal, where he found the Hurons and his other allies engaged in a grand expedition against their enemies at the south. He accompanied them as usual, but, despite his assistance, they were defeated, and compelled to retreat with much loss and disgrace. They carried off their wounded, but in a truly-barbarous manner. "Their bodies," we are told, "were bent into a circular form, bound with cords, and thrown into a basket, where they lay like infants in swaddling clothes, unable to stir hand or foot. Champlain feelingly describes the agonies he endured while carried twenty-five or thirty leagues in this position; on being relieved from which, he felt as if he had come out of a dungeon." In this expedition, however, he added considerably to his knowledge of the country, and even reached the lakes Nipissing and Huron.

In the prosecution of his schemes for colonization, he was compelled repeatedly to visit France, but could obtain comparatively little assistance, either from the crown or the company. Nothing but his personal energy and assiduity preserved the settlements from abandonment. Religious dissensions between the Catholics and Huguenots also distracted the little colony, and Champlain, a zealous Romanist, was continually scandalized by the heresies of his people. To his grief, he was compelled to allow some parts of their uncanonical ritual to be used on board his ship—compromising with his conscience by strictly forbidding the singing of any heretical hymns. "They were almost two-thirds Huguenots," he says, apologizing even for the least concession; "so of a bad debt, one must take what payment he can get."

In 1621, the Iroquois, excited by past injuries received at the hands of the French, sent three strong parties to attack their settlements; but were unable to accomplish more than a massacre of many of their Huron enemies. Soon afterwards Champlain built a stone fort for the protection of Quebec, which then numbered only fifty souls. Ere long, however, the settlement received a considerable accession.

In 1627, a new company was formed, which undertook, within sixteen years, to introduce as many thousand of emigrants into New France. Misfortune, however, attended its operations, and, two years afterwards, Quebec was taken by the English, with whom it remained until 1632. Canada, by the treaty of St. Germain, was then restored to the French, but its value to the mother-country, except for traffic and fishery, seemed almost nominal. "At this period, the fort of Quebec, surrounded by a score of hastily-built dwellings and barracks, some poor huts on the island of Montreal, the like at Three Rivers and Tadoussac, and a few fishermen's log-houses elsewhere on the banks of the St. Lawrence, were the only fruits of the discoveries of Verrazano, Jacques Cartier, Roberval, and Champlain, the great outlay of La Roche and De Monts, and the toils and sufferings of their followers, for nearly a century."

In the following year Champlain was appointed governor of New France, and set sail thither with many respectable settlers—carefully excluding heretics, however, from the company. He took with him two Jesuits, whose object was the conversion of the Indians—an object so completely accomplished by their successors. The colony now began to assume a more prosperous aspect; but its founder did not long survive to enjoy his honors and the success of his life-long undertaking. He died in 1535, leaving a high renown for courage, for patient and indefatigable industry, and for fervent piety—the latter, it seems to us, hardly deserved, considering his unprincipled interference in Indian warfare, and his bigoted exclusion of Protestant settlers from the forlorn refuge of the

Canadian wilderness. He certainly bequeathed to the state which he had founded with so much pains and perseverance, a deep and deadly native hostility, destined to involve it, at a later period, in almost total destruction.

“To him,” however, says an elegant author, “belongs the glory of planting Christianity and civilization among the snows of those northern forests; during his life, indeed, a feeble germ, but, sheltered by his vigorous arm—nursed by his tender care—the root struck deep. Little more than two centuries have passed since the faithful servant went to rest upon the field of his noble toils. And now a million and a half of Christian people dwell in peace and plenty upon that magnificent territory, which his zeal and wisdom first redeemed from the desolation of the wilderness.”



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA,
AND THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

TARDINESS OF ENGLISH ENTERPRISE—SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT AND SIR
WALTER RALEIGH—THEIR UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITIONS—DEATH OF
SIR HUMPHREY—EXPEDITIONS DISPATCHED BY RALEIGH—ALL
DISASTROUS—ABANDONMENT OF THE ATTEMPT TO COLONIZE.

IN the grand race of American colonization, England, for a century, was left far behind by her enterprising rivals, Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland. The feeble resources of her marine, and the lives and energies of her bravest navigators, had been, for a long time, sacrificed in futile efforts to gain the shores of India, by passing to the north of the Asiatic continent, or in the still more forlorn attempt to reach them by the terrible North-west Passage—a name, for three centuries, of such deadly omen, but destined, in our own day, to acquire its saddest association in the unrecorded fate of the gallant Franklin and his brave companions.

The name most conspicuous as the early patron of English enterprise in the New World is that of Sir Walter Raleigh. In a work of this nature, the splendid military and civil career, and the lamentable end of that famous knight, must be passed over, while his services and his indefatigable zeal for American colonization may be briefly commemorated.

His half-brothers, Sir Humphrey and Sir Adrian Gilbert, had been, while he was yet a youth, deeply interested in the cause of discovery and settlement in the New World, and the

former had written an elaborate treatise, predicated on the testimony of "many learned men and painfull travellers," "to proove by experience of sundrie men's travels the opening of some part of this North West passage; whereby good hope remaineth of the rest."

Heretofore, the prospect of a passage by the north of Asia had seemed most hopeful to men of enterprise, and this opinion had been fortified by the finding of a certain horn on the dreary coast of Tartary, which horn, it was argued, must be that of a unicorn, ("which animal groweth only in India") and, *therefore*, must have been brought by the tides (!) to the place where it had been discovered. This position was controverted by Sir Humphrey, who also shrewdly remarks, in his treatise, that "as Albertus saith, there is a *fish* which hath but one horne in his forehead like to a Unicorn, and therefore it seemeth very doubtfull both from whence it came, and whether it *were* a Unicorn's horne, yea or no."

In 1578, he obtained from Queen Elizabeth permission to plant a colony in any part of North America not occupied by her allies; and Raleigh, then twenty-six years old, joined in the enterprise. He had always taken a deep interest in the history of the New World, and the thrilling narratives of Columbus, Cortes, and other early adventurers, had been the favorite studies of his youth. Various misfortunes delayed and weakened the expedition; and when, at last, it set sail, one of the two vessels of which it consisted, was captured by the Spaniards, and the other returned without having accomplished any thing toward colonization.

After an interval of some years, distinguished by his rapid rise in the royal favor, Raleigh again joined his brother in a new and more extensive enterprise. He built a vessel of two hundred tons, which he called the Bark Raleigh, proposing to act as vice-admiral in the squadron which Sir Humphrey had fitted out, and of which he had command. Elizabeth, to express her approval of their enterprise, bestowed on the latter a small anchor of beaten gold, with a great pearl at the point, which,



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

during the brief remainder of his life, he wore conspicuously upon his breast. There were five sail in all, and two hundred and sixty men, including artisans and refiners for the precious metals which it was expected to find. They had on board, says one of the captains, "Musike in great variety; not omitting the least toys, as Morris-dancers, hobby-horse, and the like conceits, to delight the savage people, whom we intended to win by all faire means possible." The first destination of the fleet was Newfoundland.

On the 11th of June, 1583, Raleigh, in his own vessel, set sail; but after a few days was compelled to return by the breaking out of a contagious fever, which attacked nearly the whole ship's company. Sir Humphrey, with the remainder of the squadron, proceeded to Newfoundland, of which he took formal possession, by digging up a turf, in the queen's name. He discovered a silver mine, and freighted one of his vessels with the ore, but she was lost on the return passage. After planting a small colony there, the fleet set sail to the eastward, and was soon involved in terrible storms and tempests. Sir Humphrey had chosen to sail in a little vessel called the Squirrel, a mere cockle-shell in size, the smallest in the squadron. In vain did the officers of the *Hinde*, the largest, entreat him, in this dangerous weather, to shift his flag aboard their ship. He came on board, for a convivial meeting, but returned to his slender craft, saying, "I will not desert my little company, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

The weather grew heavier and heavier; the oldest sailors declaring that they had never seen such seas—"breaking very high," says a spectator, "and pyramid-wise"—the very worst sea that is known. Lights were burned at night, and the little Squirrel, for a long time, was seen gallantly contending with the waves, which almost engulfed her. Once she came so near that they of the *Hinde* could see Sir Humphrey sitting by the mainmast, with a book in his hand, reading. He looked up, and cried cheerily, "We are as near heaven by

water as by land!" But the seas broke over her more heavily; all at once the lights were extinguished; and in the morning, nothing was seen of the good Sir Humphrey or his little ship. She had doubtless been whelmed by the toppling down of some huge pyramid of water. Such was the melancholy but honorable end of one of the worthiest and most persevering patrons of English enterprise. He perished in the pursuance of his own exalted maxim: "That he is not worthy to live at all, who, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service, or his own honor; for death is inevitable and fame immortal."

Undismayed by the loss of his brother, and the misfortunes of the expedition, Raleigh immediately prepared for a fresh enterprise; and, by his court-interest, obtained letters-patent from the queen, empowering him to discover and colonize "such remote, heathen, and barbarous lands as are not actually possessed by any Christian, nor inhabited by any Christian people." No particular part of the world was specified in this somewhat extensive grant.

Accordingly, in 1584, he fitted out two vessels at his own charge, under the command of Amidas and Barlow, experienced captains, and dispatched them to the coast of North America. They were two months in getting there by the circuitous passage of the Canaries and the West Indies—which, strange to say, for many years was supposed to be the only practicable route. They reached the coast of Carolina, penetrated Ocracoke inlet, and took formal possession in the name of their sovereign. No settlement was at this time attempted, but they brought a favorable report of the soil and climate; and Raleigh, by the royal command, bestowed on his new acquisition the name of "Virginia," in honor of the "Maiden Queen." This term, since restricted to a single state, was for a long time applied by the English to nearly all the eastern provinces.

An hundred and eight men, under Sir Ralph Lane, were sent out, the next year, to form a colony. They settled on the island of Roanoke, but, after a year's stay, returned, dis-

appointed in their hopes, to England.* Sir Richard Grenville, in 1586, left fifty men there; but they perished miserably, and their remains were afterwards discovered, a wretched spectacle, among the ruins of their habitations. Again and again did the indefatigable Raleigh dispatch expeditions to colonize the distant region, which, with a prophetic eye, he saw destined to such future greatness. All proved disastrous, and, after having sent out four fleets, and expended forty thousand pounds of his estate on the enterprise, he was compelled to relinquish it, and to assign most of his rights to certain merchants of London. In 1587 a single child, named, in honor of the country, Virginia, had been born there; but great numbers of the unfortunate settlers perished from want, disease, and the attacks of the savages. This colony, it would seem, was entirely destroyed. The attempt, so repeatedly disastrous, was finally relinquished, and "all hopes of Virginia thus abandoned," says a later adventurer, "it lay dead and obscured from 1590 till this year 1602."

At that time, Bartholomew Gosnold made his voyage across the Atlantic, and, after an absence of four months, returned with a cargo of *sassafras*. Other commercial expeditions, moderately successful, ensued, and in 1604 the scheme of Virginian colonization was revived. But before entering on a relation of this, the first successful attempt to plant an English colony on the shores of the New World, it is proper to give some account of that renowned pioneer, whose name is so inseparably connected with the early history of America. His life, detailed mainly by his own pen, with modest quaintness, presents a series of exploits and adventures, perhaps the most marvellous recorded in biography.

* "At *Aquascogoe*," says Sir Ralph, "the Indians stole a Silver Cup, *wherefore we burnt the Towne and spoyled their corne*," &c. A fair sample of the usual conduct of all European settlers.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH—HIS YOUTHFUL SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE—SERVES
 IN HOLLAND—TURNS HERMIT—HIS ADVENTURES IN FRANCE—DIS-
 TRESSES—SAILS FOR ITALY—IS FLUNG OVERBOARD—SAILS
 TO EGYPT—SEA-FIGHT—TRAVELS IN ITALY, ETC.—FIGHTS
 AGAINST THE TURKS—DEVICES OF FIREWORKS.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, the most famous of Anglo-American adventurers, was born of an ancient and honorable family, at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. From his boyhood, he was of a daring and enterprising spirit. At the age of thirteen, to use the language of his narrative, (which, like Cæsar's, runs modestly in the third person,) "his mind being set on brave adventures, he sould his Satchell, bookes, and all he had, intending secretly to get to Sea, but that his fathers death stayed him." His guardians bound him apprentice to one Sendall, of Lynn, "the greatest merchant of all those parts; but because hee would not presently send him to Sea, he never sawe his master in eight yeers afterwards."

Quitting the counting-house, he went to France with his young patron, the son of Lord Willoughby, and thence passed into the Low Countries, then distracted by the wars with the Spaniards. Here he entered the service of an English adventurer, Capt. Joseph Duxbury, and served with him for three or four years—under Prince Maurice, it is probable, in his gallant and successful struggle for the independence of the Netherlands. Thence he sailed for Scotland, and, after shipwreck and dangerous illness at the Holy Isle, arrived at his destination. Disappointed in his hopes of preferment at the Scottish court, he returned to Willoughby, "where," to use his own words, "within a short time, being glutted with too much company, wherein he took small delight, he retired himselfe into a little woodie pasture, a goode way from any towne, environed with many hundred Acres of other woodes; Here, by a faire Brooke, he built a Pavillion of boughes, where only in



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

his cloaths he lay. His studie was *Machiavills Art of Warre*, and *Marcus Aurelius*; his exercise a good horse, with his lance and Ring; *his food was thought to be more of venison than any thing else*; what he wanted his man brought him. The Countrey wondering at such an Hermite. * * * * Long these pleasures could not content him, but hee returned againe to the Low Countries"—intending thence to find his way to the seat of Eastern warfare, and, like a good Christian, to fight against the Turks.

There (being yet only nineteen,) he fell in with four rascally French adventurers, who persuaded him, with fair promises, to take ship with them for France. In a dark night, they arrived at a port in Picardy, where, by the knavery of the master, they were set on shore with Smith's baggage, and made good their retreat—"which treacherous villany, when divers other souldiers and passengers understood, they had like to have slaine the Master, and had they knowne how, would have runne away with the ship." Selling his cloak to pay for his passage, he went ashore, and, befriended by a fellow-passenger, went in search of his despoilers. He was finally reduced to great distress, and, "wandring from port to port to finde some man of war, spent that he had, and, in a Forest, neere dead with grieffe and cold, a rich Farmer found him by a faire Fountaine under a tree. This kinde Pesant releved him againe to his content."

Soon after, "passing thorow a great Grove of trees," he fell in with Cursell, one of the sharpers who had robbed him. "His piercing injuries had so small patience, as without any word they both drew, and in a short time Cursell fell to the ground, where from an old ruinated Tower the inhabitants seeing them, were satisfied, when they heard Cursell confesse what had formerly passed."

After achieving this comfortable revenge, Smith betook himself to the noble earl of Ployer, (whom he had known in England,) at his seat in Brittany, by whom he was kindly received and hospitably entertained. Thence he travelled over

a considerable part of France, surveying strongholds and other places worthy of note, and finally found himself at Marseilles. Here, ever bent on adventure, he embarked for Italy—and, to his misfortune, aboard a vessel crowded with a rabble route of pilgrims, “of divers nations,” going to Rome. Meeting with much foul weather, the ship anchored under the isle of St. Mary, off Nice. The pilgrims and “inhumane Provincials” now sagely concluded that the heretic Englishman was their Jonah, and forthwith set on him, “hourely cursing him, not onely for a *Hugonot*, but his Nation they swore were all Pyrats, and so vildly railed on his dread Sovereigne, Queen *Elizabeth*, and that they never should have faire weather so long as hee was aboard them; their disputations grew to that passion, that they threw him over board, yet God brought him to that little Isle, where was no inhabitants but a few kine and goats.”

The next morning, however, he was taken on board a French ship, commanded by one Captain La Roche, (a friend of Plover's, as it happened,) and was generously entertained. He sailed with his deliverer along the coast of Africa to Alexandria, where the ship delivered her freight, and whence she passed over to the coasts of Greece and Italy. Here they met a great Venetian argosy, which the French captain hailed—with what purpose does not exactly appear; but it is probable that all was fish which came to his net. The rest of the story may be told by the gallant Smith himself. The suspicious Venetian, it seems, returned “an answer so untoward as slew them a man; whereupon the *Britaine* presently gave them the broad-side, then his *Sterne*, and his other broad-side also, and continued the chase, with his chase-peeeces, till he gave them so many broad-sides, one after another, that the *Argosies* sayles and tackling were so torne, she stood to her defence, and made shot for shot; twice in one houre and a halfe the *Britaine* boarded her, yet they cleared themselves, but clapping her aboard againe, the *Argosie* fired him, which with much danger to them both was presently quenched. This rather

augmented the *Britaines* rage than abated his courage; for, having reaccommodated himselfe againe, shot her so oft betweene wind and water, shee was readie to sinke, then they yeelded; the *Britaine* lost fifteene men, shee twentie, besides divers were hurt, the rest went to worke on all hands; some to stop the leakes, others to guard the prisoners that were chained, the rest to rifle her. The Silkes, Velvets, Cloth of Gold, and Tissue, Pyasters, Chicqueenes, and Sultanies, which is golde and silver, they unloaded in foure and twentie houres, was wonderfull, whereof having sufficient, and tired with toile, they cast her off with her company, with as much good merchandise as woulde have fraughted another *Britaine*, that was but two hundred Tunnes, shee foure or five hundred."

After this notable victory, Smith, at his request, was set on shore in Piedmont, with five hundred chicqueenes, as a reward for his valor, "and a little box God sent him" (he adds piously,) "worth neere as much more." Flushed with his success, he travelled through much of Italy, and in Tuscany "hee found his deare friends, the two Honorable brethren, the Lord Willoughby and his Brother cruelly wounded, in a desperate fray, yet to their exceeding great honour." Next he proceeds to Rome, "where it was his chance to see Pope *Clement* the eight, with many Cardinalls, creepe up the holy Stayres." Thence he visited Naples, and many other cities, "spending some time" (with a fine eye for scenery) "to see that broken barren coast of Albania and Dalmatia," and finally, ever mindful of his vow to fight against the Turks, arrived at Gratz, in Styria, where was the court of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, afterwards emperor of Germany.

Here Smith fell in with two of his roving countrymen, who introduced him to Lord Eberspaught, Earl Meldritch, and other officers of high distinction in the imperial army. The war with the Great Turk, Mahomet III., was just then hotly raging; and the courage and talents of the young adventurer had an ample field for their display. One of his first exploits was at the siege of Olympach, where, by means of telegraphic

fires he contrived a plan with the besieged, by which the Turks, with great slaughter, were compelled to raise the siege. For this important service, he received the command of two hundred and fifty men in the regiment of the famous Earl Meldritch. The chapters in his narrative containing an account of the successful devices which he invented are headed, "An excellent stratagem by Smith; another not much worse. A pretty stratagem of fire-works by Smith," &c., &c.

In 1601, the war raged with great fury, and at the siege of Stowlle-Wesenburg, the ingenuity of our hero devised a truly infernal method of annoying the garrison. He prepared a large number of bombs or grenades, composed of a most abominable mixture of pitch, turpentine, tow, "campheer," linseed-oil, gunpowder, and brimstone, with vast numbers of bullets, cut into quarters. These diabolical contrivances, set on fire, he threw by means of slings into the thickest of the enemy. "At midnight, upon the Alarum," he says, "it was a fearfull sight to see the short flaming course of their flight in the aire, but presently after their fall, the lamentable noise of the miserable slaughtered *Turkes* was most wonderful to heare!" The town, though strongly fortified, was at last taken by storm, "with such a mercilesse execution, as was most pitifull to behold." It had been in possession of the Turks for nearly sixty years.

In another bloody battle on the plain of Girke, they were again defeated, with the loss of six thousand men. Half of Meldritch's regiment, being in the thickest of the fight, was cut to pieces, and our friend Smith "had his horse slaine under him, and himselfe sore wounded: but he was not long unmounted, *for there was choice enough of horses that wanted masters.*"

CHAPTER III.

LIFE OF SMITH CONTINUED—SIEGE OF REGALL—HE KILLS THREE TURKS
 IN SINGLE COMBAT—THE TOWN TAKEN—BATTLE OF ROTENTON—
 SMITH A SLAVE—SENT TO TARTARY—CRUELLY TREATED—
 KILLS HIS MASTER AND ESCAPES—SAILS FOR AFRICA—
 SEA FIGHT—RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

IN the mountains of Transylvania, in an almost impregnable situation, was a strong town called Regall, to which Prince Moy-ses and Earl Meldritch, with seventeen thousand men, laid close siege. It was defended by a strong garrison of "Turks, Tartars, Bandittoes, Rennegadoes, and such like," and, from the strength of its position, long bade defiance to the Christian arms. At this siege, our friend Smith performed one of the most brilliant and notable feats of arms ever recorded of so young a champion. He tells the story with such a quaint modesty, that his own language could ill be altered or abbreviated.

The besiegers, he says, "spent neere a month in entrenching themselves, and raising their mounts to plant their batteries; which slow proceedings the *Turkes* oft derided, that their Ordnance was at pawne, and how they grew fat for want of exercise, and fearing lest they should depart ere they could assault their Citie, sent this Challenge to any Captaine in the Armie:

"That to delight the Ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, the Lord *Turbashaw* did defie any Captaine that had the command of a Company, who durst combate with him for his head; The Matter being discussed, it was accepted, but so many questions grew for the undertaking, it was decided by lots, which fell upon Captaine *Smith*, before spoken of.

"Truce being made for that time, the Rampiers all beset with faire Dames, and Men in arms, the *Christians* in *Battalio*; *Turbashaw*, with a noise of Howboyes, entred the field, well mounted and armed; on his shoulders were fixed a paire of great wings, compacted of Eagles feathers within a ridge of

silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones, a *Juni-zary* before him, bearing his lance, on each side another leading his horse; where long hee stayed not, ere *Smith*, with a noise of Trumpets, only a page bearing his lance, passing by him with a courteous salute, tooke his ground with such goode successe, that at the sound of the charge, he passed the *Turke* thorow the sight of his Beaver, face, head and all, that he fell dead to the ground, where, alighting and unbracing his Helmet, cut off his head, and the *Turkes* tooke his body; and so returned without any hurt at all. The head hee presented to the Lord *Moyse*s, the Generall, who kindly accepted it, and with joy to the whole armie he was generally welcomed.

“The death of this Captaine so swelled in the heart of one *Grualgro*, his vowed friend, as rather intraged with madnesse than choller, he directed a particular Challenge to the Conquerour, to regaine his friends head or lose his owne, with his horse and Armour for advantage, which according to his desire was the next day undertaken; as before, upon the sound of the Trumpets, their lances flew in peeces upon a cleare passage, but the *Turke* was neere unhorsed. Their Pistolls was the next, which marked *Smith* upon the placard; but the next shot, the *Turke* was so wounded in the left arme, that being not able to rule his horse and defend himselfe, he was throwne to the ground, and so bruised with the fall, that he lost his head, as his friend before him; with his horse and Armour; but his body and his rich apparell was sent backe to the Towne.

“Every day the *Turkes* made some sallies, but few skirmishes would they endure to any purpose. Our workes and approaches being not yet advanced to that height and effect which was of necessitie to be performed; to delude time, *Smith*, with many incontradictable perswading reasons, obtained leave that the Ladies might know he was not so much enamoured of their servants heads, but if any *Turke* of their ranke would come to the place of combate to redeeme them, should have his also upon the like conditions, if he could winne it.

“The challenge presently was accepted by *Bonny Mulgro*. The next day, both of the Champions entring the field as before, each discharging their Pistoll, having no Lances, but such martiall weapons as the Defendant appointed, no hurt was done; their Battle-axes was the next; whose piercing bills made sometime the one, sometime the other to have scarce sense to keepe their saddles, specially the *Christian* received such a blow that he lost his Battle-axe, and failed not much to have fallen after it, whereat the supposed conquering *Turke* had a great shout from the Rampiers. The *Turke* prosecuted his advantage to the uttermost of his power; yet the other, what by the readinesse of his horse, and his judgment and dexteritie in such a businesse, beyond all mens expectation, by God’s assistance, not onely avoided the *Turkes* violence, but having drawne his Faulchion, pierced the *Turke* so under the Culets, thorow backe and body, that, although he alighted from his horse, he stood not long ere hee lost his head, as the rest had done.

“This good successe gave such great encouragement to the whole Armie, that with a guard of six thousand, three spare horses, before each a *Turkes* head upon a lance, he was conducted to the Generall’s Pavillion with his Presents. *Moyse*s received both him and them with as much respect as the occasion deserved, embracing him in his arms, gave him a faire Horse richly furnished, a Semitere” (scimitar) “and belt worth three hundred ducats; and Meldritch made him Sergeant-major of his Regiment.”

The town, despite a desperate defence, was at last taken by storm, and the Turks took refuge in the Castle. “The Earle remembering his father’s death, battered it with all the Ordnance in the Towne, and the next day took it; all he found could beare Armes he put to the sword, and set their heads upon stakes round about the walles, in the same manner as they had used the Christians when they tooke it.” This and other notable victories being achieved, Sigismund of Transylvania came to congratulate his successful generals; and in ac-

knowledge of the exploits of Smith, "with great honour hee gave him three *Turkes* heads in a Shield for his Armes, by Patent, under his hand and Seale, with an Oath ever to weare them in his Colours, his Picture in Gould, and three hundred Ducats yeerely for a Pension." This patent was admitted and recorded in the Heralds' College in England, and the heathenish device of the three Turks' heads, in quaint and grisly portraiture, figures conspicuously in the narrative of his exploits.

In the desperate battle of Rotenton, where the army of Meldritch, "environed by a hellish number" of Turks and Tartars, was mostly cut to pieces, the cause of the Christians received an almost fatal shock. At the end of that terrible day, says our author, "in this bloody field, neere 30,000 lay, some headlesse, armelesse, and leglesse, all cut and mangled; where, breathing their last, they gaue this knowledge to the world, that for the liues of so few, the *Crym-Tartar* neuer paid dearer." Among the victims of that fatal day were a number of Englishmen, duly commemorated by our author, who all "did what men could doe, and when they could doe no more, left there their bodies in testimonie of their mindes. * * * But *Smith* among the slaughtered dead bodies, and many a gasping soule, with toile and woundes lay groaning among the rest." Here the pillagers found him half alive, and, being cured of his wounds, he was sold, with many others, as a slave, at Axopolis.

His purchaser, the Bashaw Bogall, sent him to Constantinople, as a present to his young mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda, with the assurance that he was a Bohemian lord, captured, with many others, by the prowess of her lover in the wars. This kindly young creature, it would seem, took a warm interest in his fortunes, and, lest her mother should sell him, sent him off to her brother, Timour, the Bashaw of Nalbritz, in Tartary, near the sea of Azof. In her letter to this brother, she imprudently betrayed her feelings, and the exasperated Bashaw, "within an houre after his arrivall, caused his *Drub-man* to strip him naked, and shave his head and

beard so bare as his hand, a great ring of iron, with a long stalke bowed like a sickle, rivetted about his neck, and a coat made of Vlgries haire, guarded about with a peece of an undrest skinne." Here the unfortunate Smith, with many others, underwent a slavery "so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure, and yet for all their paines and labours no more regarded than a beast."

During this miserable captivity, he observed (and has recorded in his narrative) many curious and valuable particulars concerning the Crym Tartars and their country; indeed, whatever his situation, the shrewd and observant traveller is ever uppermost. His final escape from this detestable bondage, due, as usual, to his own courage and sagacity, may be best delivered in his own curt and forcible language.

"All the hope he ever had to be delivered from this thraldome, was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for although he had often debated the matter with some *Christians*, that had beene there a long time slaves, they coulde not finde how to make an escape, by any reason or possibility; but God, beyonde mans expectation or imagination, helpeth his servants, when they least thinke of helpe, as it hapned to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from the *Tymours* house; the *Bushaw*, as he used often to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne, and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the *Tymours* braines with his threshing bat, for they have no flailles; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himself in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsacke with corne, mounted his horse, and ranne into the desart at all adventure."

For several days he wandered in this desolate region, dreading to meet a human being. At length, by great good fortune, he lighted on the main road which leads from Tartary to Russia, and after a most perilous and fatiguing journey of sixteen days, passed "in fear and torment," arrived at Ecopolis, a Rus-

sian garrison on the river Don. Here he was kindly relieved by the governor, and, being refreshed, set forth for Transylvania. Such was the fame of his exploits, and the friendliness of the authorities that "in all his life, he seldome met with more respect, mirth, content, and entertainment; and not any Gouvernour where he came, but gave him somewhat as a present, besides his charges."

Great was the rejoicing at his return, and, "glutted with content, and neere drowned with joy," he made his way to Prague, where the generous Sigismund gave him fifteen hundred ducats of gold, and an honorable dismissal from his service. He thence travelled through Germany, France, and Spain, visiting, as usual, the most notable places, and treasuring up much varied information. He sailed in a French ship to Africa, and went to Morocco, intending to fight in the civil wars which distracted that kingdom; "but by reason of the uncertaintie, and the perfidious, treacherous, bloody murders rather than warre, among those perfidious, barbarous *Moores*," relinquished the design.

He went to pass a jolly evening on board the ship, with his friend, Captain Merham, and presently a gale of wind came on, which compelled them to slip their cable and run to sea. Fortune, as usual, had an adventure for the captain. The Frenchman speedily fell in with two Spanish men of war, and "a brave sea-fight," lasting for two days, commenced. When they summoned him to surrender, Merham, "the old fox," (as his friend Smith calls him,) "dranke to them, and so discharged his quarter-peece." The Spaniards, after repeated attempts to board their enemy, were finally beaten off, with a loss, it was supposed, of an hundred men. In this action, which was contested on both sides with the utmost desperation, we may be sure that Smith was not behind-hand. Soon after, he returned to England (1604).

CHAPTER IV.

NEW SCHEME FOR COLONIZING VIRGINIA—ILL-ASSORTED ADVENTURERS
 —THE EXPEDITION SAILS FROM ENGLAND—PROCEEDS UP JAMES
 RIVER—INTERCOURSE WITH THE INDIANS—SMITH ILL TREATED
 —FOUNDING OF JAMESTOWN—EXCURSION OF SMITH—
 KING POWHATAN—THE INDIANS OF VIRGINIA—
 THEIR CUSTOMS AND RELIGION.

NOT long after the return of our adventurer, he became intimate with Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, whose successful voyage, in 1602, had reawakened the public interest in American enterprise. Both, animated by the love of adventure and the generous ambition of founding colonies in the wilderness, bestirred themselves actively in providing means for a fresh expedition to the shores of the New World. Several persons of wealth and influence entered into their plans, and in April, 1606, letters patent were obtained from the king, James I., by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and others, granting to them all the territory on the eastern sea-coast of North America, between thirty-four and forty-five degrees north latitude. Two companies were formed, but with a strict proviso, dictated by royal jealousy, that a hundred miles of wilderness should intervene between their projected colonies. Only one of these companies (that of Virginia) made immediate exertion to take advantage of their grant; but under the auspices of the other, settlements in New England were afterwards commenced.

On the 19th of December, 1606, three small vessels, commanded by Captain Christopher Newport, and bearing an hundred and five colonists, set sail from Blackwall, "but by vnprosperous winds were kept six weekes in the sight of England." With a ludicrous disproportion, considering the object of the enterprise, forty-eight of the company were enrolled as "gentlemen," and only twelve as laborers. A single mason and a single sailor were all that had been provided for the

arduous labors of building and exploration. Moreover, we are told by one of the company, "there were some few little better than Atheists, of the greatest ranke among us." The principal leaders were Gosnold and Smith, George Percy, Edward Wingfield, and the Revd. Robert Hunt. Orders from the government were given them, in a sealed box, not to be opened until their arrival.

At the Canaries, Smith, by the groundless jealousy of his associates, was accused of conspiring to make himself "king of Virginia," and was kept prisoner during the remainder of the voyage. They traded at the West Indies, and then steered for the island of Roanoke, their proposed destination. By good fortune, however, a storm carried them past that inauspicious region, and on the 26th, they espied land farther to the northward. It was the southern cape of Chesapeake Bay, and in honor of the Prince of Wales, they named it Cape Henry. They sailed up the James River about forty miles, delighted with the beauty of its banks, and went on shore. "We passed through excellent ground," says Percy, "full of flowers of divers kinds and colours, and as goodly trees as I have seen, as cedar, cypress, and other kinds; going a little further we came to a little plat of ground, full of fine and beautiful strawberries, four times bigger and better than ours of England."

On the very first day of their arrival, the colonists were attacked by certain savages, who came "creeping on all fours, from the hills, like Beares," but were driven off by the discharge of musketry. At point Comfort, however, they were kindly received by the Indians of Kecoughtan, who gave them corn-bread, pipes and tobacco, and held a dance in honor of their arrival. In other tribes they found equal hospitality, and the chief of the Rappahannas, who invited them to his town, came forth with all his retinue to meet them. "His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck; his face painted blue, besprinkled with silver ore, as we thought; his ears all behung with bracelets of pearl, and in

either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold. He entertained us in so modest a proud fashion, as though he had been a prince of civill government, holding his countenance without any laughter, or any such ill behavior. He caused his mat to be spread on the ground, where he sat down with great majesty, taking a pipe of tobacco, the rest of his company standing around him."

On the 13th of May, after a considerable survey of the shores, the Englishmen selected for the site of their settlement a peninsula on the north side of the river, to which, in honor of the king, they gave the name of Jamestown. More than a hundred years had elapsed, since Cabot, in his memorable voyage, had secured to England, by the right of discovery, the long extent of eastern sea coast; and this little colony, founded with such slender and ill-adapted means, was the first germ of that empire of so many millions which, in two centuries and a half, has included in its bounds the vast territories lying between the two oceans. Its prosperity, and, for a long time, its very existence, hung upon the courage, the sagacity, and the fortitude, of the remarkable man whose history we have sketched.

On their landing, the sealed box had been opened, and it was found that Wingfield, Gosnold, Smith, Newport, and three others were named as constituting a council. The only reliable man of the whole set, however, by the jealousy of his associates, was excluded from office; "the Councill was sworne, Mr. *Wingfield* was chosen President, and an Oration made, why Captaine *Smith* was not admitted of the Councill as the rest." All hands were set diligently at work, and the captain, despite his ill-treatment, eager to serve the interests of the colony, joined Newport in an expedition of discovery up the river.

Many curious particulars concerning the Indians of Virginia have been given by the partakers of this and other enterprises in the same direction. A general knowledge of the people inhabiting the adjacent regions was soon obtained. Of

the forty-three tribes occupying Virginia between the mountains and the sea, about thirty, numbering eight thousand souls, were under the rule of Powhatan,* the most warlike and powerful chieftain of the whole eastern shore. He had two places of abode, one called Powhatan, at the falls, where Richmond now stands, and the other, Werowocomoco, on the north side of York River. With the Mannahoacs, consisting of eight tribes, and the Monacans, of five, the powerful confederacy over which he ruled was often engaged in warfare.

After a voyage of six days, the explorers, twenty in number, arrived at the falls, where they were received by the great chief with much apparent courtesy. "He is of personage," writes Captain Smith, "a tall, well-proportioned man, with a sower looke, his head somewhat gray, his bearde so thinne, it seemeth none at all, his age neere sixtie; of a very able and hardy body to endure any labor." He was attended with much state, being always guarded by forty or fifty of the tallest men of his country. Four sentinels were planted around his house at night, who, in token of their vigilance, were compelled every half hour to give the shrillest of whoops—"if any faile," says the captain, "they presently send forth an officer that beateth him extremely. * * It is strange," he proceeds, "to see with what great feare and adoration all these people doe obey this Powhatan. For at his feete they present whatsoever he commandeth, and at the least frowne of his brow, their greatest spirits will tremble with feare; and no marvell, for he is very tyrannous, and terrible in punishing such as offend him." The accounts of his cruelty are revolting in the extreme—"Yet when he listeth, his will is a law, and must be obeyed; not onely as a king, but as halfe a God they esteeme him."

"A mile from Orapakes," continues the same narrator, "in a thicket of woode, he hath a house in which he keepeth his

* The real name of this famous Indian king was Wahunsonacock, but, like a European grandee, he took his title from the chief place of his residence.

kinde of Treasure, as skinnes, copper, pearle, and beades, which he storeth vp against the time of his death and buriall. Here also is his store of red paint for oyntment, bowes and arrowes, Targets and clubs. This house is fiftie or sixty yards in length, frequented onely by Priests. At the foure corners of this house, stand foure Images as Sentinells, one of a Dragon, an other a Beare, the third like a Leopard, and the fourth like a giant-like Man, all made evill favoredly, according to their best workmanship."

The natives of Virginia, at this time, appeared to have differed little in their appearance, manners, and customs, from the remainder of the great Indian race which once inhabited our land. They lived by fishing and the chase, with some aid from their plantations, more comfortably than those dwelling in the less genial regions of New England. Their dresses were of skins, but they seem to have been exceedingly hardy in enduring the rigor of winter. Their children, from the earliest age, they were accustomed to wash in the rivers, "and by painting and ointment so tanne their skinnes, that after a yeare or two, no weather will hurt them."

Tattooing was commonly practised, and all manner of ingeniously savage devices were used for ornament. "In each eare," says one of the early settlers, "commonly they haue 3 great holes, whereat they hang chains, bracelets, or copper: some weare in those holes a small Snake, coloured green and yellow, neare halfe a yard long, which crawling about his neck offereth to kisse his lippes. Others weare a dead rat tied by the taile." The rattles of rattlesnakes were common appendages, and much red paint was used, both for adornment and protection to the person. "Many other formes of painting they vse, but he is the most gallant that is the most monstrous to behold."

Some of the tribes, as the Susquehannas, presented splendid specimens of manly figures. Sixty of these warriors once presented themselves before Captain Smith, in one of his excursions. "Such great and well-proportioned men," he says,

“are seldome seene, for they seemed like Giants to the English, yet seemed of a honest and simple disposition, with much adoe restrained from adoring vs as gods, * * for their language it may well beseme their proportions, sounding from them as a voyce in a vault. Their attire is the skinnes of Beares and Woolues, some haue Cassacks made of Beares heads and skinnes, that a mans head goes through the skinnes neck, and the eares of the Beare fastened to his shoulders, the nose and teeth hanging downe his breast, another Beares face split behind him, and at the end of the nose hung a Pawe, the halfe sleeues coming to the elbowes were the neckes of Beares, and the armes through the mouth with pawes hanging at their noses. One had the head of a Wolfe hanging in a chaine for a Jewell, his Tobacco pipe, three quarters of a yarde long, prettily carued with a Bird, a Deere, or some such devise at the great end, sufficient to beat out ones braines. * * The picture of the greatest of them is signified in the Mappe. The calfe of whose leg was three quarters of a yard about, and all the rest of his limbs so answerable to that proportion, that he seemed the goodliest man we ever beheld.”

Smith, in his description of the Indians, also gives an amusing account of a great sham fight, which for his amusement, and to show the peculiarities of Indian warfare, the people of Powhatan performed at Mattapanient. The two parties, he says, each a hundred strong, approached each other in regular array, “all duly keeping their orders, yet leaping and singing after their accustomed tune, which they onely vse in Warres. Vpon the first flight of arrowes, they gaue such horrible shouts and schreeches, as so many infernall hell-hounds could not haue made them more terrible. When they had spent their arrowes, they ioyned together prettily, charging and retyring, every ranke seconding the other. As they got advantage, they caught their enemies by the hayre of the head, and downe came he that was taken. His enemy with his wooden sword seemed to beat out his braines, and still they crept to the Reare to maintaine the skirmish. * * * All their

actions, voyces, and gestures, both in charging and retiring, were so strained to the height of their qualitie and nature, that the strangenesse thereof made it seeme very delightfull."

Like every European adventurer of his day, the captain could see nothing in Indian theology but the direct service of Satan. "Their cheefe God they worship," he says, "is the Devill. Him they call *Okee*, and serue him more of feare than loue. They say they haue conference with him, and fashion themselves as neare to his shape as they can imagine. In their Temples they haue his Image evill-fauoredly carved, in such manner as the deformitie may well suit with such a God. * * * Vpon the top of certain red sandy hils in the woodes, there are three great houses filled with Images of their Kinges, and Devills, and Tombes of their predecessors. * * * This place they count so holy as that but the Priests and Kings dare come into them; nor the Salvages dare not goe vp the river in boats by it, but they solemnly cast some peece of copper, white beads, or *Pocones* into the riuer."

The chief priest, according to the same authority, wore an extraordinary piece of attire. "They tooke," he says, "a dosen or 16, or more snakes skinned, and stuffed them with mosse, and of Weesels and other Vermines skinned a good many. All these they tye by their tailes, so as all their tailes meete in the top of the head like a great Tassell." Invested with this peculiar head-dress, and painted in diabolical fashion, that functionary went through his customary services—"sometimes he maketh invocations with broken sentences by starts and strange passions, and at euery pause, the rest giue a short groane"—probably the Indian "ugh!" signifying assent. "And in this lamentable ignorance," continues the worthy captain, "doe these poore Soules sacrifice themselves to the Deuill, not knowing their Creator; and we had not language sufficient, so plainly to expresse it as make them vnderstand it; which God grant they may."

They had some belief in the immortality of the soul, and Heriot, who ten years before had been on these coasts, tells a

pleasant story of an Indian, who in his day had been buried for dead, and afterwards was revived. According to the Indian narrators, he “shewed that although his bodie had layne dead in the graue, yet his soule liued, and had travailed far in a long broad way, on both sides whereof grew more sweet, fayre, and delicate trees and fruits, than euer he had seene before; at length he came to the most braue and fayre houses, neere which he met his Father, that was dead long agoe, who gaue him charge to goe backe, to shew his friends what goode there was to doe, to inioy the pleasures of that place; which when hee had done, hee should come againe.”

CHAPTER V.

VINDICATION OF SMITH—FAMINE AND GREAT MORTALITY—SMITH'S EXERTIONS—HE SUPPORTS THE COLONY—HIS EXPEDITIONS AND DEALINGS WITH THE INDIANS—LAZY COLONISTS—SMITH CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS—CONJURATIONS OVER HIM—CARRIED TO POWHATAN—SAVED BY POCAHONTAS.

THE savages, in Smith's absence, had attacked the English settlement, killing one and wounding many others. Jamestown was therefore fortified with palisadoes, and artillery was mounted for its defence. On his return, finding the arts of his enemies were still busily at work to secure his ruin, he demanded a trial, the result of which was satisfactory in the extreme. “So well,” says one of the colonists, “he demeaned himselfe in this business, as all the company did see his innocency, and his adversaries malice, and those suborned to accuse him, accused his accusers; many vntruths were alleged against him; but being so apparently disproved, begatt a generall hatred in the hearts of the Company against such vniust Commanders, that the President was adiudged to giue him 200*l.* so that all he had was presently seized vpon, in part of satisfaction, which *Smith* presently returned to the Store for

the generall vse of the *Colony*." The aggrieved captain was also admitted to the council, and, a prospect of harmony being attained, Newport, on the 15th of June, set sail for England.

The poverty of the settlement, and the gross negligence of those who had dispatched it, were soon apparent enough. During the stay of the vessels, many of the unfortunate colonists had been indebted for their supplies to the sailors, who pilfered the ship's biscuits, and dealt them out to the hungry applicants, "for Saxefras, fures, or loue." This miserable resource taken away, famine almost at once set in. A pint of barley or wheat, alive with insects, was the daily allowance. "Had we beene as free," says one of the sufferers, with forlorn mirth, "from all sinnes as gluttony and drunkennesse, we might haue been canonized as Saints; but our President" (Wingfield) "would neuer haue beene admitted, for ingrossing to his private, Oatemeale, Sacke, Oyle, *Aquavite*, Beefe, Egges, and what not but the Kettel. * * * Our drinke was water, our lodgings Castles in the Ayre." Before September, fifty of the company, including Gosnold, had died of disease occasioned by want, exposure, and change of climate.

The gluttonous and monopolizing president now formed a cowardly and treacherous plan to seize the pinnace, and make good his retreat to England, "which," says the narrator, "so moved our dead spirits as we deposed him." Ratcliffe, one of the council, was elected in his place—that body, by the death or expulsion of its members, now consisting of only three, of whom Smith was one. The misery of the colony was at its height, when the savages, suddenly changing their policy, brought plenty of fruits and provisions, and relieved it from the extremity of distress. This singular and providential supply is ascribed by the pious narrators of these events to the direct interposition of God; but perhaps it is not deeming too highly of human nature to suppose that a kindly sympathy with misfortune, latent even in the rudest bosoms, may have prompted this manifestation of the divinest of his attributes.

The whole weight of the support and management of the

colony now fell on Captain Smith, whose superiority was by this time universally acknowledged. Ratcliffe and Martin, (the other councillor) both "of weake iudgement in dangers, and lesse industry in peace," relinquished to him the entire management of affairs; and under his untiring and energetic control, the foundation of a permanent settlement rapidly proceeded. "By his owne example, good words and faire promises, he set some to mow, others to binde thatch, some to build houses, others to thatch, himselfe alwayes bearing the greatest taske for his owne share, so that, in short time, he provided most of them lodgings, *neglecting any for himselfe.*" Here again peeps out (how amiably!) the Robinson Crusoe-like spirit of the young hermit of Lincolnshire.

The colonists again began to suffer from want of provisions, and the indefatigable Smith set forth in a boat, with five or six companions, to traffic with the Indians for supplies. But the unkindly savages whom he first encountered, "scorned him," he says, "as a famished man, and would in derision offer him a handfull of Corne, a peece of bread, for their swords and muskets, and such like proportions also for their apparell." Vexed at this uncivil treatment, the captain, with a violence which we must regret, ran his boat ashore, and with a discharge of musketry, pursued the Indians into the woods. He then marched to their houses, where he found great heaps of corn, which, however, he forbade his men to touch, expecting an immediate attack.

Presently sixty or seventy of the savages, painted as usual, and making "a most hydeous noyse," came on in battle array, bearing their *Okee* before them. A volley of musketry took such effect, "that downe fell their God, and divers lay sprauling on the grounde." To ransom this precious image, the defeated party loaded the English boat with corn, turkeys, and venison, and Smith gave them beads, copper, and hatchets, in return. A friendship was struck up with wonderful suddenness, from which it would seem that no very fatal result had occurred from the conflict.

Though Smith, by indefatigable exertions, from time to time procured provisions for the improvident colonists, "yet, what he carefully provided, the rest carelesly spent. * * * The Spaniard never more greedily desired gold than he victuall, nor his Souldiers more to abandon the Country than he to keepe it." In this miserable settlement, there were, to use his own words, "many meerey projecting, verball, and idle contemplators, and those so devoted to pure idlenesse, that though they had lived in Virginia two or three years, lordly, necessitie it selfe could not compelle them to passe the Peninsula, or the Pallisadoes of *Iames Towne*. * * Our ingenious verbalists were no lesse plague to vs in *Virginia*, than the Locusts to the Egyptians."

These gentlemen, he says, "being for the most part of tender educations and small experience in Martiall accidents, because they found not English Cities, nor such faire houses, with feather beds and downe pillowes, Tavernes and Alehouses in every breathing place, neither such plentie of golde and silver and dissolute libertie, as they expected, had little or no care of any thing but to pamper their bellies," &c., &c. Wingfield and Kendall, with others, seized the pinnace, intending to return to England, and our energetic hero "had much trouble to prevent it, till with store of musket and sakre shot, he forced them to stay or sinke in the river, which action cost the life of Captain Kendall."

The wants of the settlement were at last completely relieved by the exertions of Smith, now the actual, though not the nominal governor. He proceeded up the Chickahominy river, where he obtained by traffic such abundant stores of provision, that the discontent of empty stomachs was thoroughly allayed, "so that none of our Tuftaffaty humorists desired to goe for England." On a second expedition, in the same direction, an adventure awaited him, by far more thrilling than any in his former experience.

Having worked his way up the river as far as possible in his barge, he proceeded, in search of game, with two compan-

ions, higher up the stream. These he left with his canoe, and, with only an Indian guide, struck off twenty miles farther into the desert, to reach the head-waters of the Chickahominy. During his absence, the careless and undisciplined crew of the barge, straggling ashore, were set upon by three hundred warriors, commanded by Opechancanough, king of Pamunkey, the brother of Powhatan. They made good their retreat to the barge, except one, who was taken by the savages, and, after being compelled to inform them of the route of Captain Smith, was put to death in their usual barbarous manner. They then hastened in pursuit of the captain, and coming upon his two companions, who were sleeping by their canoe, shot them with arrows. Finally, two hundred in number, they came up with Smith himself.

The undaunted adventurer, saluted with a shower of arrows, bound his guide before him, as a shield, and fought with such coolness and desperation, that he killed three of their number and wounded many others. But, getting fixed into a morass, he became so chilled and stiffened with cold, that, to induce them to venture near him, he threw away his arms, and yielded himself prisoner. They drew him forth, and diligently chafed his benumbed limbs by the fire. To conciliate the chief, he presented to him a pocket compass, neatly set in ivory. At the sight of this strange little engine, with its trembling vibrations, apparently instinct with life, the wonder of his captors knew no bounds; and Smith, taking advantage of their interest, began forthwith to enchain with philosophy the attention of his savage auditors. "When he demonstrated by that Globe like Iewell, the roundnesse of the earth and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Sea and Land, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they stood as all amazed with admiration. Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about

him prepared to shoote him, but the Kinge holding vp the Compass in his hand, they all laid down their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to *Orapakes*,* where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well vsed."

At this place, a hideous war-dance was performed around him, and he began to fear, from the excessive hospitality of his captors, that he was to be fattened for a solemn sacrifice. A pleasant instance of gratitude is recorded of Maocassater, an Indian to whom Smith had once done some trifling kindness, and who at this time brought his "gowne" of furs to protect him from the cold.

The natives now made great offers to their redoubted captive, if he would assist them in a grand attack on the colony. Smith, after vainly attempting to dissuade them, wrote a note to his friends, desiring them to send him certain articles, and warning them of the intended assault. The messengers, dispatched by Powhatan, in bitter cold weather, hastened to Jamestown, and left the letter on the ground, where it was seen by the whites. To the great surprise of the Indians, they found, the next day, the very articles which Smith had promised them, in the appointed place. All were amazed at this wonderful communication of ideas, and concluded "that he could either divine, or the paper could speake."

At Pamunkey, whither he was presently conducted, "they entertained him," he says, "with most strange and fearefull Coniurations,

As if neere led to Hell
Among the Devills to dwell."

He was placed alone by a great fire in a house, and presently bounded in a huge priest, painted black, and wearing the fantastic head-dress already described, "with a hellish voyce, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocations; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted

* An Indian village, a few miles north-east of Powhatan.

halfe blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchatos" (mustaches) "along their cheeks: round about him those fiends dañced a pretty while, and then came in three more vgly as the rest; with red eyes and white stroakes over their black faces."

For three days, these party-colored gentry performed a heathenish incantation over him, (probably to try his nerves and to assert the efficacy of Indian conjuration) and after that, he was most kindly and hospitably entertained by the whole tribe. They showed him a bag of gunpowder, which they were carefully keeping to plant the next spring—supposing it a species of seed.

He was finally led to Werowocomoco, where King Powhatan, with "more than two hundred of his grim courtiers, in their greatest braveries," was waiting to receive him. "Before the fire vpon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun* skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by." At the entrance of their brave captive, the whole court rose, and gave a great shout. He was waited on by the queen of Appamatuck, and served in the most honorable manner possible. The sequel may be given in words which are his own, or were written by those who heard the tale from his own lips.

"Having feasted him in the best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two greate stones were brought before *Powhatan*: then as many as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon layd his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, *Pocahontas*, the King's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death; whereat the Emperour was contented he should live."

In all history there is no incident more dramatic and touching. After the lapse of more than two centuries, familiarized, but unhackneyed by repetition, it still remains the most

* Raccoon.



POCAHONTAS INTERPOSING FOR CAPTAIN SMITH.

charming and picturesque scene in the whole range of American annals. Its heroine, "the darling of history," (then only a child of ten,) still warmly lives in the love and remembrance of a whole people, and stands, the redeeming spirit of her race, to hallow it with a kinder memory than that of warfare and revenge. In the language of an elegant author,* "The universal sympathies of mankind, and the best feelings of the human heart, have redeemed this scene from the obscurity which, in the progress of time, gathers over all but the most important events. It has pointed a thousand morals and adorned a thousand tales. Innumerable bosoms have throbbed and are yet to throb with generous admiration for this daughter of a people, whom we have been too ready to underrate. Had we known nothing of her, but what is related of her in this incident, she would deserve the eternal gratitude of the inhabitants of this country; for the fate of the colony may be said to have hung upon the arms of Smith's executioners. He was its life and soul, and, without the magic influence of his personal qualities, it would have abandoned, in despair, the project of permanently settling the country, and sailed to England by the first opportunity."

Not only was the life of our hero spared, but his freedom was generously restored. "Two dayes after," he tells us, "*Powhatan* having disguised himselfe in the most fearefullest manner he could, caused Capt. *Smith* to be brought forth to a great house in the woodes, and there vpon a mat by the fire to be left alone"—(another experiment on his nerves). "Not long after, from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then *Powhatan*, more like a devill than a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came vnto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to *James Towne*, to send him two great gunnes and a gryndstone, for which he would giue him the country of *Cupahowosick*, and for ever esteeme him as his son *Nantaquoud*. So to *James Towne* with 12 guides *Powhatan* sent him."

* Mr. George S. Hilliard.

Great was the rejoicing at his arrival, and his Indian companions were kindly used; but being showed "two demi-culverins and a millstone, they found them somewhat too heavy," and were dismissed, contented with presents better suited to transportation.

CHAPTER VI.

CONDITION OF THE COLONY—KINDNESS OF POCAHONTAS—SECOND ARRIVAL OF NEWPORT—TRAFFIC WITH POWHATAN—HIS SUBTILTY—OVERREACHED BY SMITH—BLUE BEADS—A SUPPOSED GOLD MINE—TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS—SUPPRESSED BY SMITH—HE EXPLORES THE CHESAPEAKE—INTERCOURSE WITH THE INDIANS—HIS RETURN.

DURING the captivity of their intrepid and sagacious commander, (lasting for six weeks) the colonists, as usual, had taken to evil courses. All Jamestown "was in combustion." Smith was again forced to keep the pinnace, at the point of his guns, from deserting the colony. A miserable plot was next hatched up to execute him for the loss of his two companions, for whose death, according to the Levitical law, he was said to be responsible—"but he quickly took such order with such Lawyers that he layd them by the heeles," (*i. e.*, in prison) "till he sent some of them prisoners for *England*. Now ever once in foure or five dayes, *Pocahontas*, with her attendants, brought him so much provision that saved many of their liues, that els for all this had starved with hunger." Imitating her generous example, many of the neighboring Indians brought supplies of food as presents, and when they traded, made the captain name his own prices, "so had he enchanted these poore soules, being their prisoner."

Two ships had been dispatched from England to the aid of the colony, with a reinforcement of an hundred men. One of these was dismasted, and blown to the West Indies—the

other, commanded by Newport, in the latter part of the year 1607, arrived at Jamestown, with plentiful supplies. A brisk but indiscreetly liberal traffic was now carried on with the Indians, and Powhatan, forming an exalted idea of the wealth and greatness of the new comer, requested a visit from him. He went accordingly, with Smith and a small guard; and was received with much distinction; "Powhatan strained himselfe to the vtmost of his greatnesse to entertaine them, with great shouts of ioy, Orations of protestation; and with the most plentie of victualls he could provide to feast them."

"With many pretty discourses to renew their old acquaintance, this great King and our Captaine" (Smith) "spent the time." Newport presented the chief with a boy, named Salvage, and received in return from Powhatan, "*Namoutuck*, his trustie servant, and one of a shrewd subtill capacitie. Three or foure dayes more we spent in feasting, dauncing, and trading, wherein *Powhatan* carried himselfe so proudly, yet discreetly, (in his salvage manner) as made vs all admire his naturall gifts."

In their traffic, however, the wily savage proved too much for Newport, whom, it seems, he artfully bespoke as follows: "Captaine Newport, it is not agreeable to my greatnesse, in this pedling manner to trade for trifles; and I esteeme you also a great Werowance" (chieftain). "Therefore, lay me downe all your commodities together; what I like I will take, and in recompence giue you what I think fitting their value." Newport, scorning to be outdone in magnanimity by an Indian, complied; and the result was, that for all his goods he received but a miserable pittance of corn—scarce four bushels where all had counted on at least twenty hogsheads.

But the astuteness and policy of Smith redeemed the day, and saved the character of the European trafficker from the discredit of being even for once outdone in fraud and cunning by a savage. As if by accident, he contrived to "glance in the eyes of *Powhatan*," several flashy ornaments, and his majesty "presently fixt his humor vpon a few blew beades.

A long time he importunately desired them, but *Smith* seemed so much the more to affect them, as being composed of a most rare substance of the colour of the skyes, and not to be worne but by the greatest kings in the world. This made him halfe madde to be the owner of such strange Iewells; so that ere we departed, for a pound or two of blew beades, he brought ouer my king for 2 or 300 Bushells of corne; yet parted good friends." The royal house of Pamunkey and other native dynasties were supplied with crown-jewels at similar rates, and the blue beads were held in such estimation, that none but the kings and their families dared to wear them.

Soon after their return to the town, a fire broke out, which occasioned much damage. "Good Master Hunt, our Preacher, lost all his liberary, and all he had but the cloathes on his backe; yet none neuer heard him repine at his losse." The patience, cheerfulness, and manly spirit of this worthy divine are frequently alluded to.

A worse misfortune befell the colony in the supposed discovery of a great bed of gold, (probably yellow mica or iron pyrites,) to the raking up of which nearly all, with insane eagerness, betook themselves. In vain did Smith, wiser by experience, passionately remonstrate. "Neuer any thing did more torment him than to see all necessary busines neglected to fraught such a drunken ship," (Newport's) "with so much gilded durt."

As the spring of 1608 came on, the colonists, stimulated by the activity of their leader, set themselves vigorously at planting and building; and were soon cheered by the arrival of the missing vessel, (the *Phoenix*,) from the West Indies, with an abundant supply of provisions. She was sent home with a load of cedar, despite the remonstrances of the foolish Martin, who went in her, and who wished to freight her with "gilded durt" like the other. The duplicity of Powhatan, who, by theft or barter, was continually striving to supply his people with English arms, was their chief source of annoyance; but the depredators finally "well chanced to meddle with Captaine

Smith," who bestirred himself with such energy, that in a short time he had seven of them prisoners, and gave them "what correction he saw fit." Powhatan, dissembling his anger, sent messengers, and with them "his dearest daughter, *Pocahontas* with presents to excuse him of the iniuries done by some rash vntoward captaines, his subiects, desiring their liberties for this time, with the assurance of his loue for ever." For the sake of his kind deliverer, Smith complied.

On the 2d of June, he set out in a small barge, with fourteen companions, on the arduous enterprize of exploring Chesapeake Bay. Some visions of a South Sea to be attained, and a new channel opened to the wealthy regions of India, may have mingled, it is probable, with the more practical intention of reducing these great waters and their shores within the dominion of geography. Carefully surveying the eastern coast, the voyagers suffered much from tempests and foul weather, and were forced to use their shirts in repairing the sail of their litle craft. They ascended several rivers, meeting with alternate kindness and hostility from the Indians. At one village, says the writer, "the people ran as amazed, in troups, from place to place, and diuers got into the tops of trees, they were not sparing of their arrowes, nor the greatest passion they could expresse of their anger. Long they shot, we still ryding at an anchor without their reatch, making all the signes of friendship we could." Muskets were finally discharged at them, and they fled into the reeds. The next day, however, a friendly intercourse ensued, and great numbers, with presents, anxious for European trifles, clustered around their barge.

At the mouth of the Patapsco, the crew, wearied with a fortnight's incessant labor and exposure, and alarmed at the state of their supplies, vehemently protested against proceeding any farther. Smith diligently endeavored to raise their spirits—setting before their eyes the honorable conduct of the company of Lane, who, in a like excursion, had clamored for further exploration, "seeing they had yet a dog, that being

boyled with saxafras leaves, would richly feede them in their returne." Several of them falling sick, however, he finally consented to return, and, on the 16th of June, fell in with the River Potomac, which he ascended for thirty miles. Exploring a little creek at this point, he found "all the woods layd with ambuscadoes to the number of three or foure thousand Salvages, so strangely paynted, grimed, and disguised, shouting, yelling, and crying, as so many spirits from hell could not haue shewed more terrible." Despite their bravadoes, they were thoroughly scared by a harmless discharge of muskets, and, laying aside their hostile demeanor, they entered into peaceable intercourse. Nothing is more singular than the suddenness with which these impulsive children of the forest could pass from jealousy and fury to confidence and unaffected good will.

After exploring the river as far as their barge could go, the party set out on their return. They were liberally supplied with game by the Indians, and the water, "in diuers places," says the narrator, "had such abundance of fish, lying so thicke with their heads about the water, as for want of nets, (our barge driuing amongst them) we attempted to catch them with a frying pan: but we found it a bad instrument to catch fish with." At the mouth of the Rappahanoc, they had better luck, but with no small damage and peril to the gallant captain. "Our bote," continues the journalist, "by reason of the ebbe, chancing to grownd vpon a many shoules lying in the entrances, we spyd many fishes lurking among the reedes: our Captaine, sporting himselfe by nayling them to the grownd with his sword, set vs all a fishing in that manner; thus we tooke more in owne houre than we could eate in a day. But it chanced our Captaine, taking a fish from his sword, (not knowing her condition) being much of the fashion of a Thornback, but a long tayle like a riding rodde, whereon the middest is a most poysoned sting, of two or three inches long, bearded like a saw on each side, which she struck into the wrist of his arme near an inch and a halfe, no bloud or wound was scene, but a

little blew spot, but the torment was instantly so extreame, that in foure houres had so swollen his hand, arme, and shoulder, we all with much sorrow concluded his funerall, and prepared his graue in an Island by, as himselfe directed; yet it pleased God, by a precious oyle Doctor *Russell* at the first applyed to it, when he sounded it with probe, (ere night) his tormenting paine was so well asswaged, that he eate of the fish to his supper, which gaue no lesse joy and content to vs then ease to himselfe." Sting-ray Point, named in commemoration of this incident, still retains its name.

On the 21st of July, the expedition returned to Jamestown, having accomplished an arduous feat of surveying, and having visited and made friends with a great number of the savage tribes inhabiting the shores of the Chesapeake. As usual, in the absence of Smith, all was in confusion at the settlement. The ill conduct of Ratcliffe, "the silly President," had wrought the colonists, especially the new comers, to such desperation that, to use the words of the narrative, "had we not arrived, they had strangely tormented him with revenge; but the good Newes of our Discovery, and the good hope we had by the Salvages relation, that our Bay stretched into the South Sea [!] or somewhat neare it, appeased their fury."

The obnoxious president was forthwith deposed, and Smith was elected in his place—the place which, from the first, had been due to his superior judgment and experience, and which had been amply earned by his untiring devotion to the service of the colony.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOYAGE OF SURVEY RESUMED—VENERATION OF THE INDIANS FOR SMITH—SKIRMISHES—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION—ARRIVAL OF NEWPORT—ABSURD INSTRUCTIONS—POCAHONTAS AND HER WOMEN—HAUGHTINESS OF POWHATAN—HIS CORONATION—UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION OF NEWPORT—ACTIVITY OF SMITH—INGENIOUS DEVICE AGAINST SWEARING.

THE newly-made president, fonder of enterprise and action than of ease or dignity, remained at home only three days, and then, appointing a discreet deputy to fill his place, again manned his boat, and with twelve companions set out to resume the survey. He passed to the Patapsco, and on his way interchanged presents with a party of the Massawomecs, a powerful nation of the north, concerning which frequent reports had reached the colony. On the river Tockwogh, the explorers entered into friendly communication with a numerous tribe, from whom they first heard of the Susquehannas, the giant-like race already described. An invitation to visit the English was dispatched to them, and sixty of these Herculean warriors soon came, with presents and unbounded confidence, to pay their respects to the renowned chief of the whites. Nothing could exceed their veneration for his person. There seems to have been a natural dignity, kindness, and manhood in his demeanor, which invariably was sufficient to overawe or conciliate the rudest tribes which he encountered.

“Our order,” says the journal, “was daily to haue Prayer, with a Psalme, at which solemnitie the poore Salvages much wondred; our prayers being done, a while they were busied with a consultation till they had contrived their businesse. Then they began in a most passionate manner to hold vp their hands to the Sunne, with a most feareful song, then imbracing our Captaine, they began to adore him in like manner; though he rebuked them, yet they proceeded till their song was finished; which done, with a most strange furious action, and a

hellish voyce, began an Oration of their loues; that ended, with a great painted Beares skin they covered him; then one ready with a great chayne of white Beads, weighing at least six or seaven pound, hung it about his necke, the others had 18 mantels, made of diuers kinds of skinnes, sowed together; all these, with many other toyes, they layd at his feete, stroking their ceremonious hands about his necke, to be their Governour and Protector."

The survey was continued, and the party, passing up the Rappahanock, were joined by one Mosco, apparently the son of a Frenchman, who devoted himself to their service with much assiduity. With the Rappahanocks they had several skirmishes, the hostile savages "accommodating themselues with branches," from behind which they poured volleys of arrows on the passing barge. In one of these encounters, a wounded savage was found on the field, "but taking him vp, we found he had life, which Mosco seeing, never was a Dog more furious against a Beare, than Mosco was to haue beat out his braines." The doctor, however, kindly dressed his wounds, and being questioned, "the poore Salvage mildly answered," with what information he could give them. After learning of the neighboring tribes, "We demanded," says the writer, "why they came in that manner to betray vs, that came to them in peace, and to seeke their loues; he answered they heard we were a people come from vnder the world, to take their world from them. * * Then we asked him what was beyond the mountaines, he answered the Sunne; but of any thing els he knew nothing, because the woodes were not burnt."

It is not possible, in these limits, to give a full account of this long and arduous expedition of discovery, in the course of which Smith completed the survey of the whole Chesapeake Bay, making an accurate chart of its shores, and acquiring much useful information. Of the numerous savage tribes whom he encountered, all were conciliated by friendship, or, if hostile, were overcome by arms, and a brief, but interesting

account was drawn up of the country and of its various inhabitants. He returned to Jamestown on the 7th of September, after an absence of three months, (except his brief visit in July,) having made a voyage in all of about three thousand miles, and experienced a great variety of danger and adventure. His little bark was deeply freighted with provisions for the use of the colony.

The settlers were suffering from sickness, and many of them had died; but the deputy had faithfully attended to his duties, and had provided for the gathering and storing of the harvest. On the 10th, Smith was formally invested with the office of president, and set actively to work to promote the welfare and good order of the settlement.

Not long after this, Captain Newport arrived, bringing seventy additional colonists, some of them persons of consideration. Among them were two Englishwomen, a Mrs. Forrest and her maid, being the first females that had yet ventured to the colony. There were also eight Germans, sent out to make pitch, tar, potash, and glass, and who in the end proved a source of great danger and annoyance to the plantation. The company in England had evinced a sad want of discretion in all their doings, and especially in their orders to Captain Newport, "not to returne without a lumpe of gold, a certaintie of the South Sea, or one of the lost companie sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh." In pursuance of these extravagant instructions, Newport had brought a great barge, built in separate pieces, to be carried over the mountains, (the Blue Ridge!) and thence launched into one of the streams which, it was supposed, must flow into the Pacific. "If he had burnt her to ashes," says the captain, in an indignant remonstrance to the Company, "one might haue carried her in a bag, (but as she is, five hundred cannot,) to a nauigable place about the Falles. And for him at that time to find in the South Sea, a Mine of Gold! or any of them sent by Sir *Walter Raleigh!* at our Consultation I told them was as likely as the rest." To secure the favor of Powhatan, who was supposed to guard

both the route to the Pacific and the anticipated gold mine, these wiseacres had sent him certain royalties, consisting of a basin and ewer, a bed and furniture, a chair of state, a suit of scarlet, a cloak, and a crown, (of no great cost, we may imagine,) purporting to be a present from his fellow-monarch, the sovereign of Great Britain.

Against all these ridiculous proceedings, the practical Smith vainly protested. But, finding the new comers bent on their scheme, he did his best to further it. He went in person, with only four attendants, to Werowocomoco, to see Powhatan in their behalf. That chief was absent, thirty miles off, but messengers were immediately dispatched to him, and meanwhile Pocahontas and her women did their best to entertain the visitors. First, as they sat quietly by their fire, "was heard suddainly among the woodes, such a hydeous noyse and shreeking, that the English betook themselves to their arms, supposing *Powhatan*, with all his power, was come to surprise them." They were, however, reassured by Pocahontas, and, for their entertainment, "presently were presented with this anticke." Thirty young women, habited much in the costume of Mother Eve, but gayly painted, and adorned with the most fantastic devices, appeared.

"These fiends," says the ungallant narrator, "with most hellish shouts and cryes, rushing from among the trees, cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with most excellent ill varietie, oft falling into their infernall passions," (ecstacies) "and solemnly againe to sing and daunce; having spent neare an houre in this Mascarado," (masquerade) "as they entred, in like manner they departed.

"Having reaccommodated themselves, they solemnly invited him to their lodgings, where he was no sooner within the house, but all these nymphs more tormented him than ever, with crowding, pressing, and hanging about him, most tediously crying, Loue you not me? Loue you not me? This salutation ended, the feast was set, consisting of all the Salvage dainties they could devise: some attending, others singing and daun-

cing about them; which mirth being ended, with firebrands in stead of Torches, they conducted him to his lodging."

The next day came Powhatan; but on being requested to go to Jamestown and receive his presents, he was taken with a sudden fit of dignity or suspicion. Smith politely urged him to accompany them to the settlement—"wherevnto this subtile Savage thus replied:

"If your King have sent me Presents, I also am a King, and this is my land; eight dayes I will stay to receiue them. Your father" (Newport) "is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such a bait, * * * as for any salt water beyond the mountaines, the Relations you haue had from my people are false.' Wherevpon he began to draw plots" (plans) "vpon the ground, (according to his discourse) of all those regions."

To humor his dignity, Smith and Newport, with fifty men, taking the presents, proceeded to Werowocomoco. The next day after their arrival was appointed for his solemn coronation. The description of that august ceremony is amusing enough. A vehement distrust, inspired perhaps by the dread of necromancy, was evidently uppermost in the royal mind. The other articles having been given him, and his furniture properly set up, we are told, "his scarlet Cloke and apparell were with much adoe put on him, being perswaded by *Namontack*" (his former servant) "they would not hurt him; but a foule trouble there was to make him kneele to receiue his Crowne, he neither knowing the maiesty nor meaning of a Crowne, nor bending of the knee, endured so many perswasions, examples, and instructions, as tyred them all; at last, *by leaning hard on his shoulders, he a little stooped*, and three having the Crowne in their hands, put it on his head, when, by the warning of a Pistoll, the Boats were prepared with such a volley of shot, that the King started vp in a horrible feare, till he saw all was well."

After this imposing ceremonial, Newport, despite the remonstrances of the king, set forth up the James River, with

an hundred and twenty men, in quest of his lump of gold and the South Sea. They went in their boat to the Falls, and managed to get by land about forty miles farther. They then retraced their steps, and arrived at Jamestown, suffering grievously from toil and exposure, and still more from disappointment, "in our gilded hopes," says one, "as Captaine *Smith* had foretold vs."

The captain, on their arrival, set them all at work in various useful occupations, and took thirty of them, among whom were several gentlemen, down the river, to cut trees and hew out timber and clapboards. Stimulated by his vigorous example, these gallants, axe in hand, assailed the virgin forest—"making it their delight to heare the trees thunder as they fell; but the Axe so oft blistered their tender fingers, that many times every third blow had a loud othe to drowne the echo; for remedie of which crime, the President deuised how to haue every mans othes numbred, and at night for every othe to haue a Cann of water powred downe his sleeue, with which every offender was so washed (himselpe and all) that a man should scarce heare an othe in a weeke.

"By this," continues the author, with a due regard to dignity, "let no man thinke that the President and these Gentlemen spent their times as common Wood-haggers at felling of trees, or such like labours, or that they were pressed to it as hirelings or common slaues, onely as a pleasure and recreation, yet 30 or 40 of such voluntary Gentlemen would doe more in a day, than 100 of the rest that must be prest to it by compulsion, but *twentie good workmen had been better than them all.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

DISORDERS IN THE COLONY—SMITH'S LETTER—HIS EXPEDITION TO SURPRISE POWHATAN—BEGUILING SPEECHES—FLIGHT OF POWHATAN—MUTUAL TREACHERY—VISIT FROM POCAHONTAS—TRANSACTIONS AT PAMUNKEY—FURY OF SMITH—THE INDIANS QUELLED.

PROVISIONS falling short, Smith again ascended the Chickahominy, and, after meeting some difficulty, returned with two hundred bushels of corn. Meanwhile, the jealousy of Newport and Ratcliffe had formed a plan to depose him, "but their hornes," we are told, "were so much too short to effect it, as they themselues more narrowly escaped a greater mischief." What terrible meaning may lurk under this ominous insinuation we are not advised. "All this time," proceeds the narrative, "our old Taverne," (the ship) "made as much of all of them that had either money or ware as could be desired; by this time they were become so perfect on all sides (I meane the souldiers, saylers, and Salvages,) as there was tenne times more care to maintaine their damnable and private trade, than to provide for the colony things that were necessary." She finally departed, freighted by the president with a variety of the products of the country. He also, in a letter to the company, besought them "rather to send but thirty Carpenters, husbandmen, gardiners, fisher men, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers vp of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand such as we haue."

In the same letter, he complains of the misrepresentations of Newport, and adds, with honest pride, "Now, that you should know I haue made you as great a discovery as he, for lesse charge than he spendeth you every meale; I haue sent you this Mapped of the Bay and Riuers, with an annexed Relation of the Countries and Nations that inhabit them, as you may see at large." To their ungrateful complaints that they were kept in ignorance of the land, he replies, sternly, "I desire but to know, what either you or these here doe know"

(of the country) "but what I have learned to tell you, at the continuall hazard of my life."

As winter came on, supplies began to grow scanty, and numerous mouths were clamorous for food. The indefatigable president, by repeated excursions, sleeping, with his hardy companions, among the snow, gained from time to time precarious supplies; but finally, seeing a prospect of starvation, came to the hazardous and very questionable resolve of seizing on Powhatan, and despoiling his granaries. That chieftain had requested a visit from him, promising that if Smith would "build him a house, giue him a gryndstone, fiftie swords, some peeces," (muskets) "a cock and a hen, with much copper and beads, he would load his Ship with Corne."

Two Englishmen and four Germans were sent to build the house, and, unluckily for Smith, were informed of his unfriendly project. Soon after, (December 29th,) he set out with three boats and forty-six volunteers, in the same direction. The Indians, on their way, warned them that Powhatan had sent for them only to cut their throats, but they pushed on up the river, meeting good entertainment, and finding excellent sport. "An hundred fortie eight foules the President, *Anthony Bagnall*, and *Serjeant Pising* did kill at three shots." Game must certainly have been more plentiful on the river than it is now. At this time, Smith dispatched Mr. Sicklemore, "a very valiant, honest, and a painefull Souldier," and with him two others, on a fruitless search for the lost colony planted by Raleigh.

On arriving at Werowocomoco, the expedition was at first hospitably entertained by Powhatan, who, however, soon exhibited his distrust and alarm. He had been informed of Smith's intention by one of the Germans, and after much parley, to no purpose, (each party endeavoring to take the other at a disadvantage,) he addressed his guest in the following artful speech, "expostulating the difference betweene Peace and Warre."

"Captaine *Smith*, you may vnderstand that I, having seene

the death of all my people thrice, and not any one living of those three generations but my selfe; I know the difference of Peace and Warre better than any in my Country. But now I am old, and ere long must die. * * * Thinke you I am so simple, not to know it is better to éate goode meate, lye well, and sleepe quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, haue copper, hatchets, or what I want, being your friend; than be forced to flie from all, to lye cold in the woods, feede vpon Acornes, rootes, and such trash, and be so hunted by you that I can neither rest, eate, nor sleepe; but my tyred men must watch, and if a twig but breake, every one cryeth, 'there commeth Captaine *Smith*;' then must I fly I know not whither; and thus with miserable feare end my miserable life."

"To this subtile discourse," ending with an urgent persuasion that the whites should lay aside their arms, the captain replied by complaining of injuries received from his host, and adducing the example of the Indians, who always carried their weapons in Jamestown. After many artful rejoinders from both, the king, with a deep sigh, "breathed his minde once more," as follows:

"Captaine *Smith*, I never use any Werowance so kindly as your selfe, yet from you I never receive the least kindness of any. Captaine *Newport* gaue me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what I desired; euer taking what I offered him, and would send away his gunnes when I intreated him; none doth denye to lye at my feete, or refuse to doe what I desire, but onely you; of whom I can haue nothing but what you regard not; and yet you will haue whatsoever you demand. Captaine *Newport* you call father, and so you call me, but I see, for all vs both, you will doe what you list, and we must both seeke to content you. But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your armes, that I may beleeeve you; for you see the loue I beare you doth cause me thus nakedly to forget my self."

Smith now dispatched a private message to the rest of his

people, to come on shore and surprise the king, meanwhile using persuasions as artful as those of his host, and promising on the morrow to lay aside his arms. "I call you father indeed," he said, "and as a father you shall see I will love you; but the small care you have of such a childe, caused my men to perswade me to look to myselfe." But Powhatan, advised of the landing of the soldiers, was on the alert, and, leaving three of his women to parley with Smith, made good his retreat, bag and baggage, into the woods. Meanwhile, his warriors, in great numbers, closed around the house. "Which being presently discovered to Captaine *Smith*, with his Pistoll, sword, and target, he made such a passage among these naked Diuels, that at his first shoot, they next him tumbled one ouer another, and the rest fled quickly, some one way, some another." Powhatan, from his retreat, "to excuse his flight and the sudden coming of this multitude, sent our Captaine a great bracelet and a chain of pearle, by an ancient Oratour," who smoothed the matter over with plausible explanations.

A quantity of corn, which Smith had purchased, was now carried by the Indians aboard his barge, and he prepared to pass the night in his quarters. Powhatan, "bursting with desire to have his head," sent his people to beguile the English with merriment, while he prepared to attack them by night. "Notwithstanding," says the narrative, "the eternall all-seeing God did preuent him, and by a strange meanes. For *Pocahontas*, his dearest iewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent vs by and by: but *Powhatan* and all the power he could make, would after come kill vs all, if they that brought it could not kill vs with our owne weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would liue, shee wished vs presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in he would haue given her; but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to haue any, for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, so shee ranne away by her selfe as she came."

As she had told them, the cunning savages soon came with great platters of venison and other kinds of refreshment, begging the English to put out the matches of their guns, "(whose smoke made them sicke)" and sit down to meat. But their intended victims, forewarned, redoubled their vigilance, and Powhatan, learning, by repeated messengers, that all were on their guard, relinquished his design. The next morning, at high water, they took their departure. It certainly cannot be regretted that this attempt of Smith's to seize the person and property of the chief who had formerly spared his life, should have been unsuccessful.

From Werowocomoco, with his company, he proceeded to Pamunkey, the seat of Opechancanough, his former captor. Here, for many days, they were liberally entertained, but a plot for their capture or destruction was cunningly devised. Smith, with only fifteen companions, going to the house of the chief, by agreement, for traffic, was surrounded by a force of seven hundred armed Indians; his host, "with a strained cheerefullnesse," holding him in discourse until the place was completely beset.

In a stirring speech, the captain exhorted his little band to stand bravely to their defence, and, whatever the event, "to fight like men, and not die like sheepe." All vowed to do their best, if it should cost their lives, and he then sternly bespoke his treacherous host: "*Opechancanough*, I see your plot to murder me, but I feare it not. As yet your men and mine have done no harm, but by our direction. Therefore take your Armes, you see mine, my body shall bee as naked as yours; the Isle in your river is a fit place, if you be contented; and the conqueror (of vs two) shall be Lord and Master over all our men." He also offered to stake on the same issue any amount of copper against an equal value of corn, "and our game shall be, the Conquerour take all."

To this handsome proposal the chief evinced no inclination, and, under pretext of showing Smith a great present, invited him without the door, "where the bait was guarded with at

least two hundred men, and thirty lying vnder a greate tree, (that lay thwart as a barricado) each his arrow nocked ready to shoote." Angered at this piece of treachery, the captain "commanded to guard the doore, and in such a rage snatched the King by his long locke in the middest of his men," at the same time, clapping a pistol to his breast. He then led him forth into the midst of his people, and made him give up his arms—the warriors, struck with consternation, and fearing for the life of their chief, offering no resistance. The chief then "bestowed his presents in good sadnesse," and Smith, "still holding the King by the hayre," addressed the savages with many reproaches for their treachery and hostility.

"If you shoot but one Arrow," he fiercely continued, "to shed one drop of bloud of any of my men, or steale the leaste of these Beads or Copper, which I spurne here before you with my foot; you shall see I will not cease revenge (if once I begin) so long as I can heare where to finde one of your Nation that will not deny the name of *Pamaunk*. I am not now at Rassaweak halfe drowned with myre, where you tooke me prisoner. * * * If I be the marke you ayme at, here I stand, shoot he that dare. You promised to fraught my ship ere I departed, and so you shall, or I will load her with your dead carcasses." He ended this "angry parle," however, in a more conciliatory strain, offering the freedom of their chief and his own friendship, if they would be trusty and faithful in their agreements.

Amazed at his hardihood, and fearing for their chief, the Indians laid aside their bows and arrows, and began to bring in provisions. Over-wearied with their oppressive attentions, Smith at last laid down to sleep, and the warriors, thinking perhaps to surprise him, flocked into the house, in great numbers, with clubs and English swords. "The noyse and haste they made in, did so shake the house they awoke him from his sleepe, and being halfe amazed at this suddaine sight, betooke himselfe strait to his sword and target; Mr. *Chrushaw* and some others charged in like manner; whereat they quickly

thronged faster backe than before forward. The house thus cleansed, the King and some of his auncients we kept yet with him, who with a long Oration, excused this intrusion. The rest of the day was spent with much kindnesse, the companie again renewing their presents with the best provisions, and whatsoever he gaue them, they seemed therewith well contented."

CHAPTER IX.

ACCIDENT AT JAMESTOWN—SMITH POISONED—GREAT SUPPLY OF CORN
—MORALITY OF THE DAY—TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS—SMITH
TAKES THE KING OF PASPAHEGH—SUPPOSED TO REVIVE THE
DEAD—WANTS OF THE COLONY—LAZY SETTLERS—SPEECH
OF SMITH—TREACHERY OF THE GERMANS.

DURING the absence of the expedition, a great misfortune had befallen the colony, in the loss of Mr. Scrivener, the deputy, who, with ten others, venturing out in a small boat, on a stormy day, had perished in the waves. The messenger dispatched with this heavy news to the president, had narrowly eescaped with his life at Werowocomoco; but "Pochahontas hid him for a time, and sent them who pursued him the cleane contrary way to seeke him." Smith kept this discouraging intelligence from his company, and set out on his return. A plan to surprise Powhatan was again defeated by "those damned *Dutch* men," who had forewarned him of his danger. He made good his retreat, carrying all his store with him. Several other interviews with the Indians took place, and much provision was obtained; but despite the secret commands of that chief, his people dared not openly attempt the life of the redoubted captain. "Yet, had their art and poyson been sufficient, the President, with Mr. *West* and some others, had been poysoned; It made them sicke, yet expelled itself. *Wecuttanow*, a stout young fellow, knowing he was suspected

for bringing this present of poyson, with fortie or fiftie of his chiefe companions (seeing the President but with a few men at Potauncok,) so proudly braued it, as though he expected to incounter a revenge.—Which the President perceiving, in the midst of his company, did not onely beate, but spurned him like a dogge, as scorning to doe him any worse mischiefe.”

In some places where the English went for corn, “the people,” we are told, “imparted that little they had with such complaints and teares from the eyes of women and children, as he had been too cruell to haue beene a Christian, that would not haue beene satisfied and moued with compassion.” It is to be hoped that Smith, who, with all his roughness, had a compassionate heart, spared the little store of these poor people. He returned to Jamestown with nearly five hundred bushels of corn, the fruit of long foraging among various tribes—part obtained by traffic, part as presents, and part, we are sorry to say, by force and violence.

The narrator, indeed, takes some pains to exculpate his party from the charge of too great moderation, which “the blind world’s ignorant censure” might impute to them. “These temporizing proceedings,” he says, “to some may seem too charitable, to such a daily daring, trecherous people; to others not pleasing that we washed not the grounde with their blouds, nor shewed such strange inventions, in mangling, murdering, ransacking, and destroying (as did the *Spaniards*,) the simple bodies of such ignorant soules.” He also argues elaborately that it was no discredit to the Virginian adventurers that they had not discovered gold or silver, adding, naively enough, that if the precious metals *had* been found, and they had not gotten as much as the Spaniards, “the world might *then* haue traduced us and our merits, and haue made shame and infamy our recompense and reward.”

There was now a sufficient supply of food to last the colony for a year; and Smith, the fear of starvation removed, set his people at work in various useful occupations—making, after the fashion of schoolmasters, a table of their respective

merits and demerits. "By this," says the narrative, "many became very industrious, yet more by punishment performed their businesse; * * * for there was no excuse could prevaile to deceive him."

The Dutchmen, who lived with Powhatan, had several rascally confederates in Jamestown, and quantities of arms and ammunition were thus secretly stolen and conveyed to the Indians. No suspicion of their treachery was yet entertained. Learning, however, that one of them had come to the glass-house, (the usual scene of their intrigues,) a mile from the town, Smith set out to apprehend him. He was not found there, and the captain, leaving his followers to search for him, set off alone for home, with no weapon but his sword. An ambuscade of forty Indians was at that very time lying in wait for him. "By the way he incountred the King of Paspahegh, a most strong stout Salvage, whose perswasions not being able to perswade him to his Ambush, seeing him onely armed but with a faucheon," (falchion) "attempted to have shot him, but the President prevented his shooting by grapling with him, and the Salvage as well prevented him from drawing his faucheon, and perforce bore him into the River to have drowned him. Long they struggled in the water, till the President got such a hold on his throat, he had neare strangled the King; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged his life, he led him prisoner to *James Towne*, and put him in chaynes." Other and more sanguinary encounters with his tribe ensued, but peace, by mutual concession, was finally established.

On one occasion, a pistol had been stolen by some of the Chickahominies, and Smith, with his accustomed promptitude, seized on two young men, brothers, who were privy to the theft. One of these he put in prison, and dismissed the other, with a threat that unless the missing article was brought back in twelve hours, the other should forthwith be hanged. This cruel retribution he could hardly have intended; for, we are told, "the President pittying the poore naked Salvage in the

dungeon, sent him victuall and some Char-coale for a fire." The poisonous fumes of this fuel, however, in the close apartment, produced such stupefaction that he was taken out for dead. His brother, returning with the pistol, "most lamentably bewayled his death, and broke forth into such bitter agonies, that the President, to quiet him, told him that if hereafter they would not steale, he would make him aliue againe; but he little thought he could be recovered.—Yet we doing our best with *Aqua-vitæ* and *Vineger*, it pleased God to restore him again to life." Both were dismissed, well satisfied with a small present, and the report immediately spread among the Indians, that Captain Smith could restore the dead to life.

"Another ingenuous Salvage," proceeds the narrator, having got possession of a great bag of gunpowder, attempted to dry it over the fire on a piece of armor, as he had seen the soldiers do at Jamestown; but unfortunately, continuing the process too long, it exploded, and killed him with one or two others, besides injuring many of the spectators. "These and many other such pretty Accidents," we are told, so amazed and affrighted the Indians, that they took a wholesome distrust to gunpowder, and omitted no means to conciliate the whites, and to live at peace with them.

Supplied with food, and freed from the dread of Indian hostilities, the settlers devoted themselves with energy to the building of additional houses, and to the production of useful articles of commerce. They dug and planted a goodly quantity of land, and rejoiced in the increase of their live stock, "60. and od Pigs," says the exultant chronicler. "And neare 500. chickings brought vp themselues without hauing any meate giuen them."

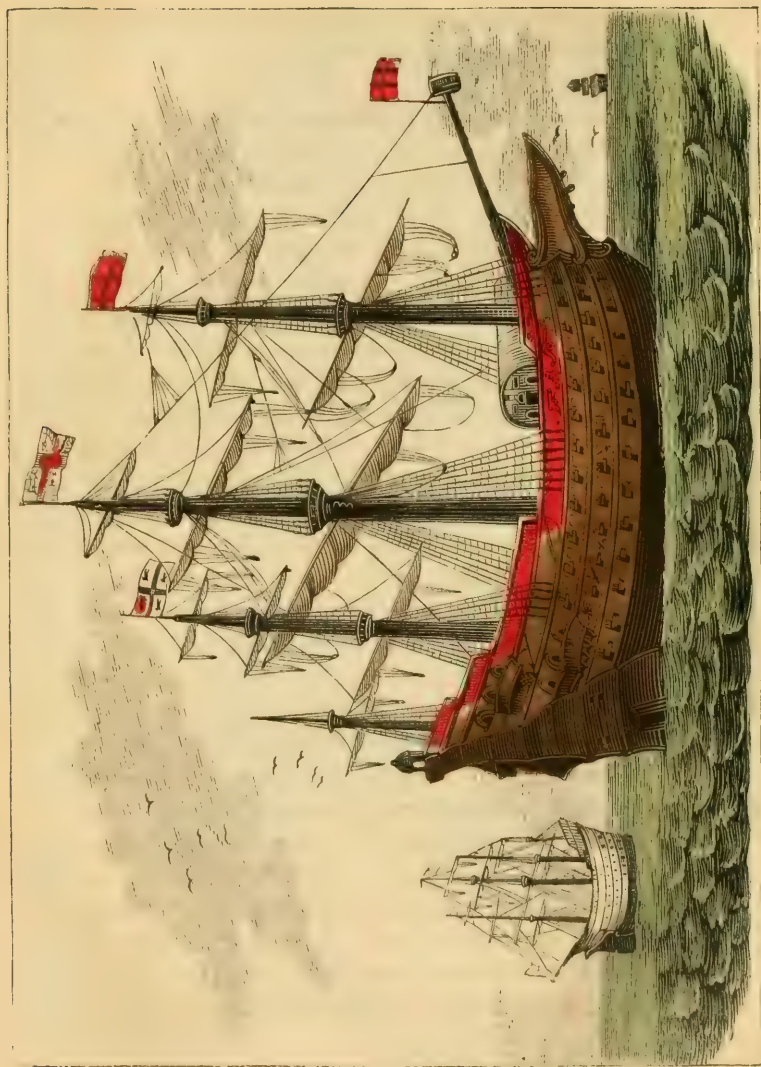
The destruction of their stock of corn, by rotting and by the rats, again compelled them to turn their attention to gaining the bare necessities of life. The Indians supplied them liberally with game, and the more industrious, by fishing and gathering the natural productions of the country, did much to relieve the wants of the colony. "But such was the strange

condition of some 150, that had they not been forced, *nolens volens*, perforce to gather and prepare their victuall, they would all haue starued or haue eaten one another." It was "the vnreasonable desire of those distracted Gluttonous Loyterers," that the president should sell to the Indians every utensil in the colony, whether of labor or defence, so long as the least pittance of corn could thus be procured. By every kind of artful and mutinous misbehavior, they sought to compel him to break up the colony and quit the country. His patience at last gave way, and having summarily punished the chief mutineer, "one *Dyer*, a most crafty fellow and his ancient Maligner," he addressed the others in a stern, admonitory strain.

"Fellow souldiers, I did little think any so false to report, or so many to be so simple as to be perswaded, that I either intend to starve you, or that *Powhatan* at this present hath corne for himselfe, much lesse for you; or that I would not have it, if I knew where it were to be had. Neither did I thinke any so malicious as I now see a great many; yet it shal not so passionate me, but I will doe my best for my most maligner. But dreame no longer of this vaine hope from *Powhatan*, nor that I will longer forbear to force you from your Idlennesse, and punish you if you rayle. But if I find any more runners for Newfoundland with the Pinnace, let him assuredly looke to arive at the Gallows.

"You cannot deny but that by the hazard of my life many a time I have saved yours, when (might your own wills have prevailed) you would have starved. But I protest by that God that made me, since necessitie hath not power to force you to gather for your selves those fruites the earth doth yeeld, you shall not onely gather for your selves, but for those that are sicke. As yet, I never had more from the store than the worst of you: and all my English extraordinary provision that I have, you shall see me divide it amongst the sicke.

"And this Salvage trash you so scornefully repine at, being put in your mouths, your stomachs can digest it. If you would have better, you should have brought it; and



ENGLISH SHIPS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

therefore I will take a course that you shall provide what is to be had. The sicke shall not starve, but equally share of all our labours, and he that gathereth not every day as much as I doe, the next day shall be set beyond the river, and be banished from the Fort as a drone, till he amend his conditions or starve."

This resolute and peremptory speech had the desired effect, and the towns-people set themselves to work in such diligent fashion that the dread of famine was once more removed. Many were billeted among the Indians, who received them kindly, and shared with them their scanty stores. The Germans, who still harbored with Powhatan, were a constant source of annoyance and uneasiness to the colony. They even proposed to their host a most treacherous scheme to seize on Jamestown, and murder or enslave the enfeebled colonists. This plot they communicated to two of their confederates in the town, "whose Christian hearts relented at such a vnechristian act," and who promptly revealed it to the president.

Great was the indignation at this alarming discovery, and the people clamored for immediate revenge. "Amongst many that offred to cut their throats before the face of *Powhatan*, the first was Lieutenant *Percy* and Mr. *John Cuderington*, two Gentlemen of as bold resolute spirits as could possibly be found. But the President had occasion of other imploiment for them, and gaue way to Master *Wyffin* and Sarjeant *Ieffrey Abbot*, to goe and stab them or shoot them." Those gentlemen, however, were so wrought on by the excuses of the culprits, as to relinquish their sanguinary design.

In the spring of 1609, came Captain Samuel Argall, (afterwards governor) to fish and trade, in a vessel well freighted with wine and provision. "Though it was not sent vs," says the narrative, "our necessities inforced vs to take it." Restitution, however, was afterwards made. By this arrival the colonists learned of great changes and preparations in England.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW COMPANY—ILL TREATMENT OF SMITH—LARGE EXPEDITION DIS-
PATCHED—HURRICANE—ARRIVAL AT JAMESTOWN—ANARCHY—SMITH
RESTORED—HIS TROUBLES WITH THE SETTLERS—INJURED
BY AN EXPLOSION—LEAVES VIRGINIA—HIS SERVICES TO
THE COLONY—SUFFERINGS AFTER HIS DEPARTURE.

THE English company, with a sad want of judgment or information, had hitherto hoped with confidence to enrich themselves by the finding of treasure, or by the still more valuable discovery of a Virginian passage to the South Seas. Disappointed and irritated by the failure of their over-sanguine expectations, they now thought proper to visit their displeasure on the head of Captain Smith. His necessarily firm and rigorous rule had made him many enemies; and the bluntness and plain-spoken truth of his communications had shocked the dignity of the authorities at home. They resolved to depose him from the command of the colony, which his almost unaided exertions had so repeatedly preserved from destruction, and the true value of which their short-sighted rapacity prevented them from appreciating.

Many persons of wealth and influence had joined the company, and in May, 1609, a new charter was obtained, conferring more absolute power on the English authorities, and shamefully disregarding the rights of those by whose personal exertions the colony had been planted and maintained. Lord Delaware was appointed captain-general, and various other titled personages were invested with equally high-sounding offices. In the same month, nine ships, carrying five hundred souls, embarked from England under command of Newport, Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir George Somers. Lord Delaware was to follow with recruits.

By a strange piece of folly, the three commanders, with all their documents, and a great part of the provision, embarked on board the same ship. On the 25th of July, this vessel, "in

the taylor of a *Hericano*," (hurricane) was separated from the squadron, and was wrecked on one of the Bermudas. Another perished in the storm, and the remainder, without any general commander, arrived safely at Jamestown. They were, however, in miserable condition from the effects of the tempestuous voyage; many of the passengers had died, and many others were suffering from sickness.

The new comers themselves, it appears, were of a description grievously ill adapted to the career they had undertaken—"much fitter to spoil a commonwealth than to help to raise or maintain one." In "this lewd company," we are told, "were many vnruely Gallants, packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies," many broken down gentlemen, and bankrupt tradesmen, needy adventurers, and decayed serving-men. Naturally enough, being without an authorized leader, they fell into utter anarchy and misrule, every day setting up and pulling down authorities, and rēmodelling the government after a dozen different fashions.

Such was the disordered condition of the colony, that the more sensible entreated Captain Smith to resume the command, which, at the news of his displacement, he had at once relinquished. Seeing that no one as yet had authority to supplant him, he consented, though reluctantly; and in a little time, by a vigorous exertion of authority, reduced the settlement to something like order. To divide the numbers which overflowed Jamestown, it was now resolved that an hundred and twenty men, under Martin, should proceed to form a settlement at Nansemond, and a like number, under Captain West, at the Falls of James River. The first of these plantations, from the inefficiency of its commander, and the attacks of the irritated natives, proved an entire failure. The second was pitched in a place exposed to inundations and other inconveniences, and Captain Smith, to provide a better site, made an agreement for the purchase of Powhatan, with its fort and all the houses, from the chief of that name, and proposed their removal thither. "But both this excellent place and

those good conditions did these furies refuse, contemning both him, his kinde care and authoritie." He went to them in person, with only five men, but was compelled by their violence to betake himself to the vessel. Here he waited for nine days, hoping that they would listen to reason, and much concerned to hear the continual complaints of the Indians, who thronged around him with repeated accounts of the violence and injustice of the new comers.

He had sailed a little way down the river, when news came that the exasperated savages had attacked the settlement, and killed a number of the English. He instantly hastened to the scene, and found the refractory settlers so thoroughly alarmed that they made instant submission to his authority. He then removed them to the fortified town of Powhatan, where, however, they did not long remain, returning, with infatuated obstinacy, to their old position.

A severe and dangerous accident befell the captain, as he was returning in his boat to Jamestown. A bag of powder exploded near him, while asleep, burning his body in a shocking manner, and setting fire to his clothes. To quench his burning garments, he leaped overboard, and was with difficulty saved from drowning. In this miserable condition, without the assistance of surgery, he was carried nearly a hundred miles to Jamestown. It is said that Ratcliffe, Archer, and other disturbers of the colony, fearing punishment for their misdeeds, and "seeing the President vnable to stand, and neere bereft of his senses by reason of his torment, plotted to murder him in his bed. But his heart did faile him that should have given fire to that mercilesse Pistoll."

The disabled president, despairing of recovery without better surgical aid, now made up his mind to leave the colony, over whose interests he had watched with such unwearied and parental assiduity. He knew that the arrival of any of the new dignitaries would supplant his authority; and, incapacitated from active exertion, he was worn out with care and anxiety. Early in the autumn of 1609, he set sail for Eng-

land, leaving in Virginia four hundred and ninety colonists, well supplied with the means of defence, subsistence, and improvement.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the services of this remarkable man in laying the foundation of the American empire. The brilliant feats of arms which he performed, and the deadly perils which he so often encountered, are little in comparison with the untiring zeal, the ever-watchful foresight, and the sagacious policy by which, for years, he sustained, on his single arm, the entire weight of the existence of the colony. Incompetency of his employers, mutiny among his followers, the hostility of powerful tribes, sickness, privations, and famine itself, were all remedied or conquered by his almost unaided exertions.

Rude and violent as he often was toward the offending natives, no white man, perhaps, ever so far conciliated the favor and gained the respect of the Indian race. His very name, long after, was a spell of power among them, and had he remained in Virginia a few years longer, the memorable massacre which, in 1622, proved an almost fatal blow to the settlements in that country, would, it is probable, never have been perpetrated. The wretched condition of the colony, immediately after his departure, may be given in the rude but graphic language of one who shared its misfortunes:

“Now we all found the losse of Captaine *Smith*, yea, his greatest maligners could now curse his losse; as for corne, provision, and contribution from the Salvages, we had nothing but mortall wounds, with clubs and arrowes; as for our Hogs, Hens, Goates, Sheepe, Horse, or what lived, our commanders, officers, and Salvages daily consumed them, some small proportions sometimes we tasted till all was deuoured; then swords, arms, pieces, or any thing wee traded with the Salvages, whose cruell fingers were so oft imbrewed in our blouds, that what by their crueltie, our Gouvernour’s indiscretion, and the losse of our ships, of five hundred, within six moneths after Captaine *Smiths* departure, there remained not past sixtie men,

women, and children, most miserable and poore creatures; and those were preserved, for the most part, by rootes, herbes, walnuts, acornes, now and then a little fish; they that had starch, in these extremities made no small vse of it; yea, euen the very skinnes of our horses. Nay, so great was our famine, that a Salvage we slew and buried, the poorer sort tooke him vp againe and eat him, and so did divers one another boyled and stewed with rootes and herbs: And one amongst the rest did kille his wife, powdered her, and had eaten part of her before it was knowne, for which hee was executed as hee well deserved; now whether shee was better roasted, boyled, or carbonado'd, I know not, but of such a dish as powdered wife I never heard of. This was that time, which still to this day we call 'the starving time;' it were too vile to say and scarce to bee beleaved what we endured; but the occasion was our owne, for want of providence, industrie, and government."

Such are the trials, sufferings, and privations, amid which, too often, the foundation of a commonwealth in the wilderness must be laid—misfortunes at times scarcely avoidable, but, as in the present case, infinitely aggravated by the want of a firm, sagacious, and resolute Head.

CHAPTER XI.

SMITH'S VOYAGE TO NEW ENGLAND—SURVEY OF THE COAST, ETC.—
 VILLANY OF THOMAS HUNT—SMITH'S SECOND EXPEDITION—MIS-
 FORTUNES—PIRATES—SMITH CAPTURED—HIS ADVENTURES—
 HIS ESCAPE—RETURN TO ENGLAND—HIS EXERTIONS FOR
 THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

LITTLE is known of the life of Captain Smith from the time of his departure from Virginia until the year 1614. In March of that year, an expedition, which he joined in fitting out,

and which was probably undertaken at his suggestion, was dispatched by some London merchants to New England, for the purposes of trade and discovery. Two ships, one commanded by himself, and the other by Thomas Hunt, set sail from London, and by the last of April arrived at the island of Manhegin, on the coast of Maine. "Our plot there," says the captain, "was to take Whales," and for this purpose seven boats were built; but "we found this Whale-fishing," he adds, "a costly conclusion; we saw many and spent much time in chasing them, but could not kill any."

The crews were therefore set to work, with better success, in catching and curing cod, and Smith, meanwhile, in a small boat, with eight men, surveyed and mapped out the whole coast, from Penobscot to Cape Cod. He had two fights with the Indians, and obtained of them by traffic an immense number of beaver-skins and other valuable furs. In August he returned to England, leaving Captain Hunt to continue the fishing, and then to dispose of his cargo in Spain. But that unprincipled wretch, at his departure, to use the honestly-indignant language of Smith, "betraied foure and twenty of those poore Salvages aboard his ship, and most dishonestly and inhumanely, for their kinde vsage of me and all our men, caried them with him to *Maligo*," (Malaga) "and there for a little priuate gaine sold those silly Salvages for Rials of eight; but this vilde act kept him euer after from any more imploiment to those parts." We have seen how a similar act of treachery, committed by Cartier on his friendly hosts of the St. Lawrence, delayed and embarrassed the foundation of a French colony on that river; and there can be little doubt that this inhuman instance of wholesale kidnapping, reported along the coast, excited much of that hostile feeling which the settlers of New England afterwards encountered.

In Smith's map, he had mostly given the Indian names to the points on which he touched, with a few others, commemorative of his own adventures. Cape Anne was called Tragabigzanda, in honor of his kind young mistress at Constantinople,

and the Isles of Shoals received the ominous title of "The 3 *Turkes' Heads.*" Most of these names, at his request, were changed by Prince Charles (Charles I.) to others, the greater part of which, adopted from English localities, are still retained.

At Plymouth, where the captain put in, he found several persons "interested in the dead patent of this vnregarded countrey," and was induced by the company of that port to undertake a voyage in their service. To fulfil this engagement he honorably relinquished the flattering proposals of the Virginia company, who now, appreciating the true value of his past exertions, were eager to avail themselves of his courage, enterprise, and good judgment.

After experiencing much delay and disappointment, in March, 1615, he set sail, with two vessels, intending to form a permanent settlement in New England. But his ship being dismasted and almost wrecked by a gale, he was compelled to put back into Plymouth: and it was not until the 24th of June, that he again embarked, in a little vessel of only sixty tons, to prosecute his enterprise. This voyage was one series of misfortunes. First he fell in with an English pirate of thirty-six guns, and these sea-rovers were amazed to find a little vessel of only four cannon stand so stoutly to her defence, until they recognized the valiant Smith, under whom several of them had served long before—probably in the Turkish wars. They had seized this ship at Tunis, and had run away with her, and being now in a state of mutiny, begged the captain to take command of them—which offer, however, he declined.

He sailed on, and near Fayal met with two French pirates, whom, despite the reluctance of his crew, he stoutly resisted, swearing to blow up his vessel, rather than yield, as long as there was a charge of powder left on board—"so together by the eares we went," says his steward, in deposition, "and at last got cleere of them for all their shot." Having escaped this danger, at Flores he had the ill-fortune to be chased by four French men-of-war, dispatched to capture Spaniards and pirates. Despite his commission under the Great Seal, the

unscrupulous admiral seized and plundered his little vessel, which, however, he finally dismissed, retaining Smith, whose revenge he dreaded, as a prisoner. She made her way back to Plymouth.

All summer these Frenchmen, who were no better than pirates themselves, cruised about the islands, taking and plundering numerous vessels, without any regard to the flag they might carry. When they attacked any English craft, Smith was kept prisoner in the cabin; but when they fell in with a Spaniard, they were glad enough to avail themselves of his valor and seamanship. All was fish which came to their net. "The next wee tooke," says the captain, "was a small English man of *Poole*, from *New found land*: the great Cabben at this present was my Prison, from whence I could see them pillage these poor men of all they had and halfe their fishe; when hee was gone, they sold his poore clothes at the maine Mast by an outcry, which scarce gaue each man seven pence a peece." With much less compunction he describes the capture of a rich Spanish galleon—"a *West Indies* man of warre, of one hundred and sixty tons, a fore noone wee fought with her and then tooke her, with one thousand one hundred IIides, fiftie chests of Cutchanele, fourteene coffers of wedges of Silver, eight thousand Rialls of eight, and six Coffers of the King of *Spaine's* Treasure, besides the good pillage and rich Coffers of many rich passengers.

"Two moneths they kept me in this manner to manage their fights against the Spaniards, and bee a prisoner when they tooke any English." In these encounters with the Spaniard (his national foe) the captain doubtless displayed all his accustomed bravery and martial cunning; for his captors repeatedly promised that, when they came to France, he should have ten thousand crowns for his reward. Nevertheless, on arriving at Rochelle, they still kept him prisoner, fearing to be called to an account for their misdeeds. He was not, however, a man to be detained by light vigilance.

"In the end of such a storme," he says, "as beat them all

under hatches, I watched my opportunitie to get a shore in their Boat, whereinto in the darke night I secretly got, and with a halfe Pike that lay by me, put a drift for *Rat Ile*; but the currant was so strong, and the Sea so great, I went a drift to Sea, till it pleased God the wind so turned with the tide, that although I was in all this fearefull night of gusts and raine in the Sea the space of twelve hours, when many ships were driuen a shore and diuers split, : (and being with skulling and bayling the water tired, I expected each minute would sinke me) at last I arriued in an Oazy Ile by *Charoune*, where certaine Fowlers found me neere drowned, and halfe dead, with water, cold, and hunger." The ship which he had so daringly quitted had been wrecked, and the captain and half the crew were drowned. Soon after, he returned to England.

His description of New England and of the voyages which he had made thither, was written on board the *Frenchman*, to alleviate the weariness of captivity, and was published soon after his return. To awaken an interest in that country, whose future greatness and prosperity his sagacious eye clearly foresaw, he travelled through the west of England, and distributed seven thousand copies of his book among different persons of note and influence. "But all," he says, despondingly, "availed no more than to hew rocks with oyster shells," though he received the most lavish promises, and, as a testimony of his merits, was invested by the Plymouth company with the honorable title of "Admiral of New England." The seed he had sowed with such unrequited pains, was, however, years afterwards destined to ripen into a goodly harvest.

CHAPTER XII.

ACCOUNT OF POCAHONTAS—HER TREACHEROUS CAPTURE BY THE
ENGLISH—MARRIED TO MR. ROLFE—SAILS FOR ENGLAND—
SMITH'S LETTER IN HER BEHALF—THEIR INTERVIEW—
COURT FAVOR—HER DEATH.

ALTHOUGH Captain Smith, to whom she was especially attached, had quitted Virginia, Pocahontas still remained the firm friend of the colony he had planted, and was still active in saving the lives of the English from the treachery or hostility of her countrymen. Despite the affection of her father, she had doubtless incurred his displeasure by her repeated interference in behalf of his foes; and it is probable that her gentle and feminine spirit was continually grieved with the scenes of warfare and massacre which, at the departure of Smith, ensued between the Indians and the settlers. In 1612, she had quitted his household, and was residing in great retirement, near the house of Japazaws, chief of the Potomacs.

Captain Argall, afterwards governor, on a trading expedition to that nation, resolved to get possession of her person, as a hostage for the fair dealing of Powhatan; and by the bribe of a copper kettle, induced Japazaws and his wife to enter into his scheme. By a most artful device, this treacherous old couple persuaded her to accompany them on board the English vessel, where Argall hospitably received them, "*Japazaws* oft treading on the Captaine's foot to remember he had done his part." She was presently informed that she would be detained at Jamestown until peace should be made with her father; "whereat the old Iew and his wife began to howle and crie as fast as Pocahontas." Her tears, however, were soon dried by fair promises, and she went quietly to Jamestown. A message was dispatched to the king that he could ransom her only by the delivery of the numerous arms and other valuables which his people had stolen from the English.

"This vnwelcome newes," says the narrator, "much troubled

Powhatan, because hee loued both his daughter and our commodities well," and for a long time fruitless negotiations, varied by hostilities, were kept up. But the amiable princess, who had so often befriended the infant colony, was destined to render it one more and the greatest service in allying her race to that of the whites by the strong ties of family connection.

"Long before this," proceeds the narrative, "Master *John Rolfe*, an honest Gentleman, and of good behavior, had beene in loue with *Pocahontas* and she with him, which resolution Sir *Thomas Dale* well approved; the brute" (report) "of this marriage soon came to the knowledge of *Powhatan*, a thing acceptable to him, as appeared by his sudden consent, for within ten daies, he sent *Opachisco* an old Vncle of hers, and two of his sons, to see the manner of the marriage, and to doe in that behalfe what they were requested, for the confirmation thereof as his deputie; which was accordingly done about the first of April:" (1613) "And euer since wee haue had friendly trade and commerce as well with *Powhatan* himselfe, as all his subiects." An alliance with the Chickahominies was likewise the result of this auspicious union.

In the spring of 1616, *Pocahontas*, now called the Lady Rebecca, with her husband and child, ("which shee loued most dearely,") accompanied Sir *Thomas Dale* to England. She had learned English and Christianity, and, says the narrator, "was become very formall and civill after our English manner"—a great contrast, no doubt, to the little Indian princess who had presented *Smith* and his friends with the heathenish "anticke" at *Werowocomoco*. The captain, on learning of her arrival, lost no time in commending her merits to persons of rank and distinction, and, in a long letter to Queen Anne, (wife of James I.,) set forth the excellent qualities and valuable services of his preserver.

"If ingratitude," he premises, "bee a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must bee guiltie of that crime, if I should omit any meanes to bee thankfull. So it is,

“That some ten yeeres agoe being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of *Powhatan* their chiefe king, I received from this great Salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne *Nantaquaus*, the most manliest, comeliest, bold-est spirit I euer saw in a Salvage, and his sister *Pocahontas* the King’s most deare and wel-beloved daughter, being but a childe of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart, of desperate estate, gaue me much cause to respect her: I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants euer saw; and thus inthrall’d in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortall foes to preuent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weekes fattening among those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine, and not onely that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to *Iames Towne*, where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of *Virginia*, such was the weaknesse of this poore Commonwealth, as had the Salvages not fed vs, we directly had starved.

“And this reliefe, most gracious Queene, was commonly brought vs by this lady *Pocahontas*, notwithstanding all those passages when inconstant Fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender Virgin would still not spare to dare to visit vs, and by her our jarres haue beene oft appeased, and our wants supplied; were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our Nation, I know not: but of this I am sure; when her father with the vtmost of his policy and power sought to surprize mee, hauing but eighteene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from comming through the irksome woodes, and with watered eies gaue mee intelligence, with her best aduice to escape his furie; which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her. *Iames Towne*, with her wild train, she has freely frequented as her father’s

habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, she next vnder God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine, and vtter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolvd, *Virginia* might haue laine as it was at our first arrivall to this day."

In the like homely, but honest and eloquent strain, he con- jures the queen to receive with all honor and kindness the brave and gentle-spirited princess, who had served her colonies so well. When he went to see his old friend, fearing, no doubt, to prejudice her court favor by too great a show of familiarity,* the captain saluted her with ceremonious gravity, which, after so long a separation, gave evidently no small pang to her affectionate heart. "Without any word," he says, "she turned about, obscured her face, as not seeming well contented." Despite of "formall and civill" education, the ag- grieved Indian sullenness, and with good cause, now showed itself. "In that humour," proceeds the captain, "her husband, with diuers others, we all left her two or three houres, repent- ing myself to haue writ shee could speake *English*." (Much better have given at once that affectionate recognition, for which her honest heart was yearning).

"But not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done; saying, 'You did promise *Powhatan* what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you; you called him father, being in his land a stran- ger, and by the same reason so must I doe you:' which though I would have excused, that I durst not allow of that title, because she was a King's daughter, with a well set coun- tenance she said, 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's Countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people,

* Among the numerous pettinesses of James I., perhaps none is more ludicrous than his indignation against Mr. Rolfe, for having presumed, being a subject, to marry into the blood-royal! His absurd demeanor in this matter unquestionably made the friends of Pocahontas cautious of exhibiting a fam- ilarity which he might have deemed both disrespectful to royal dignity, and indicative of dangerous influence with the native dynasty of Virginia.

(but mee) and feare you here I should call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call mee childe, and so I will bee for euer and euer your Countrieman. They did tell vs alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to *Plimouth*; yet *Powhatan* did command Vttatomakkin* to seeke you, and to know the truth, because your Countriemen will lie much."

The jealousy of the foolish James, it would seem, was diverted by the prudent conduct of Smith and her other friends; for, says the captain, "The small time I stayed in *London*, diuers Courtiers and others, my acquaintance, hath gone with mee to see her, that generally concluded, they did thinke God had a great hand in her conversion, and they haue seene many *English Ladies* worse favoured, proportioned, and behavioured, and as since I haue heard, it pleased both the King and Queene's Maiestie honourably to esteeme her, accompanied by that honourable Lady, the Lady *De la Warre*, and that honourable Lord, her husband, and diuers other persons of good qualities, both publikely at the maskes and otherwise, to her

* "This Salvage," says Smith, "one of *Powhatan's* Councell, being amongst them held a vnderstanding fellow; the King purposely sent him, as they say, to number the people here, and informe him well what wee were and our state. Arriving at *Plimouth*, according to his directions he got a long sticke, whereon by notches hee did thinke to haue kept the number of all the men hee could see; but hee was quickly wearie of that taske: Comming to *London*, where by chance I met him, hauing renewed our acquaintance, where many were desirous to heare and see his behaviour, he told me *Powhatan* did bid him to finde me out, to show him our God, the King, Queene, and Prince, I so much had told them of: Concerning God, I told him the best I could, the King I heard hee had seene, and the rest hee should see when hee would: hee denied euer to haue seene the King, till by circumstances he was satisfied he had: Then he replied very sadly, 'You gaue *Powhatan* a white Dog, which *Powhatan* fed as himselfe, but your King gaue me nothing, and I am better than your white Dog.'"

When he returned to Virginia, *Powhatan* asked him how many people there were in England. He answered, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, the sand on the sea-shore, such is the number of people in England."

great satisfaction and content, which doubtless she would have deserved, had she lived to arrive in Virginia."

She was fated never again to see the pleasant land of Virginia, nor the aged father, whose life was hastening to its close. She died at Gravesend, on her way to her native country, in the spring of 1617, at the early age of twenty-two. Her father followed her the next year, being then nearly eighty years old. She left a son, from whom a numerous race have descended, many still dwelling in Virginia. Among them was the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke—justly prouder of his descent from the old imperial race of Powhatan, illustrated by the more gentle heroism of his daughter, than he could have been of the noblest derivation from European ancestry.

CHAPTER XIII.

SMITH IN ENGLAND—MASSACRE IN VIRGINIA—HIS OFFERS—
ANSWERS TO THE COMMISSION—HIS WRITINGS—HIS DEATH
—CHARACTER AND SERVICES.

CAPTAIN SMITH had received the most lavish promises from the Plymouth company, who were anxious to retain him in their service, and had been assured, in 1617, that he should be sent out to New England, with a fleet of twenty ships, to form a settlement on a scale commensurate with the importance of the country. But this agreement never was fulfilled, and during the remainder of his life he resided in England, using every exertion to stimulate his countrymen to American enterprise. The Virginian colony had largely increased, and the raising of tobacco and other profitable productions of the country, was in the process of successful experiment.

On the 27th of March, 1622, a terrible blow was struck at the prosperity of the settlement. Opcehancanough, enraged at the killing of one of his favorite councillors, named "Jack

of the Feather," had plotted, with incredible secrecy and treachery, the entire destruction of the whites. So sudden and well-concerted was the attack of the Indians, that three hundred and forty-seven of the settlers, including six of the council, were helplessly massacred. All ties of friendship and hospitality were disregarded, and the infuriated savages, in many cases, rose from the tables which had been unsuspectingly spread for them, to murder their entertainers. "Neither yet," says the historian, "did these beasts spare those amongst the rest well knowne vnto them, from whom they had daily receiued many benefits, but spitefully also massacred them without any remorse or pitie; being in this more fell than Lions and Dragons (as Histories record) which haue preserved their Benefactors; such is the force of good deeds, though done to cruell beasts, to take humanitie vpon them; but these miscreants put on a more vnnatural brutishnesse than beasts," &c.

It is not too much to suppose that if the dauntless and sagacious Smith, who, fifteen years before had held this treacherous king "by the hayre of his head," before all his people, had remained in Virginia, this grievous misfortune to the colony would never have occurred. He now made proposals to the Virginia company that if they would but allow him an hundred and thirty men, "to imploy onely in ranging the Countries and tormenting" (harassing) "the Salvages," he would keep the whole of Virginia in peace and subjection; but their parsimony prevented them from acceding to his proposal. Accordingly, seventeen years afterwards, a more terrible and wide-spread massacre, in which more than five hundred of the colonists perished, was contrived and executed by the same treacherous and uncompromising foe (Opechancanough).

In the following year, (1623,) a royal commission was appointed to inquire into the condition of the colony, and the answers of the captain, who was examined before it, are characterized by his accustomed shrewdness, good policy, and thorough information. Some of the questions of the gentle-

men who composed it, indicate a sad ignorance of political economy. They ask—

“Quest. 2. *What conceive you should be the cause, though the Country be good, there comes nothing but Tobacco?*”

In answer to this sagacious query, (which may have been prompted by the well-known prejudice of King James against “the stinking weed,”) the captain sensibly enough informs them, that tobacco being worth three shillings a pound (nearly equal to \$2,00 at the present day) it was the most profitable crop that could be raised.

Quest. 6. *“What thinke you are the defects of the government both here and there?”*

Answ. “The multiplicity of opinions here and of officers there, makes such delays by questions and formalitie that as much time is spent in compliment as in action”—an opinion which he enforces with much searching detail. His advice, which the last question demanded, is given with much good sense, charity, and modesty. “Many,” he concludes, “have done their vtmost best, sincerely and truly according their conceit and vnderstanding, yet gross errors have beene committed. But no man lives without his fault; for my owne part, I have so much adoe to amend my owne, I have no leisure to look into any man’s particular.”

In 1624, King James dissolved the company, and abrogated what little semblance of self-government had been allowed it. At his death, which soon after occurred, Charles I., naturally inclined to arbitrary power, announced that the entire control of the colony would be vested in himself and the officers of his appointment.

Little is known of the last few years of the life of Captain Smith. They were probably passed quietly in London, in easy competence, and in a repose which must have seemed all the more tranquil from the stirring and eventful scenes in which nearly his whole life had been passed. He wrote and edited quite a number of works, especially on American subjects, and was engaged in composing a “History of the Sea,”

when, in 1631, death overtook him. None of the circumstances have survived.

In the whole history of adventure, discovery and exploration, there are few names more honorable or more deservedly famous than that of Captain John Smith. To us, he has always appeared (to his very name and title) the finest and most perfect exemplar of a bold Englishman that ever figured on the stage of the world. In his character, bravery, fortitude, sagacity, and sound common sense, were so happily tempered and united as to command instinctive respect; while the tolerably infused tincture of impetuosity, prejudice, and self-will seems only to add a piquancy to his worthier traits, and more finely to set off the national characteristics. His love of enterprise, and his daring, chivalrous spirit, were tempered with a judgment, moderation, and humanity, which, in so rough a career, have never been surpassed. The cutter off of Turks' heads, the desperate Indian fighter, and the sworn enemy of the Spaniard, is all compassion and sympathy when the "silly Salvages" are kidnapped by his treacherous countrymen, or when the "poore clothes" of "a small English-man," are sold by outcry at the main-mast of a pirate.

In early youth, his grand passion was for fighting and renown, no matter on what field, so that a man of honor might engage. In maturer years, the noble passion for founding nations and spreading civilization took a yet firmer possession of his soul. "Who," he exclaims, in his manly address to the idlers of England, "who can desire more content that hath small meanes, or but onely his merit to advance his fortunes than to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life; if hee haue but the taste of vertue and magnanimity, what to such a mind can bee more pleasant than planting and building a foundation for his posterity, got from the rude earth by God's blessing and his owne industry, without prejudice to any; if hee haue any graine of faith or zeale in Religion, what can hee doe lesse hurtfull to any, or more agreeable to God, than to seeke to convert those poore Salvages

to know Christ and humanity, whose labours with discretion will triply reward thy charge and pain; what so truly sutes with honor and honesty, as the discovering things vnknowne, erecting Townes, peopling Countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things uniuert, teaching vertue and gaine to our native mother Country; to finde imploiment for those who are idle, because they know not what to doe; so farre from wronging any, as to cause posterity to remember thee, and remembering thee, euer honor that remembrance with praise."

"Then," reversing the picture, he proceeds, "who would live at home idly, or thinke in himselfe any worth to live, onely to eate, drinke, and sleepe, and so die; or by consuming that carelesly, his frinds got worthily, or by vsing that miserably that maintained vertue honestly, or for being descended nobly, and pine with the vaine vaunt of great kindred in penury, or to maintaine a silly shew of bravery," (finery,) "toile out thy heart, soule, and time basely; by shifts, tricks, Cards and Dice, or by relating newes of other mens' actions, sharke here and there for a dinner or supper, deceive thy friends by false promises and dissimulation, in borrowing where thou never meanest to pay, offende the Lawes, surfet with excesse, burthen thy Councry, abuse thy selfe, despair in want and then cousen" (cozen) "thy kindred, yea, even thy owne brother, and wish thy Parents' death, (I will not say damnation,) to haue their estates, when thou seest what honours and rewards the world yet hath for them, that will seeke them and worthily deserve them."

The full merits of Smith, as the earliest and most indefatigable promoter of the colonization of New England, have never been adequately appreciated. By his personal exertions in the survey and exploration of that neglected region, and by the continual publications which, at great pains and expense, he industriously circulated in England, he awakened the public interest in an enterprise which otherwise, for many years, might have been slighted and deferred. He lived to see the foundations of a great nation firmly laid, both at the south

and north, and though, like many other great projectors and laborers in the same field of action, he reaped no personal advantage (but rather much loss) from his exertion and enterprise, he continued, to the day of his death, to regard the two colonies with the fond partiality of a parent, and to do all he could for their advancement.

“By that acquaintance I haue with them,” he says, “I call them my children, for they haue benee my Wife, my Hawks, Hounds, my Cards, my Dice, and, in totall, my best content, as indifferent to my heart as my left hand to my right. And notwithstanding all those miracles of disasters have crossed both them and me, yet were there not an Englishman remaining, as God be thanked, notwithstanding the massacre, there are some thousands; I would yet begin againe with as small meanes as I did at first, not that I have any secret encouragement (I protest) more than lamentable experience; for all their discoveries I haue yet heard of, are but Pigs of my owne Sow, nor more strange to me, than to heare one tell me hee hath gone from *Billingsgate* and discovered *Gravesend, Tilbury, Quinborow, Lee, and Margit.*”

It only remains to be added that, although, so far as we are informed, never married, the gallant captain was (and deservedly) a general favorite with the ladies. There seems to have been a certain manhood and kindness in his very look, which, almost at a glance, conciliated to him the good-will of the fairer and weaker portion of humanity. These favors, so flattering to the natural vanity of man, he bears worthily and with no offence to the givers, ever speaking with the utmost modesty and gratitude of the kindness he had so often experienced at their hands.

His acknowledgment to the sex reminds us of the celebrated eulogy pronounced by Ledyard. It occurs in his dedication to the duchess of Richmond—“I confesse, my hand, though able to weild a weapon among the Barbarous, yet well may tremble in handling a pen among so many *Judicious.* *
* * Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honourable and ver-

tuous *Ladies*, and comparable but among themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers; even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex.—The beauteous Lady Tragabigzanda, when I was a slaue to the *Turkes*, did all she could to secure me” (*i. e.* make me secure). “When I overcame the *Bashaw* of *Nalbrits*, in *Tartaria*, the charitable Lady *Callamata* supplied my necessities. In the vtmost of many extremities, that blessed *Pokahontas*, the great Kings daughter of *Virginia*, oft saved my life. When I escaped the crueltie of *Pirats* and most furious stormes, a long time alone in a small Boat at Sea, and driven ashore in *France*, the good Lady *Madam Chanoyes* bountifully assisted me.”

CAPTAIN HENRY HUDSON,
AND THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

ACCOUNT OF HENRY HUDSON—HIS VOYAGES IN SEARCH OF A NORTHERLY
PASSAGE TO INDIA—MERMAIDS—SAILS FOR THE DUTCH IN THE
HALF MOON—LANDS IN MAINE—CRUELTY TO THE INDIANS—
SAILS BELOW VIRGINIA—REACHES THE BAY OF NEW YORK.

VERY little is known of the early life of Henry Hudson, one of the boldest and most renowned discoverers of his day. He was a Londoner, and a friend of the famous Captain John Smith—with whom, it would seem, he often conferred upon the engrossing topic of discovery and exploration in the New World. His first known expedition was one recorded by himself, undertaken at the instance of "certaine worshipfull merchants of London," as he says, "for to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China."*

For this gigantic undertaking, which to this day has baffled the entire exertion of the British empire, his only equipment was a little vessel, manned by ten mariners. With these, and with his little son John, after all had solemnly partaken of the sacrament, he set sail from Gravesend, on the 1st of May, 1607, to explore the fearful recesses of the Arctic Zone. Compared with the hardihood of such an undertaking, all modern enterprise sinks into insignificance.

On the 13th of June he made the coast of Greenland, where

* "Diuers Voyages and Northerne Discoueries of that worthy irrecouerable Discouerer, Master *Henry Hudson*."

he saw "a very high mount, like a round castle," which he named the *Mount of God's Mercy*. This coast he explored for a considerable distance and to a high latitude, "considering," he says, "wee found Lande contrarie to that our cards" (charts) "made mention of. * * * And for aught we could see, it is like to be a good land, and worth the seeing." He then stood to the north and east, in so high a latitude, that the sun was continually above the horizon, and in seventy-eight degrees fell in with Spitzbergen. About this island he hovered for some time, opposed by contrary winds, and entangled among huge masses of ice, hopelessly endeavoring to work his way to the northward. Convinced that, from the lateness of the season, it would be impossible to achieve his purpose, he sailed westward, vainly attempting to pass to the north of Greenland, and thence returned on the 15th of September to the Thames, having attained a higher latitude (eighty-two degrees) than any navigator who had preceded him.

The next year (April 22d, 1608,) he again sailed, with his son and thirteen others, to seek a passage to India by the north of Nova Zembla. He kept east and north until he gained so high a latitude that at midnight, the sun was five degrees and a half above the horizon, on the northern meridian. He reached Nova Zembla, which, he says, "is to a mans eye a pleasant Land; much mayne high Land with no Snow on it, looking in some places greene, and Deere feeding thereon. * * * This place vpon *Nova Zembla* is another than that which the Hollanders call *Costing Sarch*, discovered by *Oliver Brownell*,"—who, many years before, sailing northward, "moved by the hope of gain," had suffered shipwreck in these dreary seas.

Hudson, as before, strove with much patience and fortitude to accomplish his purpose; but constant head winds and floating ice prevented his little ship from proceeding, and after making considerable survey in these desolate regions, he returned (August 26th,) to England. On this voyage, like Columbus, he chronicles the appearance of a couple of mer-

maids, giving the evidence of two of his hands for authority. On a certain day, he relates, "one of our company looking over boord, saw a mermaid; and calling vp some of the companie to see her, one more came vp, and by that time shee was close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men: a little after a sea came and overturned her. From the Nauill upwards, her backe and breasts were like a woman's (as they say that saw her); her body as big as one of vs; her skinne very white; and longe haire hanging downe behind, of colour blacke; in her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porposse, and speckled like a macrell. *Their names that saw her were Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner.*

The "worshipfull merchants," his employers, by this time, it would seem, began to relinquish their hopes of reaching India by the North Pole; for they refused any longer to fit out even such slender expeditions as he had already commanded. He therefore carried his services to the Dutch East India Company, where the reputation of "the bold Englishman" (as he was called) insured him a favorable reception. They gave him the command of a little vessel, called the Half Moon, with a crew of twenty men. Among these was Robert Juet, who had sailed with him as mate during his last voyage, and who wrote an account of the present expedition.

He sailed from Amsterdam on the 25th of March, 1609, and doubled the North cape, still intent on finding his way round the north of Asia. But continual fogs, ice, and head winds retarded his course, and he finally put up his helm, and ran to the Faroe Isles. Thence he steered south-west, through a succession of gales and foul weather, in search of a certain island, and by the 2d of July, found himself on the Great Bank of Newfoundland. A fleet of French vessels were fishing there, and his company had excellent luck in the same occupation. He then ran to the coast of North America, and entered Penobscot Bay.

The Indians came off in a friendly and confiding manner, bringing beaver-skins and other furs for traffic, and an amica-

ble intercourse was for some time maintained. A tree was cut down and shaped, to replace the foremast, which had been, "in a great storme, spent ouer-board." The departure of the vessel was disgraced by one of those atrocities so common in the early dealings of the whites with the unhappy aborigines. "In the morning," says Juet, "wee manned our scute with foure Muskets and sixe men, and took one of their shallops," (canoes) "and brought it aboard. Then we manned our boat and scute with twelue men and Muskets, and two stone Peeces or Murderers," (very appropriately) "and draue the salvages from their houses and took the spoyle of them, as they would haue done of vs." There seems to have been no excuse for this villanous robbery, except a vague suspicion of secret enmity existing among the unfortunate natives.

Hudson had been told by his friend, Captain Smith, that by going a little south of Virginia, he would find a passage to the Pacific;(!) and as his men were weary of cruising in the inclemency of high latitudes, he sailed south-west along the coast. A boat's crew landed on Cape Cod, (discovered by Gosnold in 1602,) and found "goodly grapes and rose-trees" growing on the shore. The savages whom they met were friendly and confiding. They smoked tobacco in pipes of clay, with copper stems. The vessel coasted along shore until the middle of August, when she arrived off Chesapeake Bay. A colony had been established up this inlet, and Captain Smith, the friend of Hudson, was there at the time, engaged in his memorable adventures with the Indians; but on account of contrary winds, the voyagers sailed by, and proceeded as far south as latitude thirty-six degrees. No passage to India was discovered; and the commander, changing his course, ran northward, and discovered Delaware Bay, which he partially surveyed. The vessel met with much heavy weather, and one day, says Juet, "a great Sea broke into our fore corse and split it; so we were forced to take it from the yard and mend it; we lay under a trie with our mayne corse all night. This night our Cat ranne crying from one side of the ship to the

other, looking ouer-board, which made vs to wonder; but we saw nothing." On the 2d of September, they came up to the Highlands of Neversink, the first land seen by those who approach New York from the sea—"a good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see," says the journal—a sentiment echoed, in succeeding centuries, by many an anxious and sea-worn mariner.

CHAPTER II.

ENTRANCE INTO NEW YORK HARBOR—HUDSON ASCENDS THE NORTH RIVER—FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE WITH THE INDIANS—HOSTILITIES—RETURN TO ENGLAND—VOYAGE TO THE NORTH-WEST—MUTINY OF HIS CREW—HUDSON LEFT TO PERISH.

ROUNDING Sandy Hook, the little Half Moon stood up the Lower Bay, and came to an anchor. The natives, in their canoes, with great rejoicing, flocked on board the vessel, bringing tobacco and bread made of Indian corn. Their dresses were of deer-skins, and they had copper pipes and ornaments. The party sent on shore to explore described them as very kind and hospitable, and were enchanted with the beauty of the land, covered with woods, grassy meadows, and fragrant flowers. As they returned, however, in the evening, they were attacked by two canoes filled with savages, and one of their number was slain by an arrow.

The following day, the Indians came alongside, in a friendly way, for traffic, probably ignorant of the late attack. Appearances, however, soon became suspicious, and Hudson, detaining two of them as hostages, weighed his anchor, and on the 11th of September, passed the Narrows and entered New York harbor. On his right was the lovely island of Mannahatta, now the site of the fairest city in the New World; and before him lay invitingly the beautiful and majestic river which still bears his name. For many leagues it

is rather an estuary than a stream, and it is said that he was cheered with the belief that it would prove to be the long-sought passage to India. On the 12th he weighed anchor, and stood for a few miles up the river, the natives coming off in great numbers, with oysters and vegetables for traffic. By the evening of the ensuing day he had ascended to the beautiful scenery of the Highlands.

The next morning, his two savages, whom (perhaps to conciliate them) he had dressed in red coats, made their escape by leaping overboard, and on gaining the shore uttered their shrill war-whoop by way of defiance. He sailed up, and anchored at night near the present site of Catskill, where, says the chronicler, "wee found very louing people, and very olde men; where wee were well vsed. Our boat went to fish, and caught great store of very good fish." The Indians brought corn, furs, tobacco, grapes, and pumpkins, to exchange for European goods. On the evening of the sixteenth, the Half Moon lay near the site of the present city of Hudson. Continual traffic was kept up with the Indians along the whole route, and great hospitality was shown to the voyagers—especially by "an old Sauage, a Gouvernour of the Countrey, who," says Juet, "carried our Master's Mate to his house, and made him good cheere."

Here the captain, who seems to have felt a continual distrust of the savages, instituted a singular experiment "to trie some of the chiefe men of the Countrey, whether they had anie treacherie in them." On the strength of the old proverb, "*In vino veritas*," he determined to make these dignitaries intoxicated, that, if meditating any guile, they might betray it in their cups. His brandy proved very acceptable to them, and they got merry enough, while the wife of one of them who was present, says Juet, "sate so modestly as any one of our countrywomen would do in a strange place." The only effect produced, however, was to make one of them dead drunk, at which the rest dispersed in alarm, and took to their canoes. On seeing him alive, however, the next day, their

confidence revived, and they returned, with many presents, and numerous companions. "So at three of the clock in the afternoon," continues the narrative, "they came aboard, and brought tabacco and more Beades, and gaue them to our master, and made an Oration, and showed him all the Countrey round about. Then they sent one of their company on land, who presently returned, and brought a great platter full of venison, dressed by themselues, and they caused him to eate with them. Then they made him reuerence and departed, all save the old man that lay aboard."

The little Half Moon, it would seem, ascended the river as high as the present city of Albany, and her boats explored the diminished channel for some distance farther. But it began to be clear that China was hardly to be reached in that direction; and Hudson, pleased with the beauty and value of his discoveries, resolved to return with the report to his employers. As he beat slowly down the river, the Indians continued to throng around his vessel, and an old man, who presented him with a string of beads (wampum), "showed all the country there about, as though it were at his command."

By the 1st of October he reached the rocky headland, now known as Stony Point, and here a theft committed by an Indian was cruelly punished by shooting him dead, as he made off with his booty. In consequence of this rash and violent act, the vessel, on the following day, was attacked by a large number of natives, in canoes and from the shore. A number of them, however, being slain by the cannon and musketry, the remainder fled, and Hudson, after this tragical sequel to a voyage so pleasantly commenced, pursued his course down the river unmolested. On the 4th he took his departure from New York Bay, and in about a month, arrived in safety at Dartmouth, in England. It is said that he was here detained by the order of the English court, which regarded the Dutch expeditions with much jealousy; but he dispatched to his employers the charts and journals of the voyage, and the next year they were trading in the river which he had explored.

The fate of this renowned voyager was melancholy in the extreme. He sailed from London in the following year, (April 17th, 1610,) in the employ of an English company, to search for that ever-fleeting phantasm of discovery, the North-west Passage. With him went Juet, and one Habakkuk Pricket, who has left a journal of the voyage. He took his son, as usual, and a young man named Greene. His vessel, the *Discovery*, was manned by a crew of twenty-three men. Quarrel and sedition sprung up early in the voyage. At Iceland, Greene, having disputed with the surgeon in Dutch, "beat him a shoare in English," and, Juet "(when hee was drunke)" secretly maligned the captain, and even persuaded the crew to seize the vessel and return to England. They doubled the southern point of Greenland, and were soon almost hopelessly involved in vast masses of ice.

Getting clear at last, Hudson kept westward, and was engaged, during the month of July, in passing through the straits which bear his name. He then entered the great inland sea, now known as Hudson's Bay, and for a month longer steered a southerly course. At the end of that time he was brought up by the land, and passed September and October in making further surveys. The winter then came on, and he hauled the vessel aground, to await the approach of spring. By the 10th of November, she was completely frozen in.

The winter passed drearily enough, and Hudson, soured by disappointment and provoked by the seditious conduct of his men, became daily more gloomy and irritable. Fresh symptoms of mutiny, aggravated by his passionate indiscretion, soon appeared. "You shall vnderstand," says Pricket, "that our Master kept (in his house at *London*,) a young man named Henrie Green, born in *Kent*, of Worshipfull Parents, but by his leud life and conuersation hee had lost the good will of all his frinds, and had spent all that hee had. This man our Master woulde haue to Sea with him, because hee coulde write well; Our Master gaue him meate, and drinke, and lodging, and by meanes of one Master *Venson*, with much adoe, got

four pounds of his mother to buy him clothes, where Master *Venson* would not trust him; but sawe it laid out himselfe. * * * * So Henrie Green stood vpright and very inward with the Master, and was a seruicceable man euery way for manhood; but for Religion hee would say, hee was cleane paper whereon hee might write what he would."

Early in the winter the unfortunate gunner ("God pardon," says our author, "the Master's vncharitable dealing with this man,") had died, and his clothes, as usual, were put up at auction, "at the Mayne Mast;" but a certain "gray gowne" (or over-coat), belonging to the deceased, was promised to Green, who had set his heart on possessing it. But Hudson, finding that he took the part of the carpenter (whom, for disobedience, "hee ferretted out of his cabbin to strike him, calling him by many foule names, and threatning to hang him,") now told him that he should not have it, and with much abuse reminded him that none of his friends at home would trust him with the value of twenty shillings. "But you shall see how the Deuill out of this so wrought with Greene that hee did the Master what mischiefe hee could."

The jealous and irritable temper of mariners, long pent up together, in disastrous voyages, is well known; and when to this source of dissension are superadded privation, suffering, and the constant dread of starvation, it is hardly surprising that their minds should be filled with morbid imaginings, and that trifles should assume unnatural importance. In many a dreary narrative of the seas, we find matters of no greater moment than this wretched "gray gowne," magnified into importance, and the cause of the most lamentable quarrels and mutinies.

After enduring grievous sufferings from cold and hunger,*

* "Now in time those Fowles are gone, and few or none to bee scene. Then wee went into the Woodes, Hilles, and Valleyes, for all things that had any shew of substance in them, how vile soeuer; the mosse of the ground, than the which I take the powder of a post to be much better, and the Frogge (in his ingendring time as loathsome as a Toade,) was not spared."—*Prickett's Narrative*. Most of the scanty remainder of the ship's stores—a miserable pittance—"was equally divided by the Master, (and hee wept when he

this miserable little crew of adventurers, embittered by mutual jealousy and hatred, about the middle of June got under way, and tried to continue their voyage. They were soon again hemmed in by the ice; the provisions were now almost exhausted; and Hudson incurred fresh ill-will by compelling the men to produce their private stores—"thirty cakes in a bagge" being the only fruit of this arbitrary enforcement.

An atrocious plot was now broached to Pricket by Greene and the boatswain, Wilson, who said that they, with Juet and other malcontents, had resolved to put their commander, with the disabled seamen, into the boat, and set them adrift; that there was no other chance of saving their own lives. Pricket remonstrated, but in vain—"away went *Henrie Greene*," he says, "in a rage, swearing to cut his throate that went about to disturbe them, and left Wilson by mee, with whom I had some talke, but to no good: * * presently came *Iuet*, who, because hee was an ancient man, I hoped to haue found some reason in him; but hee was worse than *Henry Greene*, for hee sware plainely that hee would iustifie this deed when hee came home. After him came *John Thomas* and *Michel Perce*, as birds of one feather, but because they are not liuing, I will let them goe."

Seeing his entreaties vain, the narrator finally compromised with his conscience by administering to each of the conspirators, upon a Bible, the following singular oath: "You shall swear truth to God, your Prince, and Countrie; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand, and harme to no man."

The unfortunate master, on coming on deck the next morn-gaue it) although hee had counsell to the contrarie; for there were some who hauing it, would make hast to be rid thereof, because they could not gouerne it. I know when *Henrie Greene* gaue halfe his breade, which hee had for fourteene dayes to one to keepe, and prayed him not to let him haue any againe vntill the next Munday; but before Wednesday at night, hee neuer left till hee had it againe, hauing eaten vp his first weekes bread before. So *Wilson*, the Boatswaine, hath eaten (in one day) his fortnight's bread, and hath been two or three dayes sicke for his labour."—*Ibid.*

ing, was seized by the mutineers, and put bound on board the shallop. The sick and lame, with one or two others, were compelled to accompany him: Prickett in vain remonstrating, on his knees, for the love of God, against such barbarity. The noble conduct of the carpenter deserves eternal honor. He had been seized at first, but was set at liberty, and, taking his musket, with an iron pot and a little meal, went down into the boat, refusing to desert his commander or his unfortunate messmates.

Hudson, with his son and six men, having been put aboard of it, sail was made on the vessel. For a few hours she towed it after her, but, when partially clear of the ice, the inhuman wretches on board cut the line, and abandoned their miserable victims. After sailing awhile, they lay to, and rummaged the vessel for the small remainder of provision in the hold and the cabin, "sharking vp and downe" throughout the ship. "Now, it was said, that the Shallop was come within sight, they let falle the Maine-Sayle, and out with their Top-Sayles, and flye as from an Enemy." The little boat was soon again lost sight of, and nothing more was ever heard of its unfortunate crew. They doubtless soon perished of cold and hunger in the icy seas of the North.

A mutiny blacker with crime and ingratitude has seldom been recorded; for the principal conspirators, especially Greene, were under obligations to Hudson, and the cruelty of forcing overboard the sick and disabled has hardly ever been paralleled, even in cases of the extremest suffering and danger. But the lives of the conspirators, ransomed, as they supposed, by the sacrifice of their comrades, were destined to a lease but little longer than that accorded to their victims. They sailed for home, but touching at Digges' Cape, to kill wild fowl, were fiercely attacked by the savages. Greene and Wilson, with two others, were killed or mortally wounded,* and

* "But they all died there that day, *William Wilson* cursing and swearing in most fearefull manner; *Michael Perse* liued two days and then died, Thus you haue heard the Tragical end of *Henry Greene* and his Mates,

the remainder precipitately left the coast. They steered for Ireland, subsisting on the miserable remains of the provision they had secured (the bones of fowls fried in tallow and vinegar, "a great daintie," says Prickett), and reduced to such a state of weakness that no one was able to stand at the helm—so they steered her sitting. Juet died of absolute hunger, and the remainder, after an absence of a year and a half, arrived, in wretched condition, on the coast of Ireland.

The next year the London company sent out the same vessel, with another, under the command of Captain Thomas Button, with orders to search for Hudson, and to attempt the North-west Passage. Both projects failed. Nothing more was ever heard of the renowned lost navigator or his miserable companions; and the terrible problem of the Passage, to this day, remains unsolved by human effort or ingenuity.

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGES OF THE DUTCH—BLOK AND CHRISTIAANSE—NEW AMSTERDAM (NEW YORK) FOUNDED—SETTLEMENTS ON THE DELAWARE—SINGULAR INCIDENT—MASSACRE OF THE COLONISTS—SWEDISH SETTLEMENTS—GOVERNOR STUYVESANT SUBDUES THE SWEDES
—CLAIMS OF THE ENGLISH—GRANT OF CHARLES II.
—EXPEDITION TO NEW AMSTERDAM—SEIZURE
OF THE DUTCH SETTLEMENTS.

THOUGH disappointed in their hopes of a passage to China, the Dutch company were not slow to perceive the advantages of the country discovered and explored in the voyage of the Half Moon. The year after (1610), they dispatched to Manahatta another vessel, in which were some of the mariners who had accompanied Hudson. The traffic for furs and other whom they called *Captaine*, these four being the only lustie men in all the ship."—*Prickett*.

Indian commodities proved profitable, and a little land was purchased of the natives, by the same ingenious device which Dido, it is fabled, used to obtain the site of Carthage. After bargaining with the Indians for as much ground as the hide of a bullock would cover, the wily Dutchmen, we are told, cut it with their knives into a long and slender strip, and thus surrounded a considerable tract.

Stimulated by the success of this voyage, several private adventurers fitted out vessels for the fur-trade, and met with profitable returns. Owing, however, to the remonstrances of the company, the States, in 1614, issued a decree, prohibiting private speculation for a term of years; and a new company was formed, under the auspices of the former, entitled, "The Amsterdam Licensed Trading West India Company." Two ships were fitted out, and sailed from Amsterdam the same year, under the command of Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse. Blok arrived first at Mannahatta, but soon after lost his vessel by fire. With much energy he set to work to build another, and, on her completion, set sail on a voyage of discovery.

Rounding the southern point of Mannahatta, (now the Battery,) he entered the East River, on which, from its furious tides and eddies, his crew bestowed the ill-omened title of "Helle-gadt," or Hell's Gap—a name, with a slight corruption, retained to the present day. Passing through Long Island Sound, he sailed along shore as far as Cape Cod, where he met his consort, Christiaanse. The two commanders, in company, then cruised westward, surveying the coast, and naming the various islands which they passed. One of these, Block Island, still retains the name of its discoverer. Among the inlets which they observed, were Narragansett Bay, and the Connecticut and Housatonic Rivers.

They ascended the Hudson, and erected a fort on Castle Island, a little below the present site of Albany, of which Christiaanse took command. The powerful league of the Iroquois, or Five Nations, engaged in continual hostilities with

the French of Canada, viewed with satisfaction the establishment of rival settlements at the South, and to this cause is doubtless to be attributed the friendly attitude which, in general, they assumed to the Dutch and English colonists.

In 1615, another little fort was built on Manhattan Island, (Mannahatta,) on the present site of New York, and for a number of years the Dutch vessels came regularly thither to receive the furs collected in the adjacent regions. This peaceable state of affairs was, for a brief time, disturbed by the visit of Captain Argall, of Virginia, who, returning from an expedition against the French settlements in the North, made his way to Manhattan, and took possession of the fort in the name of the English sovereign; but this unjust assertion of an untenable claim was not, for many years afterwards, urged to extremity. The Dutch still kept up a prosperous trade, though occasionally infested by freebooters, who had already begun to frequent the coast.

In 1621, the states-general chartered a new corporation, under the title of "The West Indian Company of the New Netherlands," which, two years afterwards, dispatched Captain Mey, with a large number of colonists, well supplied, to found another settlement in America. His arrival at Manhattan was a great relief to that little establishment, which for two years had been visited by no ship from the mother-country, and which was in constant apprehension of hostilities from Virginia and Canada. So reduced had the settlers become, for want of supplies, that they had been forced to use the sails of their fishing boats to make clothes—an expedient, it may be remembered, the very reverse of that adopted by Captain Smith, and which tolerably illustrates the different genius of the two nations.

After relieving the settlement, Captain Mey stood eastward as far as Buzzard's Bay, and then, retracing his course, kept southward until he reached the Delaware river. Cape May, named after him, still attests his visit. Passing up the river, he founded a settlement, which he named Fort Nassau, on

what is now known as Gloucester Point, a few miles below Philadelphia. In the same year, another fortification, called Fort Orange, was built on the Hudson, at the site of the present city of Albany.

In 1625, the company sent out two more ships, with Waaloon emigrants, under the command of Peter Minuit, the first "Governor of the New Netherlands." These people settled on Long Island, opposite Manhattan, and the name Wallabout (Wal-bocht, or Waaloon bend) still commemorates the place which they selected. Under the new governor, trade continued to prosper and increase, and friendly communications, for purposes of commerce, were opened with the English at Plymouth and the Indians on Cape Cod. Public buildings were erected at Manhattan, and the little colony was soon in a flourishing condition.

Captain De Vriez, an experienced East Indian navigator, was, in 1630, dispatched with thirty or forty colonists, to form a fresh settlement on the Delaware. He passed Cape Henlopen, and built a small fort on the southern shore, at a place which he called Hoeren-kill, but which afterwards was named, by Penn, Lewistown—a name which it still retains. Having planted his colony, and landed his stock and supplies, he returned to Holland, leaving one Gillis Osset in command. Mey with his people, had abandoned Fort Nassau some time before.

The new settlement had but a brief existence, and owed its destruction to an incident singular enough. The Dutch, by way of taking formal possession of the country, had erected a pillar, to which was affixed a piece of tin, inscribed with the arms of Holland. This tinsel bit of heraldry, ere long, was appropriated by an Indian chief, who, unconscious of its high import, converted it into tobacco-pipes for his private smoking. At this insult, as he deemed it, to "their High Mightinesses, the States General," Osset became ridiculously enraged. Vindication of outraged dignity is generally vehement, in proportion to the paucity of the aggrieved attribute, and the Dutch commander, with strange infatuation, refused to be satis-

fied with all the excuses and reparation which the Indians could offer. Seeing him thus unappeasable, and probably supposing the crime to be of some heinous religious nature, they finally cut off the head of the offending chief, and brought it, a grisly token of submission, to the fort.

Osset stood aghast at the consequences of his obstinate sulkiness, and told the Indians that they should only have brought the culprit before him for reproof. But the mischief had been done, and the friends and relations of the murdered chief resolved on a sweeping and terrible revenge. All was contrived with savage artifice and secrecy. The colonists were mostly engaged in tillage, and only a few remained in the fort. These were massacred by some warriors who entered under pretence of selling beaver-skins. The Indians then walked slowly to those at work in the fields, and fell to conversing in a friendly manner. Not the slightest suspicion was awakened, until, at a given signal, the savages fell on them, and butchered them to a man. The entire colony, consisting of thirty-four men, perished at a blow.

In December, De Vriez returned from Holland, and the utter silence of the dwellings forewarned him of misfortune. Bones and skulls lay bleaching on the shore. The Indians, with whom he was soon in friendly intercourse, informed him, with all the circumstances, of the murder of his countrymen. He then went to Virginia for supplies, and was received in a friendly manner, but after some unprofitable attempts at whale-fishing, sailed, with all his people, for Manhattan, and thence to Holland.

Minuit had been recalled, and Wouter Van Twiller, in 1633, had been appointed in his place. This governor erected more buildings, and the settlement of Fort Amsterdam continued steadily to increase. Wind-mills were set up, and negro slaves imported—both much to the astonishment of the Indians, who supposed the former to be monsters pressed into the service of the whites to perform the office of mastication, and regarded the second as “a breed of devils.”

The deposed governor, on his return to Europe, entered the service of Christina, queen of Sweden; and her sagacious minister Oxenstiern readily listened to his scheme for planting a Swedish colony on the shores of America. Accordingly, about the year 1633, an expedition was dispatched, which erected a fort, called, after the queen, Christina, on the Delaware, near the present site of Wilmington.

William Kieft, in 1638, succeeded Van Twiller as governor of the New Netherlands. Jealous of the encroachments of the eastern English, he issued an order, forbidding them to trade at the fort of Good Hope, a small post, occupied by the Dutch, where the city of Hartford now stands. Two years afterwards, he forcibly broke up a settlement which they had made on the territory of Long Island, claimed by his government. The spirit of rivalry increased, and in 1643, the eastern colonies, now greatly superior in numbers to the Dutch, entered into a general league against them. To the other difficulties of the new governor, was superadded hostility with the Indians; and in a fierce battle fought with them on the borders of Connecticut, the Dutch, with all their bravery and discipline, gained only the barren name of a victory.

To Kieft, in 1647, succeeded Peter Stuyvesant, the last and most famous of the Dutch governors. His memory, immortalized by the more comic muse of Irving, always presents itself in the shape of a weather-tanned, fierce-looking, silver-legged old warrior, with an air of obstinate determination quite sufficient to justify his popular *soubriquet* of *Hardkoppig Piet*, or Peter the Headstrong. He became speedily embroiled with all his neighbors; but justice must admit that the right was on his side—that the Dutch were the aggrieved party—and that in the contests which troubled his administration, he displayed all the qualities of a gallant soldier, an energetic magistrate, and a faithful servant to his employers.

His first trouble was with the Swedes. Fort Casimir, erected by the Dutch, where Newcastle now stands, was a source of constant uneasiness to that colony; and Risingh, the

Swedish governor, under pretence of a friendly visit, finally took it by surprise, and made spoil of all the property which it protected. To avenge this injury, Stuyvesant seized a vessel of the enemy which came within his reach, and made active preparation for further reprisal. With a sufficient force, he sailed up the Delaware and retook Fort Casimir, and then, flushed with success, laid siege to Fort Christina itself. Risingh was compelled to surrender, and such of his people as refused to own the authority of the states-general, were sent to Holland, and thence to Sweden. Leaving one of his officers as lieutenant-governor over the newly-acquired territory, the doughty Stuyvesant returned in triumph to New Amsterdam.

His disagreement with the eastern colonies was, for a time, settled by a treaty, confirming to the Dutch their station on the Connecticut, and admitting the English to a share of Long Island. But, as the importance of the trans-Atlantic possessions became more evident, these questions of priority of settlement were merged in the more decisive contest between the arrogant assumption of the British crown, and the just but feebly defended rights of the states-general. There could hardly be a more untenable claim than that advanced by England to the possession of the little settlements which the Dutch, with such patient and persevering industry, had reclaimed from the wilderness.

The whole country which they occupied had been unquestionably first explored by Hudson, sailing in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and had immediately afterwards been settled by Hollanders in advance of any other nation. Purchase and treaty with the natives had added confirmation to their title. These perfectly unassailable grounds of possession the English attempted to invade, by claiming that Hudson was an Englishman, whose discovery must therefore enure to the benefit of his own country, and that Cabot, sailing by these coasts an hundred and fifty years before, had thus secured the right to the whole to those who employed him.



CHARLES II.

This proposition, it is needless to say, was of a self-stultifying nature, for if Hudson was an Englishman, Cabot was a Venetian, and according to this rule, the whole country must belong to the little republic of Venice. Moreover, there was no evidence that Cabot had ever even seen the inlets and recesses which the Dutch had selected for the site of their settlements.

The old maxim, however, that "might makes right," of such universal application in inter-national polity, was not long in receiving a fresh illustration. Charles II., soon after his accession to the throne of England, made a grant to his brother, the duke of York and Albany, (afterwards James II.) conferring on him an extensive tract of land in North America, the boundaries of which were carefully arranged, so as to include all territories settled by the Dutch. To carry into effect this very liberal donation, a fleet was dispatched, conveying three hundred soldiers, under Colonel Richard Nichols, which, in the year 1664, came to anchor before Manhattan. To the demand of the governor as to the purport of this armament, the British commander replied by a summons to surrender the town—offering full protection in property and civil rights to all who would submit, and threatening an immediate attack in case of non-compliance. The unfortunate governor, destitute of a sufficient force to repel the invasion, and assailed on all sides by the clamorous fears of the citizens, knew not what course to pursue. To add to his vexation and discomfiture, a letter came from Winthrop, the governor of Connecticut, advising him, with affectionate intermeddling, to surrender immediately. The council, who were anxious to relieve their minds by giving up at once, demanded to see this letter; but the irritated old governor tore it in pieces before their faces. By dint of sheer personal obstinacy, he held out for several days, but was finally compelled, by superior force, to surrender, on honorable conditions. Even after the articles were drawn up, he kept the whole city in suspense for two days, by refusing to sign them. He finally put his name to the detested document, and then retired in high dudgeon to

his country-seat, in the *Bouvery*, where, it is said, he passed the remainder of his days.

The victors took undisturbed possession of the town, to which, in honor of the duke, they gave the name of New York. Fort Orange, on the Hudson, was called Albany, in commemoration of his second title. The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware were also compelled to deliver up their forts; and on the division of the New Netherlands, the southern portion received the name of New Jersey, from the island of that name, in compliment to the family of Cartaret, one of the commanders of the expedition. In 1673, an expedition dispatched by the Dutch succeeded in regaining possession of New York; but it remained in the hands of its founders only for a brief period, being again ceded to England, by treaty, in the following year.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

PECULIARITY OF THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT—PERSECUTION OF NON-CONFORMISTS IN ENGLAND—THEIR RETREAT INTO HOLLAND—RESOLUTION TO SEEK A NEW HOME—VOYAGE TO AMERICA—ARRIVAL AT CAPE COD—INSTITUTION OF A REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

IN the early history of New England, it may be remarked, we do not find, as in that of nearly all other European settlements, the name of any one man greatly conspicuous above his companions, or exclusively identified with the foundation of the commonwealth. The names of Cortes and Pizarro, of Champlain and Smith and Penn, are each inseparably associated with the history of the countries whose destinies, for good or evil, they had so large a share in shaping; while, in the less ambitious annals of Puritan colonization, the memories of Carver, Bradford, and Winslow—of Endicott and Winthrop—of Standish, Mason, and Church, with those of many other associate worthies, are fused and blended with the common history of the country.

The cause of this distinction is not difficult to define. Principle, rather than personal ambition, whether of the more selfish or more generous species, was the main spring and prompting motive of the actors who figured in these once-neglected scenes of enterprise; and all thought of private advancement or renown was, for the time, merged in a spirit of community, such as only the strong prompting of religious enthusiasm can maintain.

The severe and arbitrary enactments for the persecution of Non-conformists, passed in the reign of Elizabeth, were, under the rule of her foolish and tyrannical successor, enforced to an extreme, which naturally led the victims to cast their eyes for refuge beyond the four seas that girded Britain. Accordingly, in 1608, the congregation of John Robinson, an eminent divine of the Independent Church, after several unsuccessful attempts, managed, with their pastor, to quit England by stealth, and found an asylum in Holland. Protected by the liberality of that republic, they settled at Leyden, and by their morality and good conduct, gained universal respect from the citizens. "These English," said the magistrates, "have lived amongst us ten years, and yet we never had any suit or accusation against any of them." At the end of eleven years they numbered three hundred communicants. Their church-government was absolutely independent, and their creed avowed that ecclesiastical censure should involve no temporal penalty—a liberal provision, which, in effect, was afterwards unhappily abrogated.

Difficulty in obtaining subsistence, and fear lest the strictness of their faith or the purity of their children should be impaired by the too easy habits of the land, at length induced the emigrants to look about them for a permanent home, even if it were to be found only on the shores of some untrodden wilderness. After various propositions, the better opinion appeared to be that they should seek "some of those unpeopled countries of America, which are fruitful and fit for habitation, being devoid of all civil inhabitants, where there are only salvage and brutish people, which range up and down little otherwise than the wild beasts." To this proposal, the more timid objected a thousand dangers and difficulties, especially from the cruelty of the savages, whose horrible treatment of their prisoners was enough to strike any heart with dread. To these objections "It was answered," (with manly spirit,) "that all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and over-

come with answerable courages. It was granted the dangers were great, but not desperate, and the difficulties were many, but not invincible. It might be that some of the things feared might never befall them; others, by providence, care, and the use of good means, might in a great measure be prevented; and all of them, through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, might either be borne or overcome."*

Several days were passed in fasting and humiliation, and it was finally resolved that the little congregation should migrate to some uninhabited part of that vast district in America, then known by the name of Virginia. Through the tolerance of Archbishop Abbot, the consent of the bigoted James was obtained to a tacit connivance at their plan; and the permission to settle there was procured on hard and exorbitant terms from the Virginia company. On the 21st of July, 1620, a considerable portion of the church, accompanied by many of their friends, repaired to Delft Haven, a port south of Leyden, where the *Speedwell*, a little vessel of sixty tons, lay waiting to receive them. "So they left that pleasant and goodly city, which had been their resting place near twelve years. But they knew they were PILGRIMS, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

"The next day, the wind being fair, they went on board, and their friends with them; when truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to see what sighs, and sobs, and prayers, did sound amongst them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers, that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears." Their pastor, who, with a portion of his flock, remained behind, "falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks commended them, with most fervent prayers, to the Lord and his blessing; and then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they

* *History of Plymouth Colony*, written by William Bradford, its second governor, one of the original passengers in the *May-Flower*.

took their leaves of one another, which proved to be their last leave to many of them.”*

At South Hampton, they were joined by the *May-Flower*, a vessel of an hundred and eighty tons, and on the 5th of August, 1620, both vessels, carrying an hundred and twenty passengers, sailed from that port for America. A leak in the *Speedwell* compelled them to put into Dartmouth, whence, on the 21st, they again took their departure. After sailing a hundred leagues, the same cause again compelled them to put back to Plymouth, where she was condemned as unseaworthy, and about twenty of the passengers disembarked. The remainder, one hundred and one in number, in the *May-Flower*, on the 6th of September, bade their final farewell to the shores of England.

After some duration of prosperous winds, foul weather set in, with “many contrary winds, and fierce storms, with which their ship was shrewdly shaken.” She began to leak, and one of the main beams amidships bent and cracked. After a consultation, it was resolved to hold on, “and by a screw the said beam was brought into his place again. And so,” continues the old pilgrim, “after many boisterous storms, in which they could make no sail, but were forced to lie at hull for many days together, after long beating at sea, they fell in with the land called Cape Cod; the which being made, and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful.” This was on the 9th of November, more than two months having been spent in the tempestuous voyage.

On the following day, the *May-Flower* doubled the extremity of the Cape, and anchored in a secure harbor, on which Provincetown is now situated. Here the master of the vessel, alarmed at the low state of provision, and, (it is said) influenced by the jealousy of the Dutch, insisted that his passengers should make a speedy landing. They resolved to comply; but being without the limits of the Virginia company, were destitute of any legal rule for their government; and

* Bradford.

accordingly, on the following day, (November 11th,) constituted themselves as a body politic, professing allegiance to the king, but otherwise instituting a completely-republican form of government. The requisite document was signed by all the company.

“This brief, and comprehensive, and simple instrument,” says Mr. Baylies, “established a most important principle—a principle which is the foundation of all the democratic institutions of America, and is the basis of the republic; and, however it may be expanded and complicated in our various constitutions—however unequally power may be distributed in the different branches of our various governments, has imparted to each its strongest and most striking characteristics.

“Many philosophers have since appeared, who have in labored treatises endeavored to prove the doctrine that the rights of man are inalienable, and nations have bled to defend and enforce them; yet, in this dark age, the age of despotism and superstition, when no tongue dared to assert, and no pen to write this bold and novel doctrine—a doctrine which was then as much at defiance with common opinion as with actual power, of which the monarch was then held to be the sole fountain, and the theory was universal, that all popular rights were granted by the crown, in this remote wilderness, among a small and unknown band of wandering outcasts, the principle *that the will of the majority of the people shall govern*, was first conceived and first practically exemplified.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND—THINNED BY PESTILENCE—THE PEQUOTS, NARRAGANSETTS, POKANOKETS, MASSACHUSETTS, ETC.—
THEIR WAY OF LIFE—SUPERSTITION OF THE COLONISTS—
MALIGNITY OF THEIR HISTORIANS.

NOT long before the arrival of the Pilgrims, a wide-spread and desolating pestilence had swept the land. Vast numbers of the Indians had perished, and several of the most powerful tribes of New England were reduced to a mere remnant. As it happened, the ravages of this disease had been most fatal in the neighborhood where they chanced to form their settlement; and to this cause must principally be ascribed the preservation of the little colony, during the period of its weakest and most disastrous condition.

Several great and formidable nations, however, were still existing. Of these, the Pequots, inhabiting eastern Connecticut, was the strongest and most terrible. It numbered, says Roger Williams, thirty thousand souls, and was infamous for the cruelties inflicted on its captives. Its chief stronghold was on a commanding eminence in Groton.

The Narragansetts, a powerful tribe, inhabiting what was afterwards the colony of Rhode Island, are said to have numbered five thousand warriors. They were a noble and magnanimous race, frequently at warfare with their neighbors, the Pequots and Pokanokets.

This latter confederacy included a great variety of smaller tribes, among which were the Wampanoags, inhabiting the upper regions of Narragansett Bay—a people small in number, but memorable for the friendship of their chief, Massasoit, to the English, and, in after years, for the deadly hostility of his son, the famous Metacomet (King Philip). The Pocassets, Saconets, and many other tribes, scattered over a wide extent of country, were all, at the time of the landing, subordinate to the first-named chieftain. Before the pestilence, they could

raise three thousand warriors; but after its ravages, only five hundred.

These tribes were in alliance with the Massachusetts, dwelling around the bay of that name, who had formerly been of equal force, but who at this time, from the same cause, had been thinned to a mere remnant. They now acknowledged the supremacy of Massasoit.

The Pawtuckets, dwelling north of these last, had also numbered three thousand men, before their almost complete extermination by the pestilence. A few scattered hordes of Nipmucks, subordinate and tributary to the more powerful tribes, completes the list of the principal general divisions of the aborigines. The Nehanticks, Podunks, and a great number of smaller tribes, mostly dwelling in the westward, are not included in this classification. Connecticut is said to have been the most thickly peopled with Indian inhabitants of any state settled by the English.

Except the strong nations of the Narragansetts and Pequots, all these people were tributary to the Mohawks, the most ancient and fiercest of the celebrated Five Nations. "Two old Mohawks," says Dr. Trumbull, "every year or two might be seen issuing their orders and collecting their tribute, with as much authority and haughtiness as a Roman Dictator." Any neglect or disobedience of their commands was punished in the most sanguinary manner—the avenging Mohawks pursuing their victims into the very houses of the English, yelling, "We are come, we are come to suck your blood!" and sometimes slaying them on the very hearth-stone. But, with a most rigid observance of the settled policy of their league, they never offered the slightest injury to the persons or property of the English.

The habits and customs of these New England tribes were, in the main, similar to those which characterized nearly all the races dwelling on the eastern sea-board. They were fierce and implacable in warfare, but kindly and loving in their own families and associations. Their constant remembrance and

plaintive lamentation of the dead, seem to have moved the hearts, even of observant strangers. "Night and morning," says Winslow, "they perform this duty, many days after the burial, in a most doleful manner, insomuch as, though it be ordinary and the note musical, which they take one from another and all together, yet it will draw tears from their eyes and almost from ours also."

They won a precarious subsistence by the chase, and a more assured one by the cultivation of maize and other vegetables, indigenous to the soil; while those on the coast enjoyed the additional resource of obtaining clams, quahogs, and fish. Their principal luxury, until the introduction of spirits, was smoking; and their tobacco, we are assured, was "very strong and pleasant." "The men," says Winslow, "take much tobacco; but for boys so to do, they account it odious"—an opinion equally prevalent in more civilized communities.

It was now just a century since the Conquest of Mexico, by Cortes, had first brought the races of Europe into direct collision with those of the Western Continent. In that interval, the Reformation had arisen, had spread, and had produced perhaps its finest fruit in the little band of self-devoted exiles, who sought in the wilderness a foothold for civil and religious freedom. As a matter of course, the world was more enlightened; yet, strange to say, hardly a step had yet been taken in the direction of the fairest and noblest result to which enlightenment can tend—the acknowledgment of the universal humanity and brotherhood of all mankind.

Our pious forefathers, like the Spaniards of the century before, still regarded the dwellers of the New World as the direct offspring or worshippers of Satan, and as enjoying all the familiarity to which his most favorite *protégés* could be entitled. Nothing is more strange than to read the opinions and conclusions on this subject of the men of that age—men otherwise just, sagacious, and, for their day, liberal in the extreme.

Even William Hubbard, the learned and reverend historian of New England, writing but a few years before the commencement of the eighteenth century, sums up the hypotheses concerning the origin of the Indians with the following lucid and confident conclusion: "Mr. Mede's opinion about the passage of the natives into this remote region, carries the greatest probability of truth with it; of whose conjecture it may be said, in a sense, as sometimes of Achithopell's counsell in those dayes, that itt was as the oracle of God. His conceitt is, that when the devill was putt out of his throne in the other part of the world, and that the mouth of all his oracles was stopt in Europe, Asia, and Africa, hee seduced a company of silly wretches to follow his conduct," (guidance) "into this unknowne part of the world, where hee might lye hid and not be disturbed in the idolatrous and abominable, or rather diabolicall service hee expected from those his followers; for here are noe foote stapes of any religion before the English came, but meerely diabolicall, * * * and so uncouth, as if it were framed and devised by the devill himselfe, and is transacted by them they used to call pawwoves, by some kinde of familiarity with Satan, and to whom they used to resort for counsell in all kinde of evils, both corporall and civill."

If such was the deliberate opinion of a grave, learned, and "painfull" historian, after the lapse of sixty years had given opportunity for charitable reflection, we can hardly expect that the first comers should have been free from a belief in this Satanic agency, or disinclined to take advantage of the doctrine in justification of their conduct toward the savages.

Governor Winslow, one of the most famous of the original Pilgrims, in his "Good News from New England," dwells on this subject with a pertinacity of reiteration which verges on the ludicrous. "Another power they worship," he says, "whom they call *Hobbamoock*, and to the northward of us, *Hobbamoqui*; this, as far as we can conceive, is the devil. * * * This Hobbamoock appears in sundry forms unto them, as in

the shape of a man, a deer, a fawn, an eagle, &c., but most ordinarily a snake. He appears not to all, but the chiefest and most judicious amongst them; though all of them strive to attain to that hellish height of honor. * * The *panieses* are men of great courage and wisdom, and to those also the devil appeareth more familiarly than to others, and, as we conceive, maketh covenant with them to preserve them from death by wounds with arrows, knives, hatchets, &c. * * And to the end that they may have store of these, they train up the most forward and likeliest boys, from their childhood, in great hardness, and make them abstain from dainty meat, observing divers orders prescribed, to the end that when they are of age, the devil may appear to them. * * Also they beat their shins with sticks, and cause them to run through bushes, stumps, and brambles, to make them hardy and acceptable to the devil, that in time he may appear unto them."

To opinions such as these—the natural result of prejudice and misinformation—must doubtless be attributed a large measure of that cruel and uncharitable spirit, which dictated not only the wrongs and massacres committed on the natives, but the still more unpleasing exultation over their sufferings and extermination, which glows with an infernal light in the pages of the chroniclers of the day, and most especially in those of the reverend historians, Hubbard and Mather.

Continually on the alert against the assaults of the infernal enemy, our fathers saw his finger in witchcraft, in Indian warfare, and many another annoyance, the result of natural causes. Anger and hatred were thus aroused—hatred indeed of an imaginary foe, but still hatred, bitter, personal, and vindictive to a degree which we can hardly conceive, and which found its gratification in vengeance on the supposed agents of the invisible Tormentor.

It could hardly, perhaps, be expected, that men engaged in the deadly terrors of savage warfare, should have much sympathy for their vanquished enemies—especially when regarded as children of the devil; yet the daring ferocity of the Indian-

fighters, occasionally relieved by a touch of good feeling and humanity, is far more agreeable to contemplate than the venomous spirit exhibited by the honorable and reverend recorders of their deeds, whose minds, imbued with the wretched notion of Satanic agency, seem actually to revel in the torment, destruction, and assured damnation of their unfortunate foes. In this particular, we perceive a superstition strangely variant from that of the Spaniard, who, while slaying and tormenting the miserable bodies of the aborigines, was ever anxious, even at the stake or the gallows, that their souls should escape the eternal penalty, and be admitted to the same heaven which he expected to enjoy in person.

CHAPTER III.

DREARY ASPECT OF NEW ENGLAND—THE COUNTRY EXPLORED—VOYAGE
TO PLYMOUTH HARBOR—FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS—THE LANDING
—BUILDING OF HOUSES—SUFFERINGS AND GREAT MORTALITY
—LIONS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE Pilgrims, their constitution adopted, unanimously elected as their governor Mr. John Carver, a gentleman of great worth and most amiable character, and one of the principal promoters of the expedition. (Mr. William Brewster, their ruling elder, who conducted their devotions, was the only person of ecclesiastical title among the company.) They then, at the urgent solicitations of the master of the vessel, busied themselves to find a place for immediate settlement. Nothing could have looked more desolate or uninviting than the aspect of the country—"the withered grass on the surface of the cold earth," and the forests already stripped by the frosts of the approaching winter. "Which way soever," says one of them, with touching eloquence, "they turned their eyes, (save upward to the heaven,) they could have little solace

or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand for them to look upon with a weather-beaten face; and the whole country being full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and salvage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. * * *

May and ought not the children of these fathers rightly to say, 'Our fathers were Englishmen, which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness. But they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voice, and looked on their adversity.' And let them therefore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure for ever."

On Wednesday, November 15th, sixteen volunteers, under command of Captain Miles Standish, were set ashore. Their leader was the only soldier in the whole company of adventurers. He had been bred to arms, and had served in the wars of Holland—a man short in stature, but of great strength and activity, and of a fiery and determined courage. They saw Indians in the distance, whom they followed for ten miles, but could not overtake them. Overcome with thirst and fatigue, they finally halted at a spring, where, says one of them, "we sat us down and drunk our first New England water, with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives."

They found an Indian grave, containing many simple articles, which they carefully replaced, "because," says the narrator, "we thought it would be odious unto them to ransack their sepulchres." With less scruple, they appropriated what they could carry from a subterranean store-house, in which was "a fine great new basket, full of very fair corn of this year, with some six and thirty goodly ears of corn, some yellow, and some red, and others mixed with blue, which was a very goodly sight." Reparation, six months afterwards, was made to the owners, and it is said that the small supply of grain thus questionably obtained, being saved for seed, after-

wards preserved the colony from starvation. The next day they returned, with their booty, to the ship.

Other expeditions, both by water and land, were undertaken, and fresh deposits of corn and the simple wealth of the Indians were found, and unjustly appropriated. Two wigwams were discovered and ransacked. "*Some of the best things we took,*" says the narrator—though with the saving resolve to make restitution to the owners when they could be found. A consultation was now held, concerning the place of settlement, and many thought that, for the sake of fishing* and other advantages, it would be best to fix their abode on Cape Cod; but on the suggestion of the pilot that there was a good harbor on the west side of the bay, it was concluded to examine it. On the 6th of December, Governor Carver, with Bradford, Winslow, Standish, and fourteen others, embarked for that purpose in the shallop, though the cold was so intense that the spray, falling on their clothes, was instantly turned to ice, "and made them many times like coats of iron." Following the coast southward, they sailed along it for two days, and on the morning of the 8th, while at prayers on shore, were attacked by a party of Indians. Arrows and musketry were discharged for some time, but no one seems to have been seriously hurt, and at last the assailants retreated. "The cry of our enemies," says one of the party, "was dreadful. Their

* "Thirdly, Cape Cod was like to be a place of good fishing; for we saw daily great whales of the best kind for oil and bone, come close aboard our ship, and in fair weather swim and play about us; there was once one, when the sun shone warm, came and lay above water, as if she had been dead, for a good while together, within half a musket shot of the ship, at which two were prepared to shoot, to see whether she would stir or no: he that gave fire first, his musket flew in pieces: both stock and barrel; yet thanks be to God, neither he nor any man else was hurt with it, though many were there about; but when the whale saw her time, she gave a snuff and away."—*Mourt's Relation.*

Fish, it would appear, in early times, were altogether *too* plentiful in this neighborhood; for, says one of the companions of Gosnold, "in a short time we so pestered our ship with cod fish, that we had to throw them overboard."

note was after this manner, ' *Woach, woach, ha ha hach woach*'"—easily recognizable as the war-whoop, even at the present day.

They then proceeded, and with a fair wind sailed all day rapidly along the coast. Towards night it came on to blow; the rudder broke from its hinges; and with great ado they were fain to scud before it, steering with oars. "The seas were grown so great that we were much troubled, and in great danger; and night grew on. Anon, Master Coppin bade us be of good cheer, he saw the harbour. As we drew near, the gale being stiff, and we bearing great sail to get in, split our mast into three pieces, and were like to have cast away our shallop. Yet, by God's mercy, recovering ourselves, we had the flood with us, and struck into the harbour." Such was the first entrance of the Pilgrims into Plymouth harbour, already surveyed and named by Captain John Smith.

They returned to Cape Cod with a favorable report, and on the 16th, the ship, with all her company, except four, who had died at the Cape, entered Plymouth harbor. A site was selected for the town, and on the 22d of December, 1620, a day for ever memorable in the annals of America, the little band of Pilgrims landed on that rock, which, like the Stone of Mecca, is now the object of enthusiastic pilgrimage to their descendants.

Timber was cut, and houses, nineteen in number, were erected with all possible dispatch: but so great were the sufferings of these unfortunate people from cold, exposure, and privation, that, before the end of February, twenty-five more had perished. Only six or seven were sufficiently strong to go out, and to wait upon the sick. Two of their number, being lost, in bitter cold weather, were almost frozen to death, and climbed into a tree, to avoid, as they supposed, "two lions, roaring exceedingly for a long time together, and a third that they thought was very near them."

Such errors in natural history were long current among the early planters of America. "I will not say," says Mr. Wood,





INTERVIEW OF SAMOSET WITH THE PILGRIMS.

("New England's Prospect,") "that I ever saw any myself, but some affirm that they have seen a lion at Cape Ann, which is not above ten leagues from Boston. Some likewise, being lost in the woods, have heard such terrible roarings, as have made them much aghast; which must be either devils or lions, there being no other creatures which use to roar, saving bears, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring."

"Sometimes," says Master Heriot, "the Salvages will kill a Lyon and eate him."

CHAPTER IV.

SAMOSET—"WELCOME, ENGLISHMEN"—VISIT FROM MASSASOIT—TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP—GREAT MORTALITY AMONG THE SETTLERS—DEATH OF GOVERNOR CARVER—ELECTION OF BRADFORD—FIRST DUEL IN NEW ENGLAND—VISIT TO MASSASOIT—IYANOUGH—TOUCHING INCIDENT—CHALLENGE FROM CANONICUS—HIS ALARM—FORTIFICATION OF PLYMOUTH.

HITHERTO, a distant appearance of small parties of savages was all that the English had seen of their aboriginal neighbors; but on the 16th of March, 1621, a solitary Indian entered the settlement. "He very boldly came all alone, and along the houses straight to the rendezvous; where we intercepted him, not suffering him to go in, as undoubtedly he would, out of his boldness." He was a sagamore, or petty chief, called Samoset, and he saluted the settlers in the ever-memorable words, "Welcome, Englishmen!"—which, with other scraps of the language, he had picked up from the traders at Manhegin. The next day he was dismissed, but soon returned with five others, bringing beaver-skins for traffic, and returning tools which had been lost or stolen in the woods. "They did eat liberally of our English victuals. They made semblance unto us of friendship and amity. They sang and danced after their manner, like antics."

On the 22d, he again came, bringing with him Squanto, the only surviving native of Patuxet (the country about Plymouth). This Indian was one of those who had been kidnapped by "that wicked varlet, Hunt;" he had lived in London, and had acquired a good deal of English. From these visitors, the whites learned that the great sachem, Massasoit, and many of his people, were close at hand.

With sixty men, he appeared on the hill above Plymouth, and Edward Winslow was dispatched to him, with the interpreters. "We sent to the king," says the narrative, "a pair of knives, with a copper chain and a jewel at it. To Quadequina" (his brother) "we sent likewise a knife, and a jewel to hang in his ear, and withal a pot of strong water" (liquor). A friendly message was explained to him, and, leaving Winslow as a hostage with his people, the chief, followed by twenty men, came down and entered one of the houses, where a green rug and some cushions were provided for his honorable reception. The governor, with drum and trumpet, also came in. "After salutations, our governor kissing his hand, the king kissed him, and so they sat down. The governor called for some strong water and drunk to him; and he drunk a great draught, that made him sweat all the while after." Refreshments being partaken of, a treaty of amity and mutual alliance was made—a treaty faithfully observed by both parties for more than half a century. At the same time, (perhaps a little too much softened by the genial draught which he had so vigorously imbibed,) the sachem, it is said, "acknowledged himself content to become the subject of our sovereign lord, the king aforesaid, his heirs and successors; and gave unto them all the lands adjacent, to them and to their heirs for ever."

"All which," says a spectator, "the king seemed to like well, and it was applauded of his followers. All the while he sat by the governor, he trembled with fear" (perhaps agitation or surprise). "In his person, he is a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech; in his attire, little or nothing differing from the rest

of his followers, only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck; and at it, behind his neck, hangs a little bag of tobacco, which he drank, and gave us to drink" (*i. e.* smoke). "His face was painted of a sad red like murrey, and oiled, both head and face, that he looked greasily. All his followers were likewise in their faces, in part or whole, painted; some black, some yellow, some red, and some white; some with crosses, and other antic works; some had skins on them, and some naked; all tall strong men in appearance."

The Indians retired with much appearance of friendship and good-will, while Squanto and Samoset remained to instruct the English in fishing and in the agriculture of the country. Twenty acres of corn were planted. During March, thirteen more of the colonists died, leaving but little more than half of the original number surviving. Half of the crew of the *May-Flower* were also dead; and, with the remainder, on the 5th of April, she sailed for England. The next day died the good governor, who, it would seem, had met with a stroke of the sun, while working in the fields at noon-day, a little time before. His loss occasioned the death of his wife, and left the colonists overwhelmed with grief. "His care and pains were so great for the common good, as therewith, it is thought, he oppressed himself, and shortened his days." Could a more honorable epitaph be written!

William Bradford, a man only thirty-two years of age, but one of the most ardent and zealous upholders of the settlement, was elected in his place. Under the new governor took place the first punishment inflicted in New England. The crime, according to the record, (June 18th,) was "a challenge at single combat, with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. Both being wounded, the one in the hand, the other in the thigh, they are adjudged by the whole company to have their head and feet tied together, and so to lie for twenty-four hours, without meat or drink; which is begun to be inflicted, but within an hour, because of their great pains, at their own and their master's

humble request, upon promise of better carriage, they are released by the governor."

In July, 1621, Winslow and Hopkins went on a visit of observation to Massasoit. They passed through many lands cleared and well adapted to cultivation, but devoid of inhabitants. These places, they were told, had been depopulated by the pestilence—an account confirmed by the sight of numerous skeletons yet bleaching on the ground. They found the chief and his people friendly and amiable, but ill-prepared to entertain any visitors—two fish, caught by his majesty's own hands, being the only refreshment he could offer them. Fresh agreements for friendship and traffic were made, and the king, turning to his subjects, made a long speech, "the meaning whereof," says Winslow, "was, as far as we could learn, thus: 'Was not he, Massasoit, commander of the country about them? Was not such a town his, and the people of it? And should they not bring their skins unto us?' To which they answered, they were his, and would be at peace with us, and bring their skins unto us. After this manner he named at least thirty places, and their answer was as aforesaid to every one; so that as it was delightful, it was tedious unto us.

"This being ended, he lighted tobacco for us, and fell to discoursing of England, and of the King's Majesty, marvelling that he would live without a wife." The ambassadors, after an absence of some days, returned to Plymouth, their friendly host "being both grieved and ashamed that he could no better entertain them."

On another excursion, by water, in search of a boy who had been lost, the English put into Cummaquid, (Barnstable,) where they found the Sachem Iyanough, "a man not exceeding twenty-six years of age, but very personable, gentle, courteous, and fair-conditioned; indeed, not like a savage, saving for his attire. His entertainment was answerable to his parts, and his cheer plentiful and various.

"One thing," proceeds the narrative, "was very grievous to us at this place. There was an old woman, whom we judged

to be no less than a hundred years old, which came to see us, because she never saw English; yet could not behold us without breaking forth into great passion," (emotion) "weeping and crying excessively. We demanding the reason of it, they told us she had three sons, who, when Master Hunt was in these parts, went aboard his ship to trade with him, and he carried them captives into Spain, (for Tisquantum" (Squanto) "was at that time carried away also), by which means she was deprived of the comfort of her children in her old age. We told them we were sorry that any Englishman should give them that offence, that Hunt was a bad man, and that all the English that heard it condemned him for the same; but for us, we would not offer them any such injury, though it would gain us all the skins in the country. So we gave her some small trifles, which somewhat appeased her."

The boy who had been lost was found by the savages, and was delivered to his friends, plentifully "behung with beads."

Not long after, Hobbamock, one of the chief *panieses*, or warriors of Massasoit, came to live with the English; and, during the remainder of his life, remained faithfully devoted to their service.

Some troubles, excited among the Indians by an unfriendly sachem, were repressed by the courage and promptness of Standish, and quite a number of petty chieftains subscribed their marks to an acknowledgment of allegiance to the British sovereign. Canonicus himself, the great Narragansett sachem, sent a messenger to the colony with friendly overtures.

On the 9th of November, 1621, a small vessel, called the *Fortune*, bringing thirty-five additional colonists, arrived at Plymouth. She brought, however, neither arms nor provision, and Canonicus, from some unknown reason, now changed his policy, and assumed a hostile attitude. He dispatched to the town a messenger, who, without any explanation, delivered "a bundle of new arrows, lapped in a rattlesnake's skin." The English were at a loss to imagine the meaning of this odd present, until Squanto informed them that it was a challenge,

and imported enmity, "Hereupon, after some deliberation, the Governor stuffed the skin with powder and shot, and sent it back," adding a haughty message of defiance. This bold attitude, or the mysterious contents of the skin, seem to have deeply wrought on the fears or the superstition of the chief—"insomuch as he would not once touch the powder and shot, or suffer it to stay in his house or country. Whereupon, the messenger refusing it, another took it up; and having been posted from place to place a long time, at length came whole back again."

Notwithstanding this peaceable result, the settlers lost no time in securing their town by a fortification, and, under the direction of Standish, strict rules for vigilance and discipline were enforced. Squanto also wrought upon the fears of the surrounding Indians, by informing them that the English had the plague buried in their store-house, and could destroy the whole country, if they had a mind. The same astute politician, by his falsehoods and treachery, had so enraged Massasoit, that he sent his own knife, with executioners, to cut off the head and hands of his traducer. The governor, with too little scruple, was about to deliver the offender up to them, when an accidental interruption preserved his life. The executioners, "mad with rage, and impatient at delay, departed in great heat."

CHAPTER V.

WESTON'S COLONY—ITS MISERABLE CONDITION—SICKNESS OF MASSASOIT
 —CURED BY WINSLOW—HIS GRATITUDE—CONSPIRACY OF THE
 INDIANS—DARING EXPEDITION OF STANDISH—KILLING OF
 THE CONSPIRATORS—WESTON'S COLONY BROKEN UP—
 SUFFERINGS OF THE PLYMOUTH SETTLERS—
 SEASONABLE RELIEF.

DURING the summer, (1622,) two vessels arrived from England, dispatched by a Mr. Weston, who sent over fifty or sixty idle and profligate people to found a new colony in the Massachusetts. The result was what might have been expected. They settled at Wessagusset (Weymouth), were soon involved in trouble with the Indians, and were reduced to miserable straits for want of provision. In March, (1623,) a messenger came to Plymouth with a "pitiful narration of their lamentable and weak estate; and of the Indians' carriages, whose boldness increased abundantly; insomuch as the victuals they got, they would take it out of their pots, and eat before their faces; yea, if in any thing they gainsaid them, they were ready to hold a knife at their breasts; *that to give them content, they had hanged one of them that stole their*" (the Indians') "corn; and yet they regarded it not; that another of their company was turned salvage; that their people had most forsaken the town, and made their rendezvous where they got their victuals, because they would not take pains to bring it home; that they had sold their clothes for corn, and were ready to starve both with cold and hunger also, because they could not endure to get victuals by reason of their nakedness."

In the same month, news came that the friendly Massasoit was sick to death, and Winslow, with Hobbamock and John Hampden, (supposed by some to have been the famous patriot) were dispatched, with a few simple remedies, to his assistance. "In the way, Hobbamock, manifesting a troubled spirit, brake forth into these speeches: *Neen womasu sagamus, neen womasu*

suyamus, &c.,—‘My loving sachem, my loving sachem! Many have I known, but never any like thee.’ And turning him to me,” (Winslow,) “said, whilst I lived I should never see his like amongst the Indians; saying, he was no liar, he was not bloody and cruel, like other Indians; in anger and passion he was soon reclaimed; easy to be reconciled toward such as had offended him; ruled by reason in such measure as he would not scorn the advice of mean” (humble) “men; and that he governed his men better with few strokes, than others did with many; truly loving where he loved; yea, he feared we had not a faithful friend left among the Indians; showing how he oftentimes restrained their malice, &c., continuing a long speech, with such signs of lamentation and unfeigned sorrow, as it would have made the hardest heart relent.”

Arrived at Pokanoket, they found the king’s house so crowded with men that they could scarce get in, though the Indians did their best to make way. “There were they,” says Winslow, “in the midst of their charms for him, making such a hellish noise, as it distempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick.” The chief asked who was come, and they told him “Winsnow” (for they could not pronounce the letter *l*). His sight was quite gone, but he put forth his hand and took that of his guest. “Then he said twice, though very inwardly,” (faintly) “‘*Keen Winsnow?*’ which is to say, ‘Art thou Winslow?’ I answered *Ahhe*, that is, Yes. Then he doubled these words, *Matta neen wonckanet namen, Winsnow!* that is to say, ‘Oh, Winslow, I shall never see thee again!’”

His visitor, however, succeeded in getting down his throat a small “confection of many comfortable conserves,” and the patient began to mend apace. The good Englishman likewise physicked and tended on the other sick in the village—and sent to Plymouth for chickens to make broth. But his royal patient, finding himself convalescent, would not have them killed, but kept them for breed.

In gratitude at his cure, “he brake forth into the following

speeches: 'Now I see the English are my friends and love me; and whilst I live, I will never forget this kindness they have showed me.' Whilst we were there, our entertainment exceeded all other strangers'. By way of gratitude, Massasoit revealed to his guests the existence of a dangerous plot among the Massachusetts and many other tribes, which he had lately been solicited to join. Both Wessagusset and Plymouth were to be destroyed, and he earnestly cautioned them, as they valued their safety, to strike the first blow.

They departed, followed by the blessings of the whole community, and, on their return, lodged at Mattapoiset, with the sachem Caunbitant, whose conduct they distrusted, and whom they were desirous to conciliate. "By the way," says Winslow, "I had much conference with him, so likewise at his house, he being a notable politician, yet full of merry jests and squibs, and never better pleased than when the like are returned again upon him." This friendly conference the pious traveller improved to explain the religion of his people, and "especially the ten commandments; all which they harkened unto with great attention, and liked well of; only the seventh commandment they excepted against, thinking there were many inconveniences in it, that a man should be tied to one woman; about which we reasoned a good time." After meeting excellent entertainment, they returned to Plymouth.

The information derived from Massasoit was confirmed by further evidence and by many suspicious circumstances; and it was resolved to strike an immediate and terrifying blow at the chiefs of the conspiracy. With wonderful hardihood, Captain Standish, with only eight companions, set forth to crush this alarming plot before it could fully mature, having especial instruction to bring back the head of the most dangerous of the conspirators,—"Wittawamut, a notable insulting villain, one who had formerly imbued his hands in the blood of French and English, and had oft boasted of his own valor and derided their weakness, especially because, as he said, they died crying, making sour faces, more like children than men."

Arrived at Wessagusset, he gathered the people within the town, and warned them of their danger. Presently came an Indian, under pretence of trading in furs, but in reality to ascertain the captain's purpose. He went back, and reported that though he spoke smoothly, "he saw by his eyes that he was angry in his heart."

Though they saw their plans discovered, the chiefs were not whit dismayed, and "one Pecksuot, who was a paniese, being a man of notable spirit," came to Hobbamock, and told him they had heard that Standish was come to kill them. "Tell him," said he, "we know it, but fear him not, neither will we shun him; but let him begin when he dare, he shall not take us at unawares." The savages, one at a time or in small squads, would often present themselves before the captain, and whet the points of their knives before his face, with many other menacing gestures.

"Amongst the rest, Wittawamut bragged of the excellency of his knife. On the end of the handle was pictured a woman's face; 'but,' said he, 'I have another at home wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it; and by and by these two must marry.' Further he said of that knife he there had, *Hannaim namen, hannaim michen, matta cuts*; that is to say, By and by it should see, and by and by it should eat, but not speak. * * These things the Captain observed, yet bare with patience for the present.

"On the next day, seeing he could not get many of them together at once, and this Pecksuot and Wittawamut both together, with another man, and a youth of some eighteen years of age, (which was brother to Wittawamut, and villain-like trod in his steps) and having about as many of his own company in a room with them, gave the word to his men, and the door being fast shut, began himself with Pecksuot, and snatching his own knife from his neck, though with much struggling, killed him therewith, (the point whereof he had made as sharp as a needle, and ground the back also to an edge). Wittawamut and the other man the rest killed, and took the youth,

whom the captain caused to be hanged. But it is incredible how many wounds these two pineses received before they died, not making any fearful noise, but catching at their weapons, and striving to the last."

Three more Indians were killed by the same party. A fight in the woods, in which Hobbamock took an active part, and in which the Indians were forced to fly, ensued. The colony, however, composed of such miserable materials, was broken up. A part sailed for Manhegin, and Standish took the remainder with him to Plymouth. The head of Wittawamut, after the fashion of the times, was stuck up, *in terrorem*, on the fort. Though no further demonstrations of hostility were made, yet, so completely had these fierce and energetic measures terrified the conspiring tribes, that, for fifty years afterwards, they made no more attempts against the English.

Summer came on, and the unfortunate colonists suffered most grievously from hunger and privation. All their corn had been used for planting, and they roamed the woods for nuts and the sea-shore for clams. To add to their distress, a terrible and long-continued drought threatened the entire destruction of their crop. In this heavy case, they kept up an almost unexampled fortitude and cheerfulness. It is said their whole stock of provisions, at one time, was but a pint of corn, which, being impartially divided, gave them five kernels apiece—an incident since affectingly commemorated, on the same spot, at the luxurious entertainments of their descendants.

A day was finally appointed for fasting and humiliation and prayer to God for relief—"if our continuance there might any way stand with his glory and our good." All day the people performed their devotions together, beseeching that the rain of heaven might bedew their parched fields. Ere the sun sank, clouds gathered on all sides, "and on the next morning," continues the pious chronicler, "distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or our drooping affections, were

most quickened and revived; such was the bounty and goodness of our God."

At this seasonable and happy change, the neighboring Indians were struck with surprise; especially, says Winslow, at "the difference between their conjuration, and our invocation to God for rain; theirs being mixed with such storms and tempests, as sometimes, instead of doing them good, it layeth the corn flat on the ground, to their prejudice; but ours in so gentle and seasonable a manner, as they had never observed the like." A plentiful harvest relieved all apprehensions of famine.

In July and August came two ships, with sixty additional settlers. In a letter dispatched to the Pilgrims by their friends who yet remained, occurs the following affectionate and prophetic sentiment: "Let it not be grievous to you that you have been the instruments to break the ice for others who come after you with less difficulty; *the honor shall be yours to the world's end*; we bear you always in our breasts, and our hearty affection is towards you all, as are the hearts of hundreds more who never saw your faces."

CHAPTER VI.

FORMATION OF NEW SETTLEMENTS—DISSOLUTE COMMUNITY OF MERRY MOUNT—BROKEN UP—MAY-POLE CUT DOWN—SETTLEMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS—BOSTON—CHARACTER OF THE EMIGRANTS—AMUSING REGULATIONS AND PENALTIES—INTOLERANCE.

WE now leave the fortunes of the little colony of Plymouth, which, however, had taken firm root, and during the whole season of religious persecution, continued to increase and to send its offshoots into the neighboring regions. Other plantations were rapidly springing up in its neighborhood. In 1624, a colony was planted at Cape Ann, and four years afterwards, another at Naumkeag (Salem) under the famous Captain John Endicott.

A small settlement, called Mount Wallaston (Quincy), had fallen into the hands of one Thomas Morton, described as "a petty fogging attorney of Furnival's Inn," who, with a crew of dissolute companions, lived there in much excess and licentiousness. He changed the name of the place to Merry Mount,—("as if this jollity could have lasted always,")—and besides selling fire-arms to the Indians, kept a haunt for all the idle serving-men and lewd companions in the country. Thus they lived for some time, "vainly quaffing and drinking both wine and strong liquors in great excess (as some have reported, ten pounds worth in a morning)—setting up a May-pole, drinking and dancing about it, and frisking about it like so many fairies or furies rather—yea and worse practices. * * *

The said Morton, likewise, to show his poetry, composed sundry rhymes and verses, some tending to lasciviousness, and others to the detraction and scandal of some persons names, which he affixed to his idle or idol may-pole."*

These dissolute courses received their first check from "that worthy gentleman Mr. John Endicott," who, soon after the foundation of his new settlement, paid them a visit, cut down their May-pole, read them a terrible lecture, and once more changed the name of their abode, calling it Mount Dagon. The whole community was finally broken up by a small force dispatched from Plymouth, under Captain Standish. This party seized Morton, and "demolished his house, that it might no longer be a roost for such unclean birds." The culprit was sent over seas. "Notwithstanding, in England he got free again, and wrote an infamous and scurrilous book against many of the godly and chief men of the country, full of lies and slanders, and full fraught with profane calumnies against their names and persons and the ways of God." Returning imprudently to Boston, he was imprisoned "for the aforesaid book and other things," and finally, "being grown old in wickedness, at last ended his life in Piscataqua."

A royal charter had been obtained, in 1628, for the formation

* New England's Memorial.

of a new company to settle the Massachusetts, and many persons of wealth and eminence in the ranks of the Puritans hastened to join in the formation of a new and powerful colony. A small settlement was made at Dorchester, and during the months of June and July, 1630, no less than eleven ships, bringing a great number of passengers, arrived in Massachusetts Bay. These people, under their governor, the famous John Winthrop, at first settled in Charlestown, where a small colony had already been established. The only person living on the peninsula of Shawmut, at that time, was the Rev. William Blackstone, an Episcopal clergyman, who had left England on account of scruples in his profession, and who had built a cottage and planted an orchard where the city of Boston now stands. On his beautiful little domain was a spring of fine water, and the governor, with other persons of distinction, readily accepted his invitation to settle there. More followed, and by degrees the principal seat of the new plantation was established at Shawmut. Five more vessels came over during the year, swelling the list of emigrants to the new colony to the number of fifteen hundred. During the three following years such numbers flocked over to this settlement, that an Order in Council was issued to restrain the tide of emigration; but for a long time it continued steadily to flow to Massachusetts.

The year 1635 was memorable for the arrival at Boston of a large number of emigrants from England, among whom were Hugh Peters, afterwards chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and Mr. Vane, (afterwards Sir Henry,) who, the year after his arrival, was elected governor. This man, destined to play such a conspicuous part in the great English Revolution, "first displayed his wily and subtle disposition, and his profound genius for politics, in the controversies of Massachusetts; and nothing but that disastrous fate, which seemed to influence all the acts of Charles I., prevented this humble colony from being the theatre to which the prodigious energies of Hampden, Cromwell, Hazlerigg, and Pym would have been confined, for they had actually embarked, but were compelled to return by a royal order."

The wealth and importance of this new community were commensurate with the growing power of the Puritan party. That party, originally so humble and depressed, was already beginning to uplift its voice in the councils of the English nation, and to provoke fresh and suicidal efforts of that arbitrary power, which was destined, ere long, to fall, with such terrible circumstances, before it. Accordingly, the men who now transferred their fortunes to the New World, though aiming, as earnestly as their predecessors, at the foundation of a religious commonwealth, brought with them somewhat of that insolence which is always the handmaid of prosperity. "Their characters," says the candid and judicious Baylies, "were more elevated, but their dispositions were less kindly, and their tempers more austere, sour, and domineering, than those of their Plymouth brethren. They had brought themselves to a positive conviction of their own evangelical purity and perfect godliness, and therefore they tolerated not even the slightest difference in theological opinions." They were composed, in short, of that stuff, which, according to circumstances, makes a martyr or a persecutor, and, unfortunately for their reputation, the latter had opportunity for development. This, however, can hardly be laid to the door of their faith. Having power to persecute, they persecuted; and where is the religious community which, having such power, ever forbore to use it?

Until aroused by opposition, (which did not occur for many years,) the arbitrary and intolerant spirit of the authorities, for the most part, lay dormant, only indulging itself in municipal regulations and fantastic penalties, rather fitted to provoke mirth than indignation. A "Maine Law," quite characteristic of the times, was in operation at a very early day. In 1634, according to the notes of an aggrieved traveller, "there were in Boston but two houses of entertainment, called Ordinaries, into which if a stranger went, he was presently followed by one appointed to that office, who woo'd thrust himself into his company uninvited, and if he called for more

drink than the officer, in his judgment, tho't he cou'd soberly bear, he wo'd presently countermand it, and appoint the proportion, beyond which he could not get one drop."

Numerous laws, regulating apparel, were made, and though such as had brought over vain and expensive articles of attire, were allowed, for the most part, to wear them out, no mercy was granted to "immoderate great sleeves, slash-apparel, and long wigs." Any person might be arraigned before the General Court, "who may give offence to his neighbor by the excessive length of his hair." All people, under penalty of a fine, were compelled to attend church. Constables were ordered to "take special notice of all common coasters," (loafers) "unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco takers." But the severity of the ordinances against the last-named culprits was, after a time, relaxed, in favor of the clergy, who had begun to patronize the forbidden weed.

For many years, no regular system of law was adopted, and sentences of punishment, framed according to the ingenious fancy of the Court, were often whimsical in the extreme. Thus, one Josias Plaistowe, for stealing from the Indians, was fined, and condemned "hereafter to be called Josias, and not Mr. as he formerly used to be;" and Mrs. Cornish, "found suspicious of incontinency," was "seriously admonished to take heed." We find "Robert Shorthose, for swearing by the blood of God, sentenced to have his tongue put into a cleft stick, and to stand so for the space of half an hour." And finally, Mr. Edward Palmer, for extorting the good town of Boston in the sum of two pounds, thirteen shillings, and four pence, for a new pair of stocks, was adjudged to pay a fine of double that amount, and to make personal trial of his own handiwork for the space of one hour.

Reviling of dignities, or any question of their authority, always met with sharp rebuke and punishment. According to the record, 1632, "Thomas Knower was set in the bilboes for threat'ning y^e Court, that if he should be punished, he would have it tried in England, whether he was lawfully pun-

ished or no." Another, for calling a justice of the peace "justass," was subjected to grievous fine and banishment.

Edicts of a sharper nature, though not yet enforced to the sanguinary extreme, were not long in making their appearance. "Hugh Bretts, being found guilty of heresy, is ordered to be gone out of the jurisdiction and not to return again on pain of being hanged." One Mr. Painter, who, "on a sudden turned Anabaptist," refused to allow his child to be baptized. "Whereupon, after much patience and clean conviction of error, because he was very poor, so as no other but corporal punishment could be fastened on him, he was ordered to be whipped, not for his opinion, but for reproaching the Lord's Ordinance. *He endured his punishment with much obstinacy,* and said, boastingly, that God had marvellously assisted him."*

The aborigines came in for their share of summary legislation, it being resolved, (among other stringent regulations in their behoof,) that if any slaves should take refuge among them, as many Indians should be "captivated" in their stead. Their religious services were sternly suppressed. "Ordered, that no Indian shall Pawaw," (powwow) "or perform outward worship to their false gods, or to y^e devil, in our jurisdiction, under penalty of 5*L*."

* *Winthrop's Journal.*

CHAPTER VII.

ROGER WILLIAMS—HIS LIBERALITY AND BOLDNESS—PERSECUTED BY THE
AUTHORITIES OF MASSACHUSETTS—BANISHED—TAKES REFUGE WITH
THE INDIANS—LAYS THE FOUNDATION OF PROVIDENCE—PRO-
CURES THE GRANT OF RHODE ISLAND.

As the original New England colony had its foundation in the bigotry and intolerance of the parent-country, so the same causes, developed by prosperity in its powerful neighbor, Massachusetts, were destined to form another state, of purer and more illustrious origin, perhaps, than any in New England, except the little colony of Plymouth. Roger Williams, an eminent liberal divine, was born in Wales, in the year 1599, and, it has been said, received his education under the patronage of the famous Coke. He arrived at Boston, in 1631, moved by the expectation of finding in the new colony complete toleration for any rational form of Christianity. He was soon settled at Salem as assistant minister, despite the opposition of the general magistrates, who already had an inkling of the nature of his belief.

Harassed, however, by their continued hostility, he left his charge, and removed to the more liberal colony of Plymouth. Here also he was appointed assistant, and, by his eloquence and piety, gained the hearty good-will of that little association of free spirits. While residing here, actuated by benevolent motives, he took no little pains to learn the language and gain the good-will of the Indians. "God was pleased," he writes, "to give me a painful, patient spirit, to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their tongue." He obtained the friendship of Massasoit, and the confidence of the great Narragansett sachems, Canonibus and his nephew, Miantonimo. The knowledge and intimacy thus acquired, afterwards stood him (and all New England) in no little stead.



ROGER WILLIAMS.

After a residence of two years in Plymouth, he again removed to Salem, whither a considerable number of his flock, attached to his person and preaching, followed him. In August, 1634, he was regularly instituted as pastor of the church of that place, to the no small disgust and resentment of the General Court. Their main ground of objection to him was his advocacy of the glorious doctrine of perfect freedom of belief. He held "that no human power had the right to intermeddle in matters of conscience; and that neither church, nor state, nor bishop, nor priest, nor king, may prescribe the smallest iota of religious faith. For this, he maintained, a man is responsible to God alone." This doctrine, so entirely at issue with their own intolerant and intermeddling system, naturally displeased the magistrates; and, under various frivolous pretexts, he was frequently censured, or summoned to appear before them.

With noble confidence he especially opposed the laws compelling universal attendance at church, and involuntary support of the clergy. The civil power, he justly affirmed, "extends only to the bodies, and goods, and outward estates of men"—with their religion, "the civil magistrate may not intermeddle, even to stop a church from apostacy and heresy." These opinions, now so undeniable, brought down on his head a perfect storm of civil and ecclesiastical vengeance. On a spiteful pretext, the Court disfranchised the town of Salem, (which stood faithfully by its pastor,) and in July, 1635, put the offender himself on trial, for his "dangerous opinions." After long debate, they gave him and his church "time to consider these things till the next General Court, and then, either to give satisfaction or to expect the sentence." That body met in October, and, as he still declined to recant, it was resolved that, whereas Mr. Williams "hath broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates, and yet maintaineth the same without any retractation;" therefore, within six weeks he should be banished from the colony. He remained a while, on suffer-

ance, but many people, "taken with an apprehension of his godliness," resorted to him, and the Court, in alarm, dispatched a pinnace to seize him, and put him on board ship for England.

Advised of its coming, though in ill-health, and though it was the dead of winter, he left his family, and took refuge in the wilderness (January, 1636). Here he wandered miserably from one Indian hut to another, receiving a precarious subsistence from the hospitality of their poverty-stricken tenants. "For fourteen weeks," he says, in a letter written thirty-five years after, "I was sorely tossed, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean. * * * These ravens" (the Indians) "fed me in the wilderness." At last he arrived at Mount Hope, where the aged Massasoit gave him a kindly welcome, and granted him a tract of land on Seekonk river. Here, with a number of friends, who in the spring followed him from Salem, he commenced a settlement, but was presently disturbed by a letter from Winslow, the governor of Plymouth, "lovingly advising me," he says, "since I was fallen within the edge of their bounds, *and they were loth to displease the Bay,*" (Boston,) "to remove but to the other side of the water," and there "be loving neighbors together."

The fields he had planted, and the dwelling he had begun to build, were abandoned, and with five companions, in a canoe, he passed down Seekonk river, to seek a refuge in more distant wilds. As he paddled under the high banks of the western shore, some Indians greeted him with the friendly salutation, "What cheer, Netop?* what cheer?"—words as memorable with the descendants of his people, as the "Welcome, Englishmen," with all New England. Near the mouth of the little river Mooshausic, he espied a fair spring and a pleasant country. This spring is still pointed out in the midst of the beautiful city of which he was the founder. Here he pitched his habitation, and in the month of June, with his few followers, laid out the site of "Providence Plantation." Few

* Friend.

cities have arisen with a surer prosperity, and none can boast a fairer or more unsullied origin.

By the sacrifice of a part of his little property, he purchased land, and gained the good-will of the Narragansett sachem; but no amount of recompense could have induced those jealous chieftains to yield to any other Englishman that foothold in their territory, which for a comparative trifle they allowed to the peaceful and friendly exile from intolerance. The lands thus obtained, he distributed, free of cost, among his followers; but the town afterwards voted him thirty pounds—not as compensation, but as “a loving gratuity.” The settlement became, what he most earnestly desired and intended, “a shelter for persons distressed for conscience.” By mutual agreement of the colonists, the majority was to govern in civil matters, and in none other. This resolve, the earliest in the legislation of Rhode Island, has never been disgraced by a single act of religious intolerance.

Two years after his settlement at Providence, Williams procured from the Narragansett sachems, on very moderate terms, a grant of the beautiful island of Rhode Island, as an asylum for a large number of persons proscribed as heretics by the Court of Boston, and “lovingly entertained” by the people at Providence Plantations. A flourishing settlement sprung up there, owing its existence to the sagacious advice and friendly interposition of the exiled preacher. “It was not price nor money,” he writes, twenty years afterwards, “that could have purchased Rhode Island. It was obtained by love; by the love and favor which that honorable gentleman, Sir Henry Vane, and myself had with the great sachem Miantonimo, about the league which I procured between the Massachusetts English and the Narragansetts, in the Pequot war.” The generous and influential agency of Williams, in that war, in favor of his persecutors, will shortly be described.

CHAPTER VIII.

SETTLEMENT OF CONNECTICUT—PEQUOT WAR—EXPEDITION OF MASON—
DESTRUCTION OF THE PEQUOT FORT—MASSACRES AND SUBJECTION
OF THE RACE—BIGOTRY OF EARLY CHRONICLERS.

THE first English settlement of Connecticut is due to the enterprise of the little colony of Plymouth. The more powerful government of Massachusetts, deterred by many alarming rumors, had obstinately refused to undertake it. In October, 1633, William Holmes, with the frame of a house, and a small company of men, was dispatched in a vessel from Plymouth, to establish a trading-post on the Connecticut river. He passed the Dutch fort at Hartford, despite the threats of the garrison, and built his house in what is now Windsor, a little below the junction of the Farmington with the Connecticut.

Emigration from Massachusetts rapidly followed, and by the end of the year 1636, about eight hundred emigrants were settled in various stations on the Connecticut. An Indian war, ere long, menaced the destruction of the new plantation.* The Pequots, some years earlier, had committed several murders, and injurious reprisals had lately been made by an expedition dispatched from Massachusetts. The severest consequences of the hostility thus kindled fell upon the lately-planted colony; the Indians, being ever on the alert to surprise stragglers from the settlements, and often putting their

* "Two colonies of churches being brought forth, and a third conceived, within the bounds of *New England*, it was time," says Cotton Mather, "for the devil to take the *alarm*, and make some attempt in opposition to the possession which the Lord Jesus Christ was going to have of these *utmost parts of the earth*. These parts were then covered with nations of barbarous *indians* and infidels, in whom *the prince of the power of the air* did work as a *spirit*; nor could it be expected that nations of wretches, whose whole *religion* was the most explicit sort of *devil-worship*, should not be acted by the devil to engage in some early and bloody action, for the extinction of a plantation so contrary to his interests, as that of *New England* was."—*Magnalia Christi Americana*.

captives to death with cruel tortures. A small fort, erected by the English at Saybrook, was in a state of constant siege.

Sassacus, the chief sachem of the Pequots, with a policy far more common in civilized than savage warfare, now made every effort to secure an alliance with his old enemies, the Narragansetts, for the extirpation of the hated strangers. He dispatched ambassadors to Canonicus and Miantonimo, urging every motive for the relinquishment of their ancient enmity, and the union of their forces against the common enemy. To counteract this mission, the Massachusetts authorities requested Roger Williams, whom they had so lately driven from their jurisdiction, to undertake the difficult and hazardous task of gaining over the Narragansetts to the English interests.

Readily overlooking his own wrongs, in zeal for the public good, the exiled minister at once set forth alone in his canoe, "cutting through a stormy wind and great seas, every minute in hazard of life," to the dwelling of the two sachems. There he remained three days, mingling freely with the Pequot ambassadors, still reeking with the blood of the slaughtered settlers, and "from whom he nightly looked for their bloody knives at his throat also." His influence, combined with ancient enmity, outweighed all the eloquence of the Pequots. The aged Canonicus, ("*morosus æque ac barbarus senex*")* as he calls him, was softened by his persuasions, and entered into league with the English. Throughout the war which ensued, his authority, and the information which he afforded, were of great service to the settlers.

In April, 1637, an attack was made by the Pequots on Wethersfield, and nine people were killed—an alarming outrage, which roused the colonists into immediate and energetic action. Ninety men, under Captain John Mason, a bold and active soldier, were equipped, and the Rev. Mr. Stone, who had led his people through the wilderness to Hartford, was appointed their chaplain. A party of seventy Mohegan Indians, led by the famous or notorious Uncas, then in rebellion

* "*An ancient alike savage and morose.*"

against his kinsman Sassacus, were likewise induced to join the expedition. Letters, entreating assistance, were also sent to Massachusetts, and a body of men, under command of Daniel Patrick, was dispatched from that colony, to raise a force of Narragansetts, and then to join the party of Mason.

Early in May, the latter proceeded down the river, and Uncas, with his people, being set on shore, defeated a party of the enemy, killing seven and taking one prisoner. This captive, to the disgrace of the whites, they were permitted to torture to death. From Saybrook, the expedition set sail for the Narragansett country, intending thus to take the Pequots by surprise. From thence Mason, attended by a considerable body of native allies, at once marched westward, unwilling, by waiting for the approaching forces of Patrick, to risk his chance of surprising the enemy in their quarters. He was apprehensive that the Indians, if advised of his coming, would fly "to a swamp, some three or four miles back of them, a marvellous great and secure swamp, which they call *Ohomowauke*, which signifies Owl's nest." A little before day-light, on the 5th of June, he led his forces up the "Pequot Hill,"* on which their strongest fortress was situated.

The Indians, though taken entirely by surprise, fought well with their rude weapons, and for some time maintained an uncertain contest. At last, Mason, wearied out, cried, "We must burn them!" and, catching a brand, set fire to the mats in one of the wigwams. The flame, urged by a high wind, rapidly spread through the whole fort, and a terrible scene ensued.

The warriors, fighting till their bow-strings were snapped by the heat, perished in the burning wigwams, or were shot down as they vainly attempted to escape over the palisades. A great number of women, children, and aged people, were also victims to the same horrible fate. In all at least four hundred perished, and possibly many more.

"It was supposed," says Dr. Increase Mather, "that no less

* In Groton. It still retains the name.

than 500 or 600 Pequot souls were brought down to hell that day."* Others have said that the number of the victims was nearer eight hundred. "It was a fearful sight," says old Morton, "to see them thus frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same; and horrible was the stink and scent thereof; but the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise thereof to God, who had wrought so wonderfully for them, thus to enclose their enemies into their hands," &c.

The distress of the friends of the slaughtered garrison is described by Cotton Mather, as usual, with unfeeling exultation. They had hastened to the scene on the following day, in great numbers—"but when they came to see the ashes of their *friends* mingled with the ashes of the *fort*, and the bodies of their countrymen so terribly *barbikew'd*, where the English had been doing a good morning's work, they howl'd, they roar'd, they stamp'd, they tore their hair; and though they did not *swear*, (for they knew not *how*,) yet they *curs'd*, and were the pictures of so many *devils* in desperation."

The complete destruction or subjection of the tribe naturally ensued. The Pequots, separated into small bodies, were easily cut off, in detail, by the forces of the English, and slain or carried into slavery. On one occasion, several hundred were taken in the Narragansett country, and, to use the language of the Rev. William Hubbard, "the men among them, to the number of 30, were turned presently into Charon's ferry boat, under the command of Skipper Gallop, who dispatched them a little without the harbour." "Twas found," says Cotton Mather, "the quickest way to feed the *fishes* with 'em." The women and children were enslaved or given to the Narragansetts.

* The worthy doctor seems to have taken especial delight in contemplating the uncomfortable future of his foes. Elsewhere he says, "we have heard of two and twenty Indian captains, slain all of them, and brought down to hell in one day." Again, he tells us of a certain chief, who sneered at the religion of the English, and "withal, added a hideous blasphemy, immediately upon which, a bullet took him in the head, and dashed out his brains, sending his cursed soul in a moment amongst the devils and blasphemers, in hell forever."—"Prevalency of Prayer," page 7.

Sassacus and a small body of his followers took refuge among the Mohawks, by whom, however, they were speedily put to death; and the remainder of his tribe, thinned by massacre and transportation, remained in complete subjection to the English.

In reading accounts like these, it seems hard to determine which is the savage and which the child of civilization—and the hasty conclusion would be that, except in the possession of fire-arms to defeat the Indians, and of letters to record their destruction, the authors and approvers of such deeds were but little in advance of the unhappy race, whose extermination left room for their increase and prosperity. But until our own day is free from the disgrace of scenes parallel in cruelty, enacted by those who have had the advantage of two centuries of civilization, it ill becomes us to question with too great severity the deeds of men struggling for existence, in the wilderness, not only with a savage foe, but with all those hardships and uncertainties which render the heart of man fierce, callous, and unscrupulous in the means of self-preservation. The most disagreeable part of the whole business, as we have remarked before, is the fiendish exultation of the learned historians, who, sitting in their arm-chairs at Boston and Ipswich, record, with godless sneers and chuckles, the defeat and sufferings of the savage patriots of the soil.

These gentlemen, possessed with a happy conviction of their own righteousness, appear to have thought that the Lord, as a matter of course, was on their side, and that only the Adversary, or his agents, could be arrayed against them. A long course of ecclesiastical dictation had made them, in their "conceit," as infallible as so many popes; and a constant handling of Jewish scripture had supplied them with a vast number of historical texts, all susceptible of excellent application in behalf of their position. These were the wars of the Lord; the extirpation of the uncircumcised occupants of the Promised Land; crusades against Edomites, Philistines, and Og, king of Bashan; and any severity to the vanquished, or any

elation at their defeat, might find an easy precedent in the exterminating policy of priests and prophets, and the pæans of victory chanted over their fallen foes.

CHAPTER IX.

INCREASE OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES—SUCCESS OF THE PURITANS IN ENGLAND—PERSECUTION OF THE QUAKERS—PHILIP THE WAMPANOAG—COMMENCEMENT OF “PHILIP’S WAR”—CAPTAIN BENJAMIN CHURCH—HIS INFLUENCE WITH THE INDIANS—FIGHTS AND SKIRMISHES—PHILIP RETREATS WESTWARD—ROUSES THE TRIBES—DESTRUCTION OF VILLAGES.

BY the year 1640, the tide of emigration, which for many years had flowed steadily to New England, gradually ceased. The ascendancy of the Puritan party in England had removed the grievous wrongs and disabilities under which that numerous body had once labored, and the temptation to share the success of the triumphant faction at home was greater than that to retreat into the wilderness, which had been its refuge when weak and persecuted by its destined victims. Upwards of twenty thousand people, however, by this time, had come over, and the colonies, by their own natural increase, continually advanced in numbers and prosperity.

In 1643, the four settlements of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Plymouth, and New Haven, formed a confederacy for mutual aid and protection, called “the United Colonies of New England”—the germ of that mighty association, which now numbers more millions than its original did thousands, and which, from a bleak corner of New England, has extended, for twenty degrees of latitude, over the thousand leagues of mountain, forest, and prairie, that divide the two oceans.

From the year 1656 to 1661, the ever-infamous persecution of the Quakers raged in the Massachusetts colony. It is unnecessary in this place to recapitulate the scenes which, more

perhaps than any others, disgrace the early history of our country. Great cruelties were exercised toward the offending sect, and four of its members, who had returned to the colony, after banishment, were murdered by public execution. This insane contest between bigoted power and fanatic but magnanimous resistance, was finally ended, in 1661, by an order from the king, that any obnoxious persons of the persecuted persuasion should not be punished in the colony, but be sent over to England.

During the half century which had now elapsed since the first foundation of New England, a great change had taken place in the habits and demeanor of the Indians. Canonieus, had he been living, would no longer have refused, with a superstitious dread, the powder and bullets sent to him from Plymouth, "lapped in a rattlesnake's skin," by way of counter-defiance, but would have joyfully appropriated them for the supply of the royal arsenal. The natives, by traffic with unprincipled traders, were well supplied with fire-arms, and had learned to use them with deadly accuracy. Their numbers, in New England, in 1675, have been computed at fifty thousand, and they had a strong and dangerous consciousness of their power.

On the death of Massasoit, the firm ally of the whites, his son, Wamsutta, or Alexander, succeeded to the vacant throne of Pokanoket. He had held his royalty but a few months, when, on some suspicion, he was seized by the English, and carried into Plymouth, where, in a few days, he died of a fever, caused by natural anger and vexation. His brother, Metacomet, (the famous King Philip,) succeeded him, and though, for nine years, he maintained an outward semblance of friendship to the whites, there can be little doubt that he cherished a secret enmity against the oppressors of his brother, and the steady encroachers on the territory of the whole Indian race.

Various disputes, originating as early as 1671, between the great Wampanoag and the English, had been subjects for



KING PHILIP.

negotiation and treaty; and Philip, singular as it may seem, had subscribed articles relinquishing almost every point in issue, and, as it were, delivering himself, body and soul, to the control of the Plymouth authorities. His motive, doubtless, was to blind his enemies as to the extent and dangerous nature of the conspiracy he was meditating. His plan was nothing less than the complete extermination of the whites, and in its prosecution, he displayed a policy, courage, and perseverance which, in a savage, have never been surpassed. To knit the clans of New England, immemorially dissevered by traditional feud and enmity, into a confederacy against a foe so terrible as the English, might well have seemed to the most sanguine, a hopeless task; yet such was the object to which Philip bent all his policy and energy, and in which, to a great extent, he succeeded.

In carrying out this scheme, it was his ill fortune, at an early day, to arouse the energies of a foe as sleepless and untiring as himself. Captain Benjamin Church, the most famous Indian-fighter in the records of New England, had, in the spring of 1675, settled in the wilderness of Sogkonate, now Little Compton. He was a man of undaunted courage, of a sagacity fitted to cope with the wildest tactics of Indian warfare, and withal of a kindly and generous disposition, which, except when engaged in immediate hostilities, seem to have secured for him the respect and attachment of the wild tribes whom he so often encountered. His narrative, written in his old age, by his son, from his own notes and dictation, is one of the choicest fragments of original history in our possession. As a literary performance, it is just respectable; but for vividness of detail and strength of expression, it is something more, and may well be entitled to rank with such rude but stirring productions as the memoirs of Bernal Diaz and Captain John Smith.

In the spring of 1675, Philip sent six ambassadors to Awasshonks, squaw-sachem or queen of the Sogkonates, demanding the adhesion of that tribe to his league, on pain of hostility

and vengeance. As on all occasions of Indian diplomacy, she appointed a solemn dance, and by way of hearing both sides of the question, sent for her friend and neighbor, Mr. Church. On his arrival, this high ceremony was in full performance, and her majesty, in person, with great energy,* was leading the dance. A grand talk was held, and Church, with all his eloquence, dissuaded her from joining the hostile confederacy. The six Wampanoags, he says, "made a formidable appearance, with their faces painted, and their hairs trimmed up in comb fashion, with their powder-horns and shot-bags at their backs, which among that nation is the posture and figure of preparedness for war." Church stepped up to them, and, feeling of their shot-bags, which were full of bullets, asked them what those were for. They scoffingly replied, "To shoot pigeons with."

Hereupon the indignant captain advised Awashonks "to knock those six Mount Hopes† on the head, and shelter herself under the protection of the English. Upon which, the Mount Hopes were for the present dumb." A furious discussion ensued among the tribe, and one Little Eyes, (a privy counsellor) requested Church to step a little aside, (that he might dispatch him quietly,) but the interference of some others disconcerted this treacherous intent. The Englishman then sternly rebuked the Wampanoags, as bloody wretches, thirsting for the blood of their neighbors, and told them, if nothing but war would satisfy them, that he should prove a sharp thorn in their sides. His eloquence carried the day, and Awashonks and her people, for a time, observed fidelity to the English.

It was evident enough that some great design was on foot, for Philip had sent the squaws and children of his tribe, for safety, into the Narragansett country, and had been holding a mighty dance, at his favorite seat of Mount Hope, for several weeks, with all the young warriors of the neighborhood. On

* "All in a muck of sweat," says the captain's narrative.

† So called, from Mount Hope the chief seat of the Wampanoag sachems.

the 24th of June, hostilities commenced with an attack on the little town of Swansey, and nine of its inhabitants were killed. The village was deserted, and the savages burned it.

Detachments were sent from Massachusetts to the assistance of the remoter settlements, and Captain Church, with a company from Plymouth, also hastened to the scene of action. After some skirmishing, Philip was driven from his old haunt, but only to extend his ravages more widely in other directions. Church, with only nineteen men, held on in pursuit, and, ere long, encountered a body of three hundred savages, where the town of Tiverton now stands. "The hill," he says, "seemed to move, being covered over with Indians, with their bright guns glittering in the sun, and running in a circumference with a design to surround them." The little party, thus environed, betook themselves to the shelter of a wall, and fought with the desperation of men contending for their lives; while the Indians, from behind every fence, tree, or rock, kept up an incessant firing. The English were finally relieved from their perilous situation by the arrival of a sloop, which came near the shore and took them off, protecting their embarkation by her fire. But when Church, the last man, was about to go on board, he bethought himself that he had left his hat and cutlass at the well where he had drank; and, declaring that he would never leave them as trophies for the Indians, loaded his gun with all the powder he had left, "(and a poor charge it was,)" marched boldly up the shore, and brought them off. One bullet grazed his hair, another hit a small stake just before his breast, and two more struck the canoe as he paddled to the sloop.

After some indecisive skirmishes, the English forces united, and, with considerable loss, drove Philip and his warriors into a great swamp at Pocasset. Their camp, consisting of a hundred new wigwams, was found deserted in the vicinity. Church, who, had he been permitted, at this time could probably have ended the war by a close pursuit of his enemy, was continually thwarted and embarrassed by the tardiness and

indecision of his associates. Though actively engaged in fighting the Indians, he protested with vehement indignation against the treacherous policy of his government, which transported as slaves a great number of prisoners who had surrendered under fair promises.

A party under Captain Henchman, supported by Uncas, the Mohegan sachem, defeated Philip, with a loss of thirty of his warriors, and compelled him to fly to the westward. Here he was successful in exciting the native tribes to hostility, and many more of the whites were killed, and several flourishing towns were laid in ashes. In Brookfield, Captain Wheeler, besieged, with seventy persons, many of them women and children, in a single building, held out for two days against several hundred of the savages, who used every effort to burn the dwelling and destroy its inmates. They were finally relieved by a party under Major Willard, and the Indians drew off, after losing, it is said, eighty of their number. They joined Philip and his warriors.

CHAPTER X.

SUCCESS OF THE INDIANS—ATTACK ON HADLEY—GOFFE, THE REGICIDE
—MANY TOWNS BURNED—DESTRUCTION OF THE NARRAGANSETT
FORT—GREAT CRUELTY TO THE INDIANS—THEIR REVENGE AND
TRIUMPH—CAPTURE OF CANONCHET—HIS HEROIC END.

FROM this time, an almost continual succession of Indian attacks and massacres occurred, and town after town was laid in ashes. Aided by the continually exciting causes of enmity, developed by war with a foe so indefinite as the Indians, Philip had succeeded in awaking a general hostility among the numerous tribes of the frontier. It is supposed that he was present at many of the scenes of midnight assault and massacre which, at this time, filled New England with alarm;



CAPT. BENJAMIN CHURCH.







*THE COLONISTS GOING TO CHURCH ARMED
DURING THE PERIOD OF THE EARLY INDIAN WARS.*

but it is certain that he was seldom recognised. Once, it is said, he was seen at a successful attack, riding on a black horse, leaping fences, and exulting in the scene of destruction; and again, that he once ordered an arm-chair to be brought forth, that he might enjoy at his ease the conflagration of a village.

A grand assault was made on Deerfield and Hadley, on the 1st of September, and the former town was mostly destroyed. The people of Hadley, at this time, were engaged in worship at their meeting-house, with their arms by their sides, as usual in those troublous times. Surprised by the unexpected and furious attack of the savages, they would probably have been cut to pieces, but for the appearance of an extraordinary personage. An old man, with long white hair, dressed in the ancient costume, suddenly came forward, and took command of the panic-stricken congregation. He maintained a skilful defence until the enemy were put to flight, and then disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

This angel, as he was supposed to be by many, was no other than old Major-General Goffe, one of the judges of Charles I., who, with his companion, Whalley, for more than ten years had lain concealed in the cellar of Mr. Russell, the minister of Hadley. There are few incidents in history more striking than that of the old soldier, so long innured in this dismal habitation, roused once more, by the clash of arms and the discharge of musketry, to mingle, for the last time, in the half-forgotten scenes of combat, and then to shrink back for ever into the gloom and twilight of his subterranean abode.

Ten men were killed in Northfield, and thirty-six, dispatched to relieve that town, were mostly cut off by an ambush. An hundred of the finest young men of the country, marching under Captain Lathrop, to Deerfield, were attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians, and all, except seven or eight, after desperate fighting, were slain. Thirty houses were burned at Springfield, together with the "brave library" of Rev. Pelatiah Glover. This collection, very valuable, it is

probable, for the day, had been sent off to a place of safety; "but the said minister, a great student, and an *helluo librorum*,"* being impatient for want of his books, brought them back, to his great sorrow, for a bonfire for the proud insulting enemy. Of all the mischiefs done by the said enemy before that day, the burning of this said town of Springfield did more than any other discover the said actors to be the children of the devil, full of all subtilty and malice,"† &c., seeing that for forty years, they had been on good terms with the whites.

In October, an attempt was made on Hatfield by seven or eight hundred Indians in a body; but the garrison and townsfolk, under Major Appleton, and Captains Mosely and Poole, made a stout resistance, and finally beat them off. During the winter, few engagements of any importance occurred in the western outskirts; the Indians, for want of shelter and provision, suffering miserably, and Philip, with his chief warriors, it is supposed, taking refuge in the country of the Narragansetts.

An agreement for the active prosecution of the war was now made by the united colonies, and it was resolved that the Narragansetts, who had sheltered the families of the hostile tribes, should be made the first example of vengeance. On the afternoon of December 19th, the English forces, about five hundred in number, under command of Josias Winslow, governor of Plymouth, arrived at the chief fortress of the devoted tribe. It was situated in a vast swamp, upon an elevated ground of five or six acres, and contained, it is said, six hundred wigwams. The trunk of a great tree, fallen in the swamp, afforded the only means of access.

Across this narrow causeway, the English, with great loss, made their way, and a desperate battle, lasting for several hours, took place within the palisades. Church, who accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, fought with his accustomed bravery, and was severely wounded. He vainly remonstrated against the burning of the fort, in which his superiors persisted, and which proved the cause not only of an outrage

* Book-devourer.

† Hubbard's Indian Wars.

ous destruction of its helpless tenants, but of severe suffering and loss to the English themselves. It was fired, and the dreadful tragedy of Groton was once more enacted. The settlement was populous in the extreme, and great numbers of feeble old men, and of women and children, perished in the blazing wigwams.* On this terrible day, fell seven hundred of the bravest Narragansett warriors, and three hundred more are said to have afterwards died of their wounds. "The number of old men, women, and children that perished either by fire, or that were starved with hunger or cold, none could tell."†

Eighty of the English were slain, and an hundred and fifty wounded; and the remainder, having destroyed the wigwams which might have afforded them protection, were compelled to march eighteen miles, in a terribly cold and snowy night, before they could reach a place of shelter and refreshment. Many perished on the way. The miserable remains of the defeated tribe took shelter among the Nipmucks. Great cruelty seems to have been exercised toward the Indian prisoners, if we may judge by the fate of one who was found in a barn, and who, "after he was brought to head-quarters, would own nothing but what was forced out of his mouth by the woolding of his head with a cord, wherefore he was presently judged to die as a Wampanoag."‡

Despite this fearful scene of suffering and destruction, the Indians, still numerous, were not long without their revenge.

* This terrible scene, "the death-agony of a whole community," is described by a contemporary author, (Rev. William Hubbard,) in terms of the most barbarous and pitiless levity. "They were ready," he says, "to dress their dinner, but our sudden and unexpected assault put them beside that work, making their cook-rooms too hot for them at that time, when they and their mitchin fried together: And probably some of them eat their suppers in a colder place that night: Most of their provisions as well as huts being consumed by fire, and those that were left alive forced to hide themselves in a cedar swamp, not far off, where they had nothing to defend them from the cold but boughs of spruce and pine trees."—*Hubbard's Indian Wars*.

† Hubbard.

‡ *Ibid.*

The brave Canonchet,* the young sachem of the Narragansetts, in the midst of the ruin of his tribe and the slaughter or dispersion of his warriors, still maintained a brave and undaunted attitude of defiance. He had magnanimously declared that he "would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail," and defeat and disaster only kindled in his mind fresh courage and desire for vengeance. He retreated to the westward, where Philip had already taken refuge, and with him planned fresh and terrible schemes of successful reprisal. In February, the towns of Lancaster and Medfield were burned, and nearly an hundred of the English were killed or carried into captivity. On retreating from the latter place (which is only twenty miles from Boston) the victorious savages left a paper, written by some of their number who had received education, to the following haughty effect:

"Know, by this paper, that the Indians whom thou hast provoked to wrath and anger will war this 21 years, if you will. There are many Indians yet. We come 300 at this time. You must consider the Indians lose nothing but their life: You must lose your fair houses and cattle."

In this and the following month, town after town was destroyed by the indefatigable foe. Thirty houses in Providence were burned, and a part of Weymouth, only eleven miles from Boston, was destroyed. Two companies, each of fifty men, under Captains Pierce and Wadsworth, were successively "swallowed up" by the triumphant enemy against whom they had been sent. The prospects of the English appeared gloomy in the extreme, when Philip's fortunes, for a time so brilliantly successful, suddenly received a check.

His ally, the brave and magnanimous Canonchet, who had under his command a force of many hundred men, venturing, with a few warriors, to the eastward, in quest of seed-corn for their plantations, was captured and shot at Stonington. He

* He was the son of the brave but unfortunate Miantonimo, murdered by his enemy Uncas, by permission and approval of the colonial authorities and clergy.

refused to purchase his life by procuring the submission of his injured tribe, and met his death with the highest courage and fortitude—a true patriot, and a hero, whose soul, to judge by his brief sayings, seemed cast in almost a classical mould. “This,” says Mr. Hubbard, “was the confusion of a damned wretch, that had often opened his mouth to blaspheme the name of the living God, and those that make profession thereof. He was told at large of his breach of faith, and how he boasted *that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag’s nail, that he would burn the English alive in their houses; to which he replied, others were as forward for the war as himself, and that he desired to hear no more thereof.* And when he was told his sentence was to die, he said, *he liked it well, that he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself.* He told the English before they put him to death *that the killing him would not end the war; but it was a considerable step thereunto.*”

CHAPTER XI.

PHILIP’S WAR, CONTINUED—FIGHTING—GRADUAL REDUCTION OF THE INDIANS—CHURCH COMMISSIONED—HE ENLISTS INDIAN SOLDIERS—PURSUES PHILIP—DEFEATS HIM—FLIGHT OF PHILIP—HIS DISTRESS.

DURING the spring of 1676, the war raged furiously and with alternate success. A portion of Plymouth as well as of other towns was burned, and several desperate actions, resulting in great loss to both parties, occurred. But the forces of Philip suffered most from cold and hunger: and from their roving way of life, and its attendant privations, became gradually worn out and disheartened. Accompanied by his bravest warriors, he returned to his old haunts, and took up his quarters near Narragansett Bay. A body of cavalry, from Connecticut, under Major Talcott, accompanied by a force of Mohegans, now did very effective service against him. On one

occasion, this force, besides killing a great number of the enemy, took two hundred prisoners—one of whom, to their eternal disgrace, they permitted their allies to put to death with all the refinements of savage cruelty. "The English," says Mr. Hubbard, "at this time were not unwilling to gratify their humour, lest by a denial they might disoblige their Indian friends; partly also *that they might have an ocular demonstration of the savage barbarous cruelty of the heathen*"—in short, to gratify their rascally curiosity. The fortitude of the brave victim ("a sprightly young fellow," says the narrative) proved superior to all the infernal arts of his tormentors. He bore them without flinching to the last, and when asked how he liked the war, answered that "he liked it well, and found it as sweet as the Englishmen's sugar."

The condition of the Indians grew daily more forlorn and desperate. Many migrated westward, and five or six hundred surrendered, on a somewhat equivocal proclamation of mercy. But Philip and his warriors still held out boldly; the mortal terror of Indian hostility still hung like a cloud over the settlements; and the authorities of Plymouth at last turned their eyes to Captain Church, whose courage and sagacity in these wars had won for him so high a reputation. During a portion of the year he had been actively engaged with the enemy, and for several months, had been laid up with wounds and illness. The narrative of his adventures, during the various enterprises in which he had been engaged, is interesting and often exceedingly amusing, but rather too personal to pertain to history.* The

* He records (by the pen of his son) a singular contest in the dark, managed after a very primitive fashion, with a fugitive prisoner, who "seized him fast by the hair of his head, and endeavored by twisting to break his neck. But though Mr. Church's wounds had somewhat weakened him, (and the Indian a stout fellow,) yet he held him in play, and twisted the Indian's neck as well, and took the advantage of many opportunities, while they hung by each others' hair, to give him notorious bunts in the face with his head." The scuffle was at last ended by the tomahawk of a friendly Indian, who, coming up felt carefully for the right head, and having found it, sunk his weapon into the brain of his countryman.

authorities now adopted his plan for a vigorous campaign, and he set himself busily at work to gain over a force of Indian allies.

With a single companion he set off boldly for the Indian country, and first landed on the territory of the Sogkonates, (at that time in league with Philip.) Almost immediately he was surrounded by a crowd of grim-looking warriors, armed to the teeth, who sprang up as if by magic from the long grass in which they had been concealed. The old friendship of Awashonks, their queen, prevented him from receiving any immediate harm, and he opened the negotiation like a man well versed in Indian character and habits. The scene, as a specimen of original diplomacy, is amusing.

“Mr. Church” (says his semi-autobiography) “pulled out his calabash, and asked Awashonks whether she had lived so long at Wachuset as to forget to drink *occapeches*?” (spirits). For some time, (whether from distrust or a fear of too hastily committing herself) she was reluctant to taste it, although, to set her the example, “he drank a good swig, which indeed was no more than he needed.” As she still refused, the captain “handed it to a little ill-looking fellow, who caught it readily enough, and as greedily would have swallowed the liquor when he had it at his mouth. But Mr. Church caught him by the throat and took it from him, asking him whether he intended to swallow shell and all? and then handed it to Awashonks. She ventured to take a good hearty dram, and passed it among her attendants. The shell being emptied, he pulled out his tobacco; and having distributed it, they began to talk.”

Despite this primitive conviviality, his life seemed hardly worth a minute's purchase among these fierce savages, with many of whom, so little time before, he had been at deadly warfare. Mention being made of the fight at Punkatees, “there at once arose a mighty murmur, confused noise and talk among the fierce-looking creatures, and all rising up in a hubbub. And a great surly-looking fellow took up his tom-hog, or wooden cutlass, to kill Mr. Church, but some others prevented him.”

"He says," explained the interpreter, "that you killed his brother at Punkatees, and therefore he thirsts for your blood." But the captain boldly replied that if his brother had staid at home, he would have been safe enough; and by his persuasion so wrought on their minds that at last, "the chief Captain rose up and expressed the great value and respect he had for Mr. Church; and bowing to him said, 'Sir, if you will please to accept of me and my men, and will head us, we will fight for you, and will help you to Philip's head before the Indian corn be ripe.'"

Having obtained his authority from Plymouth, Church, with a few companions, proceeded along the sea-coast, beyond Sandwich, where he expected to find his allies. As they approached a wide sand-beach, "hearing a great noise below them, towards the sea, they dismounted their horses; left them, and crept among the bushes, until they came near the bank, and saw a vast company of Indians, of all ages and sexes; some on horse-back running races; some at football; some catching eels and flatfish in the water; some clamming, &c.; but which way, with safety, to find out what Indians they were, they were at a loss."

A shrill whoop was finally given from the thicket; two young warriors well mounted galloped up; and Church was joyously welcomed by all. A grand entertainment was made by Awashonks, and at evening "a mighty pile of pine knots and tops" was set on fire. The whole tribe gathered around it, and a strange (and what Mather would probably have called "diabolicall") ceremony was performed. Chief after chief would step out, armed with spear and hatchet, naming one by one all the hostile tribes, and each would "fight the fire," "if possible, with more fury than the first." This mysterious performance, they told Church, "was all one as swearing them" in his service.

The desertion of these warriors, in whom he had so confidently trusted, we are told "broke Philip's heart as soon as ever he understood it, so as he never rejoiced after, or had any success in any of his designs."

The captain chose from among them a goodly number of warriors, and with these and with his English forces, under commission of the governor of Plymouth, he forthwith commenced an active campaign against the enemy (July, 1676). With indefatigable activity, he scoured the forests in all directions, killing and making captive great numbers of the hostile confederates. In the midst of this uncompromising warfare, we find him exhibiting a humanity and good faith uncommon at the time, using every exertion to prevent torture and cruelty, and vehemently protesting against any ill usage of the natives who surrendered. Once he fell in with Little Eyes, (who would have killed him at Awashonk's dance) and his Indians wished him to be revenged. "But the captain told them it was not Englishmen's fashion to seek revenge," and took especial care for his safety and protection.

Whenever he took any number of the Indians, he would select the finest as soldiers, and enlist them in his company; judging, with perfect confidence, that they would soon be completely won over to his interest. "If he perceived that they looked surly, and his Indian soldiers called them treacherous dogs, as some of them would sometimes, all the notice he would take of it, would only be to clap them on the back, and tell them 'Come, come, you look wild and surly, and mutter, but that signifies nothing; these my best soldiers were, a little while ago, as wild and surly as you are now; by the time you have been but one day along with me, you will love me too, and be as brisk as any of them.' And so it proved;" for, what with his bravery and success, the fascination of his manner, and his thorough acquaintance with the Indian character, all whom he thus singularly recruited, became devoted to his service. Any "notorious rogue and murderer," indeed, who fell into his hands, he was accustomed to put to death without mercy—allowing them, however, the privilege of enjoying, with true Indian stoicism, a pipe of tobacco, before the tomahawk sank into their brains.

As he pursued the retreating enemy into the Narragansett

country, he came to Taunton river, over which the Indians had felled a large tree for the purpose of crossing. On the stump, at the opposite side, sat a solitary warrior. Church quietly raised his gun, but was prevented from firing by the suggestion that it was a friend. The Indian, aroused by the noise, looked up. It was Philip himself, musing drearily, no doubt, on the fallen fortunes of his race. Ere a gun could again be levelled he sprang up, and bounded like a deer into the forest.

Crossing the river, Church hotly followed the track of the fugitives, and captured many of their women and children—among them, the wife and child of the great sachem himself. At last he came up with the main force of the enemy, encamped in a swamp. They were defeated, though not without sharp fighting; an hundred and seventy-three Indians, in all, were taken; but Philip, with his chief warriors, made good his escape. The prisoners reported the condition of their sachem as forlorn in the extreme, having lost friend after friend by war or desertion, and now inconsolable at the capture of his wife and child. "His ruin," says Mr. Hubbard, with a sort of slow Epicurean relish, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

CHAPTER XII.

PHILIP RETREATS TO MOUNT HOPE—SLAIN IN A SKIRMISH—DISGRACEFUL
 USAGE OF HIS REMAINS—CHURCH PURSUES ANNAWON—TAKES HIM
 —SINGULAR SCENE—PHILIP'S REGALIA—THE WAR ENDED—
 ITS RESULT—TREATMENT OF PRISONERS—PHILIP'S
 SON—REFLECTIONS.

AFTER performing further active services in the war, Church, almost broken down with fatigue and exposure, went to see his wife on Rhode Island; but hardly had he alighted, when tidings came that Philip was lurking in his old quarters at Mount Hope, and the captain, a greeting hardly exchanged, again mounted his horse, and spurred off.

The unhappy sachem, after seeing his followers, one after another, fall before the English, or desert his failing cause, had betaken himself, like some wild animal hard driven by the hunters, to his ancient haunt, the former residence of his father, the friendly Massasoit. In all the pleasant region washed by the circling Narragansett, there is no spot more beautiful than that miniature mountain, the home of the old sachems of the Wampanoags. But with what feelings the last of their number, a fugitive before inveterate foes and recreant followers, looked on the pleasant habitation of his fathers, may more easily be imagined than described. Still, he sternly rejected all proposals for peace, and even slew one of his own followers, who had ventured to speak of treaty with the English. The brother of this victim, naturally enraged and alienated from his cause, at once deserted to the English, and gave the information which led to his final ruin.

A few brave warriors yet remained faithful to him, and with these, and their women and children, he had taken refuge in a swamp hard by the mountain, on a little spot of rising ground. In that troubled night, the last of his life, the sachem, we are

told, had dreamed of his betrayal,* and awaking early, was recounting the vision to his companions, when the enemy came suddenly upon him. His old enemy, Church, who was familiar with the ground, coming up quietly in the darkness of night, had posted his followers, both English and Indian, so as, if possible, to prevent any from escaping. The result was almost immediate. After several volleys had been rapidly fired, Philip, attempting to gain a securer position, came in range of an ambush, and was instantly shot through the heart by one Alderman, an Indian under Church's command. He fell on his face with his gun under him, and died without a struggle (August 12, 1676). The relics of his force still held out in the swamp, and one of the warriors, "who seemed to be a great surly old fellow, hallooed with a loud voice, and often called out, '*Iootash! Iootash!*' Captain Church called to his Indian, Peter, and asked him who that was that called so? "He answered that it was old Annawon, Philip's great captain, calling on his soldiers to stand to it, and fight stoutly."† This chief, with most of his followers, made good his escape.

Meeting in the camp of their fallen enemy, "the whole army (!) gave three loud huzzas." The body of the ill-fated Philip, still lying where it fell, was drawn out of the swamp, "and a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like. Captain Church then said, that forasmuch as he had caused many an Englishman's body to be unburied and to rot above ground, that no one of his bones should be buried."‡ Accordingly, (to use the spiteful language of Cotton Mather,) "this *Agog* was now cut into quarters, which were then hanged up, while his head was carried in triumph to *Plymouth*, where it arrived on the very day that the church there was keeping a solemn *thanksgiving* to God. God sent 'em the head of a *leviathan* for a thanksgiving feast!"

* Mr. Hubbard, for a wonder, does not fully adopt this account, but dismisses it parenthetically, "(whether the devil appeared to him in a dream that night, as he did unto *Saul*, (!) foreboding his tragical end, it matters not,) &c. &c."

† Church's "Entertaining History."

‡ *Ibid.*

The ghastly relic was long exposed in that town, an object of mingled horror and satisfaction to the citizens; and when the flesh was fallen away and the dry jaw could be rattled with the skull, a grave historian records with satisfaction his odious trifling with the remains, which, in their life-time, he would not have dared to approach "for all below the moon." The only reward allotted to the victors was a bounty of thirty shillings on the head of every slain Indian; and Church, with some reason, complains that Philip's was rated no higher than the rest. The sinewy right hand of the sachem, much scarred by the bursting of a pistol, was given to Alderman, "to show to such gentlemen as would bestow gratuities upon him; and accordingly he got many a penny by it."*

Thus died Philip of Pokanoket, the last sachem of the Wampanoags, the originator and the head of that terrible confederacy which so long kept New England in dread and consternation, and which, at one time, seemed almost to threaten its entire destruction. He was, undoubtedly, a man far superior to the generality of his race, in boldness, sagacity, and policy; his powers of persuasion were extraordinary; and the terrifying results of his enmity sufficiently evince the ambitious nature of his scheme, and the genius with which it was conducted. The division and barbarous exposure of his remains entailed disgrace, not on him, but on the authors of the profanation; his sufferings and the injuries of his family have awakened in succeeding generations somewhat of that sympathy which is always due to misfortune; and though the defeated leader of a ruined confederation, his name, more than that of any other of the Indian race, has always excited the interest, if not the admiration, of mankind.

Ere long, the indefatigable Church, who never knew rest while an enemy was in the field, was again on the track of Annawon and the few warriors who still remained a terror to the settlements. That renowned chieftain, "a very subtle man, of great resolution, had often said that he would never be

* Church's "Entertaining History."

taken alive by the English;" and the captain felt that the war was not ended so long as he roved the country—"never roosting twice in one place," and ready to rēkindle hostility among the distant tribes. After wearisome scouting, he took an old Indian, who, to save his own life, agreed to guide him to the enemy's encampment. But when asked by Church to take a gun, the captive "bowed very low, and prayed him not to impose such a thing upon him as to fight against Captain Annawon, his old friend." No time was to be lost, and the captain, with wonderful audacity, at once set forth, taking with him only half a dozen Indians, to attempt the capture of this redoubted warrior and his whole force. In the darkness of night they stealthily approached his camp, which was pitched in a swamp, under a great ledge of rocks. Peeping over the edge, through the bushes, Church beheld a scene, the very picture of savage comfort and security. Rude and temporary wigwams had been made of brush, spits were roasting, kettles boiling, and great fires were burning to dispel the chillness of the night and the dampness of the surrounding region. An old squaw was pounding corn in a mortar, and all the warriors, half covered by the shelter of their huts, were sleeping quietly around the various fires. Old Annawon and his son were lying side by side, with the arms of the whole company stacked near their heads.

With that stealthy quietness peculiar to Indians and Indian-fighters, Church and his little company gradually lowered themselves by the bushes which grew in the crevices of the rocks. When the squaw pounded, they would slowly move, and when she stopped, they kept as still as death. In this cautious manner, they gradually worked their way down, and Church, tomahawk in hand, stepped over the chief and secured the pile of arms. Old Annawon, startled by his step, sat up, crying "Howah!" but seeing the weapons lost, lay down again, resigned to his fate. The captain's Indians now mingled with the surprised warriors at the other fires, told them that Captain Church, with his whole army, was upon them, and assured

them there was no hope but in surrender. Supposing resistance useless, they gave up all their weapons, even to their tomahawks, and yielded themselves prisoners. A more daring and successful surprise can hardly be found in the records of warlike adventure.

“Things being so far settled, Captain Church asked Annawon ‘what he had for supper?’ ‘for’ (said he) ‘I am come to sup with you.’ ‘*Taubut,*’ (said Annawon,) with a big voice, and looking about upon his women, bid them hasten and get Captain Church and his company some supper.”* The two captains supped together harmoniously, and the warriors, learning the death of Philip, and being assured of good treatment, promised not to attempt escape. The captain was enabled to promise that the lives of all should be spared, except that of Annawon; and he offered to use his best exertions with the authorities in his behalf.

Wearied out with long watching and pursuit, the whole company, except Church and Annawon, soon fell into a dead sleep. These two, for a long time, lay looking at each other by the flickering light of the embers, and at last Annawon, rising, walked out of sight and hearing. The captain, fearing he had gone for a gun to shoot him, lay closer to young Annawon for protection; but ere long the old chief returned, and brought two magnificent belts of wampum, with as many powder-horns, and a scarlet blanket. “Great captain,” he said to Church, “you have killed Philip and conquered his country; for I believe that I and my companions are the last that war against the English; and therefore these things belong to you.” He then solemnly invested Church with the ornaments, “and told him these were Philip’s royalties, which he was wont to adorn himself with, when he sat in state.† * * They spent

* Church’s “Entertaining History.”

† These regalia, the only relics of the unfortunate house of Pokanoket, were preserved, for more than a century, by the descendants of Church, dwelling at Sogkonate; but were finally destroyed by the accidental burning of a house.

the remainder of the night in discourse, and Annawon gave an account of what mighty success he had formerly in wars against many nations of Indians, when he served Asuhmequin,* Philip's father."† The narrative of the old soldier, throughout this adventure, sounds like a fragment of Homer.

With the capture of this redoubted chief, (whose life he vainly endeavored to save from the more revengeful spirit of the Plymouth authorities,) ends our account of Captain Church; but his adventures were far from being at an end; and in the border wars of the East, protracted for more than a quarter of a century longer,‡ he displayed all the qualities of a daring soldier, a sagacious commander, and, in general, of a man of feeling and humanity.

But the great Indian war, threatening the desolation of New England, was entirely at an end. In that war, during a little more than a year and a half, thirteen towns had been laid in ruins, and many others partially destroyed. Six hundred

* Massasoit. The Indians occasionally changed their names.

† Church.

‡ That Indian warfare, still raging, on the northern frontier, for more than fifty years after the death of Philip, had lost little of its ancient ferocity, may be inferred from passages in the old ballad, so long popular in New England, commencing—

"Of worthy Captain *Lovewell* I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his king," &c.

It commemorates the death of the gallant captain, who, with more than half his company, in 1725, fell in a desperate fight with the savages, at Pig-wacket, on the Saco. In a sort of Homeric catalogue of the killed and wounded, occurs the following pathetic little allusion, suggestive of the manners of the age:

"Our worthy Captain *Lovewell* among them there did die;
They killed Lieutenant *Robbins*, and wounded good young *Frye*,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped (!) while bullets round him flew."

This "good young man," (the most practical specimen of the "church-militant" that we remember,) is certainly worthy of all credit for killing (in self-defence) as many of the Indians as possible; but his subsequent personal operations might perhaps—by a strict theological construction—be classed among "works of supererogation."

dwellings had been burned, and as many Englishmen had been slain. The loss of the enemy, suffering not only from the casualties of warfare, but from the miseries of cold, nakedness, and famine, had been infinitely greater. The entire force of the fighting tribes was broken, and many of them were almost extinguished. A vast number of captives had been taken, and many more, hoping mercy and relief from their sufferings, had voluntarily surrendered. Of these the most noted warriors were put to death, and the remainder, women and children included, were reduced to slavery, or sold, for the same object, in the West Indies.

In regard to the son of Philip, (a child only nine years old) the authorities seem to have been greatly exercised in spirit. There were so many nice precedents for his execution to be found in scripture, and security, as well as vengeance, would be satisfied by the destruction of the whole house of their dreaded enemy. Nothing can better show the venomous spirit of the times, or the depraving influence of a barbarous theology, than the following extract from a letter, written by Rev. Increase Mather, the minister of Boston, to his friend Mr. Cotton:

“If it had not been out of my mind, when I was writing, I should have said something about Philip’s son. *It is necessary that some effectual course should be taken about him. He makes me think of Hadad, who was a little child when his father (the chief sachem of the Edomites) was killed by Job; and had not others fled away with him, I am apt to think, that David would have taken a course that Hadad should never have proved a scourge to the next generation.*” More humane counsels, however, prevailed, and the poor child was *only* shipped as a slave to Bermuda.

Incidents such as these, commonly suppressed by popular writers, are not uselessly recalled, in obtaining a just view of the spirit of the past. With all honor to the truly-great and respectable qualities of our New England ancestors—to their courage, their constancy, their morality, and their devotion—it is useless to disguise the fact that, in the grand essentials of

charity and humanity, they were no wise in advance of their age, and in the less essential, but not less desirable articles of amenity and magnanimity, most decidedly behind it. But a certain infusion of disagreeable qualities seems almost an inseparable constituent of that *earnestness*, which alone can successfully contend with great obstacles, either human or natural—with civil tyranny and religious persecution—with the privations and dangers of the wilderness, and the unsparing enmity of its savage inhabitants.

The communities, founded by men thus strongly, but imperfectly moulded, have, with the genial influence of time, and by the admirable elements of freedom contained in their origin, gradually grown into a commonwealth, freer from the errors which disgraced their founders than any other on the face of the earth. Their prejudice has become principle, their superstition has refined into religion; and their very bigotry has softened down to liberality. While enjoying the results of this ameliorating process, their descendants may well be charitable to those whose footsteps not only broke through the tangled recesses of the actual forest, but who, in treading pathways through the moral wilderness, occasionally stumbled, or left behind them a track too rugged or too tortuous to be followed.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—FATHER MARQUETTE AND M. JOLIET—
THEIR EXPEDITION—FRIENDLY INDIANS—SAIL DOWN THE WISCONSIN
—ENTER THE MISSISSIPPI—THE ILLINOIS INDIANS—DISCOVERY OF
THE MISSOURI—THE OHIO—"PAINTED MONSTERS"—DANGER
FROM SAVAGES—THEY APPROACH THE SEA—RETURN BY
THE ILLINOIS—DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

THE great river Mississippi, as we have seen, was probably first discovered by Alvar Nunez, a survivor of the unfortunate expedition of Narvaez. In the year 1541, Hernando de Soto, on his memorable Invasion of Florida, crossed it, as would appear, at the Chickasaw Bluffs. He died the next year, and the remainder of his followers, building vessels on the banks, set sail down the river in 1543, and finally reached Mexico by sea. For an hundred and thirty years, nothing further was known of this majestic stream, the longest and most important in the world. Its further exploration and survey were due to the enterprise and patient courage of the Canadian French.

Reports, from time to time, had reached their capital of a great river in the west; and opinions were divided as to its course and the point where it was discharged into the ocean. Some held that it flowed into the Gulf of California; others that it must disembogue on the coast of Virginia; and others, with more reason, contended that its exit could only be in the Gulf of Mexico. In 1673, under the auspices of M.

de Frontenac, the governor of Canada, two daring individuals undertook the task of its survey. The first, Father Marquette, was a missionary of great zeal and piety, intimately acquainted with the native tribes, and a proficient in many of their languages. His companion, M. Joliet, was a citizen of Quebec.

On the 13th of May, with five other Frenchmen, they left Michilimackinac in two canoes, and first passed the tribes of the *Folks Avoines*, or Wild Rice, so called from the grain which was their chief subsistence. These friendly people attempted to dissuade the adventurers from their purpose by fearful accounts of the dangers of the river, of the savage tribes which dwelt on its banks, and of the terrible monsters (alligators) who swarmed in that region of heat into which it flowed. But the good father replied that he had no fear of the monsters, and that he would gladly lay down his life to secure the salvation of souls in that distant region.

Pushing on, the voyagers arrived at Green Bay, in the north-west of Lake Michigan, and ascended the Fox River, which flows into it. On this river dwelt the Miamis, and other nations, already in a measure converted by the exertions of a pious missionary, the worthy Father Allouez. So eager were they for instruction, that they would hardly allow him to repose at night. In the centre of their chief village, Marquette found a large cross, decorated with offerings to the Great Spirit, in thankfulness for their success in the chase. No where has the benign influence of Christianity made its way with such rapidity, or with such pleasing and appropriate circumstances, as among the rude but kindly tribes of the north-west, under the genial influence and indefatigable exertions of the ancient French missionaries.

From this river (June 10th) two guides conducted the Frenchmen to a *portage*, and assisted them to carry their canoes to another stream, which, they were told, would lead them to the Great River. This stream was called the Mescousin, (Wisconsin,) and was quite broad, but shallow, and difficult

of navigation. Deer and buffaloes were seen upon the banks. For forty leagues they paddled downward, and on the 17th, to their great joy, entered the majestic "Father of Waters."*

For sixty leagues more they descended, without seeing a trace of human habitation. Toward evening they would kindle a fire to cook their food, and anchor, during the night, for safety, in the middle of the stream. On the 25th they saw foot-prints on the bank, and the two associates, landing, walked inland, through a path in the beautiful prairie, for two leagues. They then came upon three villages of the Illinois, where they were received with much hospitality. The name of this people had the proud and simple signification of "*Men*," as if they were, *par excellence*, the representatives of the human race, or, like the Greek *Autochthones*, the original offspring of the earth. Their language was a dialect of the great Algonquin family, and was easily understood by Father Marquette. The pipe of peace was solemnly smoked, and presents were interchanged. The visitors returned to their canoes on the following day, accompanied, with every token of pleasure and good-will, by more than six hundred of their entertainers.

They again embarked, and pursued their course down stream, looking out for the great river Pekitanoni, or Missouri, of which they had already learned the existence. On the face of a lofty precipice they saw the figures of "two monsters," painted in green, red, and blue, and so well executed that it seemed doubtful if they could be the work of savages. These effigies are, or recently were, still in existence. "What they call *Painted Monsters*," says Major Stoddard (1812), "on the side of a high perpendicular rock, apparently inaccessible to man, between the Missouri and Illinois, and known to the moderns by the name of *Piesá*, still remain in a good degree of preservation."

As they floated downward, a rush of water was heard in the distance, and, ere long, their frail barks were whirled along in the muddy current of the Missouri, which, carrying great masses of drift-wood on its turbid flood, rushed furiously into

* *Meate Chassipi*, the original Indian name of the river, has this signification.

the clearer and more placid waters of the Mississippi. In the map drawn by Father Marquette, he places, on this river, a village called "Oumissouri," whence the stream derives its modern name. Seeing that the river, despite this accession, still held its course to the southward, he justly concluded that its outlet could be no where except in the Gulf of Mexico.

Passing a formidable ledge of rocks, (believed by the Indians to be the habitation of a demon,) the voyagers came to the mouth of the Ouabouskigou, (Ohio) a great river, debouching from the eastward. They now began to find reeds or canes growing on the shore, and were grievously annoyed by the musketoes—an annoyance still formidable, even at the present day.

To their surprise they now beheld savages, armed with muskets, upon the shore, and the father, lifting his calumet in token of peace, joined them and entered their dwellings. Their arms and other European articles, they told him, had been purchased of white men from the East. They also informed him that he was within ten days' journey of the sea. He made these people presents of medals, and gave them what instruction he could in Christianity.

Renewing his voyage, the undaunted missionary pressed southward, through vast forests, stretching along the banks on either hand; and, about the thirty-third degree of latitude, came to an Indian village called *Metchigamea*. Here the people stood on the shore or paddled their canoes, with their weapons in a hostile attitude, and the French would undoubtedly have perished, but for the talismanic calumet, the sign of peace, which the worthy father held up to them. He gave them some religious instruction, and then proceeded ten leagues down the river to a village called Akamsca (Arkansas). The language of this people was so excessively uncouth, that the father despaired of pronouncing a single word of it; but by the aid of an interpreter, who understood Illinois, he learned that the sea was distant only five days' journey. (The distance, in reality, was much greater.) Some of the fiercer spirits of the tribe, in a secret council, proposed to murder the little band of stran-

gers, and to seize their goods, but were overruled by the more benevolent chief.

The adventurers now concluded that the main object of their expedition was accomplished, the debouchment of the river into the Gulf being sufficiently ascertained. They feared that by venturing to the sea, they might fall into the hands of the Spaniards, whose cruelties to all strangers, especially to such as ventured among their possessions in the New World, had been so often tragically tested. Accordingly they left Akamsca, and slowly réascending against the current, came to the Illinois river. This afforded them an easier route to Lake Michigan, where they arrived in September, having, in four months, accomplished an almost unprecedented feat of exploration. The distance traversed exceeded two thousand five hundred miles, and a vast accession had been made to geographical knowledge.

Father Marquette drew up a brief narrative of the expedition, accompanied by a map, still extant, which represents all the great features of his route with tolerable distinctness. Indifferent to renown, and zealously occupied with the salvation of souls, he again took his way to the wilderness, and busied himself as a missionary among the Miamis. Death soon overtook him in his pious pilgrimage. On the 18th of May, 1675, coasting in his canoe along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, he entered a small river. Here he landed, built an altar, and performed the mass, saying that his voyage, he believed, was destined to end there. He then retired into the wood, desiring his two companions to leave him alone for the space of half an hour. At the end of that time they made search, and found the good father, his presentiment fulfilled, lying quietly dead in the shade of the eternal forest. In this obscure, but not unfitting manner, perished a man, illustrious for his courage, endurance, and enterprise, and endeared to remembrance by his pious and philanthropic labors for the souls of his fellow-men.

CHAPTER II.

LA SALLE—UNDERTAKES TO SURVEY THE MISSISSIPPI—DELAYED BY
MUTINY—COMPLETES THE ENTERPRISE—SAILS FROM FRANCE—
MISSES THE OUTLET—ENTERS THE BAY OF ST. BERNARD—
UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO FOUND A COLONY—LA SALLE
MURDERED BY HIS FOLLOWERS—DISCOVERIES OF
FATHER HENNEPIN—HIS LIES—LA HONTAN.

FIRED by the report of Joliet, the French, without delay, prepared to effect fresh discoveries. A young adventurer, named Robert Cavalier, sieur de la Salle, was at this time in Canada, engaged in the chimerical scheme of finding an overland route to China, through the western wilderness. The village of "La Chine," (the *terminus* of his pilgrimage) still attests his expectation and his disappointment. He next took up the singular idea that the course of the Missouri might favor his enterprise. He sailed forthwith to France, and by the favor of the prince of Conti, obtained the means for fitting out an expedition. The Chevalier de Tonti, a brave officer, with only one arm, joined him in the undertaking.

They set forth for Quebec, and in September, 1678, left that city, taking with them the reverend Father Hennepin, famous for his discoveries, and notorious for his lies and impositions. The party spent two years on the great lakes, building forts and vessels, and carrying on a traffic for furs with the natives. At the end of that time (1680), La Salle, taking with him three priests, for the conversion of the savages, and a party of forty-four men, set forth to explore the Mississippi. He descended the Illinois, and found a highly fertile and populous country, five hundred huts being seen in a single village. The savages, their first apprehensions allayed, were friendly and hospitable.

The cowardice and criminality of many of his followers, however, for the time, prevented their enterprising leader from effecting any considerable discovery. Averse to the expedi-

tion, they attempted to awaken the jealousy of the Indians by assuring them that La Salle was a spy of their enemies, the Iroquois—and, this device failing, the murderous wretches, at a Christmas dinner, administered poison to him and his faithful adherents. By the aid of timely remedies, however, the destined victims recovered, and the treacherous villains who had attempted their lives fled into the desert, beyond the reach of pursuit. His force being thus reduced, the French leader returned to his forts for recruits, leaving Tonti in command of a small post on the Illinois, and dispatching Hennepin, with four others, to explore the sources of the Mississippi.

Having collected twenty men, La Salle returned, and, on the 2d of February, 1682, embarked on the Mississippi, resolved to explore it to the outlet. Passing the Missouri and Ohio, he floated through the country of the Arkansas and Chickasaws, and was hospitably received by the powerful tribe of the Natchez. Somewhat annoyed by the hostilities of the Quinipissas, who assailed his canoes with arrows from the shore, he came to Tangibao, where ruined villages, and decaying heaps of bodies indicated the recent occurrence of savage warfare. He passed the mouth of Red River on the 27th of March, and on the 7th of April, arrived at the singular region where the waters of the majestic Mississippi mingle with those of the Gulf of Mexico.

“The country immediately around the outlet of this vast stream was desolate and uninteresting. Far as the eye could reach, swampy flats and inundated morasses filled the dreary prospect. Under the ardent rays of the tropical sun, noisome vapors exhaled from the rank soil and sluggish waters, poisoning the breezes from the southern seas, and corrupting them with the breath of pestilence. Masses of floating trees, whose large branches were scathed by months of alternate immersion and exposure, during hundreds of leagues of travel, choked up many of the numerous outlets of the river, and, cemented together by the alluvial deposits of the muddy

stream, gradually became fixed and solid, throwing up a rank vegetation."*

The successful explorer, with high exultation, commemorated the completion of his achievements. A cross was suspended from the top of a great tree; a shield, bearing the arms of France, was set up; and a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in gratitude for the success of the undertaking. An attempt to ascertain the latitude by an observation was made, but proved entirely fallacious.

The ascent of the river was made with great difficulty, on account of the swiftness of the current and the hostility of the treacherous Quinipissas. Several of these latter were slain in a battle, and the French, with a strange emulation of Indian ferocity, carried off their scalps as trophies. After several months of continual toil and anxiety, the adventurers arrived at Quebec.

La Salle hastened to France, where the success of his brilliant enterprise procured him all honor and favor from the court. He was put in command of a squadron of four vessels, with two hundred and eighty men, and on the 24th of July, 1684, sailed from La Rochelle to found a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. Nothing is more difficult than to discover from sea the entrance even of the largest river, on an unknown coast, unless the position has been accurately determined beforehand, and this difficulty is increased tenfold where the stream, like that of which he was in search, debouches, through numerous outlets, on a marshy shore. Accordingly, he missed the mouth of the Mississippi, and sailing two hundred miles to the westward, entered the bay of St. Bernard. Supposing himself near the intended site, he resolved to found a settlement; but the treachery of his inferiors, the hostility of the neighboring savages, and the fatal effects of a tropical climate, proved insurmountable obstacles to his purpose. Tonti, who had sailed down the Mississippi to meet him, after searching the coast in vain, with a heavy heart, retraced his course to the lakes.

* Warburton's Conquest of Canada.

La Salle, grieved and disappointed by the mutinous disposition of his followers, was almost in despair when he finally ascertained the distance of his colony from the Great River. With indefatigable enterprise, however, he resolved to explore the country, and accordingly started for the Mississippi, accompanied by his young nephew, Moranger, and about twenty men. Their journey soon found a fatal termination. Irritated by the haughtiness of this youth, his lawless followers, in the trackless recesses of the wilderness, murdered both him and their commander. Thus obscurely perished one of the bravest and most indefatigable of the many brave and unconquerable spirits, who, at the cost of their lives, have won renown as pioneers of the New World. His memory will always be associated with the great river which he explored and laid open to mankind.

Hennepin, dispatched, as we have seen, on a tour of exploration, ascended the river with his companions, to a great distance, and discovered those magnificent falls on which he bestowed the name of St. Anthony. After great suffering from travel and captivity among the Indians, he succeeded in regaining Canada, and published an account of his exploits. After the death of La Salle, he gave to the world another *brochure*, manifestly false, in which he claimed the honor of having first explored the Mississippi to its outlet. By this impudent fabrication, he secured to himself a reputation somewhat like that of Vespuccius, whose fraudulent attempt (or that of his admirers) to wrest the glory from a true discoverer, obscures the renown of his real and meritorious achievements.*

To the surveys commenced by these ardent and energetic travellers, was added ere long that of the brave and resolute Baron la Hontan, who, after a long residence among the In-

* So notorious were his attempts at deception, that his common epithet in Canada, was "Le Grand Menteur" (The Great Liar). The falsehood of his pretended journal is sufficiently evinced by the fact that he claims to have ascended the Mississippi from its mouth to the Illinois river, with two men, in a canoe, in twenty-two days!

dians, penetrated deep into the West, and learned the existence of the Rocky Mountains and of that vast ocean which laves the shores of Oregon.

CHAPTER III.

FATE OF LA SALLE'S COLONY—ENTERPRISE OF TONTI—D'IBERVILLE'S SETTLEMENTS—GREAT DISTRESS AND MORTALITY—GRADUAL SURVEY OF THE COUNTRY—LAW'S "MISSISSIPPI SCHEME"—ITS FAILURE—GREAT DESTRUCTION OF LIFE—FOUNDING OF NEW ORLEANS—WAR WITH THE NATCHEZ AND CHICK-ASAWS—LATER INDIAN WARS OF THE WEST.

AFTER the departure of La Salle, the unfortunate colony he had founded soon became a prey to famine and Indian hostility. Many of the settlers perished, and two years after his death, the miserable remainder were seized by the Spaniards and taken to New Leon.

The survivors of the party which he had commanded, after a quarrel, in which the two murderers were shot, directed their course northward, and seven of them, in July, 1687, arrived at the Arkansas. Here, to their surprise and joy, they found a fort and a Canadian settlement, planted by the indefatigable Tonti; and from this time, slow but continual emigration from the north rendered the Valley more familiar, and opened the way to communication between the two widely severed colonies of France.

In 1699, M. D'Iberville, with the commission of governor, was sent out to found a colony in Louisiana. He entered the Mississippi, and searched in vain for the ill-fated settlement of La Salle. He finally landed his people at Old Biloxi, about twelve miles west of Pensacola Bay, on which the Spaniards had already established a small post. Despite his assiduous exertions, this settlement, and others planted under his auspices along the gulf, suffered terribly from the incapacity and

folly of those who composed them. Continually expecting to discover mineral wealth, the improvident emigrants neglected that of the soil; many perished of actual hunger; and by the year 1705, the whole colony contained only an hundred and fifty persons.

Considerable surveys of the country, however, had been made. Red River had been explored by enterprising adventurers, for nearly a thousand miles, and small settlements had been planted on the Washita and the Yazoo rivers. The Missouri had been ascended as far as the mouth of the Kansas, and the Indians there had proved friendly and hospitable.

At this time, a petition from the Protestants was presented to the French king, (Louis XIV.,) stating that, if allowed the free exercise of their religion, more than four hundred families of them would remove from among the English, and settle in Louisiana. But that bigoted sovereign, with equal insolence and impolicy, replied: "that he had not expelled them from his kingdom to form a republic of them."

After the death of D'Iberville, the colonies, though receiving frequent accessions, suffered wretchedly from mismanagement. By 1712, more than two thousand five hundred emigrants had arrived, few of whom had returned; yet at that time Louisiana contained only four hundred whites, and twenty negro slaves. Continual intrigues and bickerings with the Spaniards were kept up; both parties endeavoring to gain a priority in occupying the vast wilderness now known as Texas. In 1716, a settlement was made at Natchez, on the Mississippi; and in the following year, Crozat, who for several years had held the country by grant, relinquished it to the "Mississippi Company," projected by the celebrated John Law. Seven hundred persons, at this time, composed the entire population of the settlements.

The history of that magnificent delusion, which consigned thousands to beggary in France, and equal numbers to starvation and wretchedness in Louisiana, is too long to be detailed in these pages. Instead of the rich mines and the wealth

monopoly of traffic anticipated by the sanguine projectors, there resulted to the mother-country utter loss, general ruin, and enormous encumbrance; while to the unfortunate colonists shipped, in multitudes, without adequate provision, to the new El Dorado, nothing but distress and destruction could have been expected to ensue. In the course of six years, as many thousand emigrants, (including slaves and convicts,) had been, with the rashest improvidence, sent out to Louisiana. Of these, many hundreds perished of sickness and starvation; and to such extremes were the settlements reduced, that, in 1721, the very soldiers of the garrisons were obliged to retreat into the Indian villages to avoid perishing of hunger. In the midst of this period of wretchedness and mortality (1720), were laid the slender foundations of New Orleans, selected, two years afterwards, as the capital of the country, and destined, in little more than a century, to become the fairest and wealthiest city of the whole Mississippi valley.

With all this misery of individuals, the foundation of the colony was now firmly laid. The very multitude of the emigrants compelled them to distribute themselves over the country, and want of provision enforced the cultivation of the soil. Their greatest annoyance, for a long series of years, was occasioned by the intrigues and jealousy of the neighboring Spaniards, and a system of petty reprisal and predatory warfare, for some time, was carried on.

Indian hostilities, brought on by the ill conduct of the French, at one period, assumed a most alarming aspect. The Natchez, who, in the time of famine and distress, had been their benefactors and supporters, in 1723, provoked by ill-usage, took up arms, and destroyed many of the colonists. The latter having, by a solemn treaty of peace, thrown the savages off their guard, retorted by a sweeping and indiscriminate massacre. After this treacherous triumph, the defeated nation, for several years, endured great oppression at the hands of the victors. Their wrongs, at last, were terribly revenged. On the 29th of November, 1729, provoked by fresh outrage, their

chief, (the "Grand Sun,") with a number of warriors, repaired to Fort Rosalie, (at Natchez,) under pretence of bringing tribute. The gate was seized, and the Indians swarmed in. A general and simultaneous massacre took place in the fort and the adjoining village. Seven hundred of the French, mostly men, were cut off at a blow; many captives were taken, and the post, with all its property, fell into the hands of the Natchez. In this fort, the following year, they were besieged by a strong force of French and allied Indians. Finding the assailants too strong for them, they secretly crossed the Mississippi, and passed up Red river. There they built a fortification; but ere long were compelled, after the slaughter of many of their number, to surrender; and the survivors were reduced to slavery on the plantations, or were shipped to St Domingo.

In a war with the Chickasaws, a few years afterwards, the French met with decided defeat, and their governor was compelled to make a disgraceful peace. Such were the principal native hostilities encountered in the Lower Mississippi valley, by the French—whose urbanity of disposition and ready assimilation to Indian peculiarities, in general, both there and at the north, secured to them the good-will and confidence of the aborigines. At a later date, excited by the gradual approach of the English or Americans from the east, scenes of Indian warfare, more serious and protracted, were destined to lay waste the upper regions of that vast tract, watered by the Great River and its tributaries. These, pertaining to our subject only in the obstacles which they opposed to the settlement and prosperity of the Valley, may be briefly dismissed.

PONTIAC'S WAR—THE CONFEDERACY OF MICHIKINAQUA—TECUMSEH
AND THE PROPHET.

THE steady advance of civilization, and the constant encroachments of the whites, could not but awaken apprehension and the bitterest feelings of hostility among the Indian tribes of the West. At different periods, extensive combinations were formed to check the progress of the settlers, and the whole western frontier became repeatedly the theatre for terrible scenes of savage warfare. The most noted of these conspiracies were those excited by Pontiac, by Michikinaqua, or Little Turtle, and by the still more celebrated Tecumseh, and his brother Elskwatawa, the Prophet.

Pontiac's war broke out in the year 1763, while the English colonies in America were still dependent on the parent-country. The renowned chieftain, whose name has always been coupled with the outbreak, was an Ottawa, and had been upon friendly terms with the French, previous to their eviction from the various posts upon the great lakes. In his scheme for crushing the advanced settlements of the English, and perhaps for the restoration of the French influence, he had gained over a great number of the western tribes, and a portion even of the Six Nations, then generally upon good terms with the English. Among the allies were Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Miamies, Sacs and Foxes, Hurons, Shawanees, &c., &c. His plans were admirably laid, and in the month of June, (1763,) his warriors fell simultaneously upon nearly all the British western forts, and possessed themselves of nine trading and military posts. Detroit was ineffectually besieged by the chief in person for many months. The Indian operations of this campaign were confined to the north western frontier, between the Ohio and the Lakes, but throughout this extended region, the settlers were exposed, for a whole year, to imminent peril, and suffered continually from savage depredations and secret assaults. The country was relieved from



TECUMSEH.



GEN. HARRISON.

apprehension in the summer of the following year—an army under General Bradstreet having subdued or overawed the enemy.

During the war of the Revolution, the Indian tribes of the west, inflamed and excited by the representations and promises of British agents, proved formidable enemies to the colonists. The spring of 1781 was particularly disastrous to the interests of the settlers in Western Kentucky and upon the north-western frontier. Even after the conclusion of peace with England, and the establishment of American independence, Indian affairs continued for many years in an unsettled state. The minds of the savages were permanently alienated from the colonists, and murders and depredations were of constant occurrence. The first attempts to subdue them by force of arms were signally unsuccessful: the disastrous defeats of Harmar and St. Clair by the confederate tribes under Michikinaqua, or Little Turtle, gave convincing proof of the strength, courage, and sagacity of the undisciplined enemy. It was not until the autumn of 1794, that an effectual blow was struck, and the power of the Indians crushed, by the army under General Wayne.

After ten years of peace, a new champion arose in behalf of the humiliated race, in the person of Tecumseh, a noted warrior of a mixed parentage, his father being a Shawanee, while his mother belonged to one of the southern tribes. To his skill as a negotiator, and bravery as a warrior, Tecumseh was indebted for the personal influence which he was enabled so successfully to exert over the natives of the west; but the powerful aid of superstition was called in to give confidence to his followers. His brother, the Prophet, without openly disclosing his designs, commenced preaching to the Indians, in the year 1804, pointing out the causes which were operating to destroy their power and independence, and especially enforcing the necessity for union and sobriety. Carefully avoiding a rupture with the whites, he established himself, in 1807, upon the Tippecanoe river, in Northern Indiana, and collected about him a band of those devoted to his cause.

New causes of complaint having arisen, in 1810, from the manner in which certain purchases of Indian land upon the Wabash had been negotiated by Governor Harrison, Tecumseh started for the South, and with astonishing success aroused a disaffection towards the United States' government among the southern Indian tribes. While he was still absent upon this mission, the disorderly and lawless conduct of the Indians at the Prophet's Town, was such as to call for active measures, and a force, under Harrison, was dispatched to dislodge them. The battle of Tippecanoe, desperately but unavailingly contested by the Indians, resulted in their defeat and dispersion.

When war again broke out between the United States and England, the effects of Tecumseh's machinations were manifest throughout the whole western country. His perseverance, energy, talent, and zeal for the English cause, rendered him a most dangerous enemy. Upon the invasion of Canada by the American army, under General Harrison, in 1813, Tecumseh, with a strong body of his warriors, accompanied the British general, Proctor, in his flight up the Thames river. Choosing an advantageous position, not far from Moravian town, the combined English and Indian forces awaited the approach of the Americans. The celebrated battle of the Thames was fought upon the 5th of October (1813). After their white allies were completely routed, the Indians, protected by their position in a swamp, held their ground manfully until the death of their leader.

The reverses of the English, and the loss of their great chief, completely changed the attitude of the North-western tribes. No further important hostilities occurred, prior to the difficulties connected with the removal of the Sacs in 1831-2; and a general readiness was exhibited to treat with the Americans as friends, or as superiors with whom it were hopeless further to contend.

WILLIAM PENN,
AND THE SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF PENN—HIS RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS—JOINS THE SECT OF
QUAKERS—IS TURNED OUT OF DOORS, AND BECOMES A PREACHER—
PERSECUTIONS—DEATH OF HIS FATHER—HIS FIRST CONNEX-
TION WITH AMERICAN COLONIZATION.

IN pleasing contrast with the fierce and cruel adventurers, the rapacious and unscrupulous speculators, and the zealous but illiberal sectarians, to whom, in so many instances, we owe the establishment of European colonies in America, stands the name of William Penn. Although he was by no means free from ordinary human weakness, the record of his life presents a series of conflicts between interest and principle, a general course of indomitable perseverance, a humane and generous sympathy with the oppressed, and a spirit of liberality in religion and politics so far in advance of his age, as to justify the eulogies which have ever been heaped upon him.

William was the son of Admiral Sir William Penn, a name famous in the annals of naval warfare. He was born at London on the 14th of October, 1644. In early youth he experienced certain enthusiastic religious impressions, which gave color to the whole of his long and eventful life. When placed at the university of Oxford, at the age of fifteen, he came under the influence of the noted Thomas Loe, a preacher of the society of Quakers, and, with a number of other students, was in the habit of holding and attending private meetings for worship. A fine imposed by the collegiate authorities, for non-conformity, only roused an antagonistic spirit, which was

forcibly displayed upon the occasion of a general order from the king (Charles II.) for a revival of the old custom of wearing the surplice. Penn, with Robert Spencer (afterwards Earl of Sunderland), and a few other kindred spirits, "fell upon those students who appeared in surplices, and he and they together tore them everywhere over their heads. This outrage was of so flagrant and public a nature, that the college immediately took it up; and the result was that William and several of his associates were expelled."*

The adoption by Penn of the irregular religious doctrines of the despised sect of Quakers, his disinclination for noble and courtly society, and his growing seriousness, awakened strong apprehensions in the mind of the admiral, lest the bright prospects which he had anticipated for his son should be blighted. Persuasion and entreaty proved powerless to change the youthful but determined purpose of William, and blows and expulsion from the paternal roof only served to render him more resolute and more devoted to his chosen doctrines. After a partial reconciliation with his father, he was sent to France, where he pursued his theological studies at Saumur. Returning to England, he spent one year (1664-5) as a student at Lincoln's Inn; after which, having now attained his majority, he was sent to Ireland, and entrusted with the management of large estates owned there by his father.

Unfortunately for the views of the admiral, young Penn fell in with his old spiritual guide, Thomas Loe, at a Quaker meeting in Cork, and all his former religious enthusiasm revived. He was imprisoned, together with a number of his associates, for attending the conventicles of the sect, these being classified as "tumultuous assemblies." On application to Lord Orrery he was released, but only to devote himself more assiduously to the cause in behalf of which he had suffered persecution. The admiral, learning that his son was commonly reputed a Quaker, summoned him to return home, and, after satisfying himself of the truth of the report, used every persua-

* Clarkson's Life of Penn.

sion to subdue his contumacy. He finally told William that if he would but consent so far to conform to the established customs and proprieties of society as not to wear his hat when seated in the presence of his father, of the king, and of the duke of York, he might follow his own inclinations in other respects. After long and serious consideration, the young enthusiast made known to his parent, in the most affectionate and respectful terms, his firm determination not to be guilty of the required "hat-worship." The consequence was that he was a second time thrown upon the world to shift for himself.

Private assistance from his mother and other friends enabled him to subsist until he made his public appearance as a preacher of his persuasion. He became a prominent supporter of the sect, and published various works, in which the doctrines of the established church were attacked. For these heretical publications, he was committed to the Tower, and there passed seven months in close confinement. While a prisoner, he wrote the celebrated essay upon the trials which a Christian must be willing cheerfully to endure, entitled "No Cross, No Crown."

After his discharge from prison, the admiral so far relented as to allow him to return home, without, however, holding any personal intercourse with him. Again commissioned to attend to business of his father in Ireland, Penn took the opportunity to encourage and assist his persecuted brethren, holding meetings with them in the jails where they were confined, and exerting himself, in many instances successfully, to procure their release.

Upon the passage of the "Conventicle Act," in 1670, whereby further restrictions were laid upon dissenters, Penn was again brought into difficulty by holding forth publicly in Gracechurch street, the doors of the meeting-house being closed by the authorities. The account of his celebrated trial, acquittal, and imprisonment for non-payment of a fine imposed for contempt of court, is among the most interesting, and in some respects amusing, of the records of judicial proceedings in

England. The admiral, who was now in very feeble health, paid the fine and procured his son's release. He became completely reconciled to him, and on his death-bed exhorted him to keep a good conscience, however it might affect his worldly prospects.

After his father's death, William came into possession of a fortune of not far from fifteen hundred a year; but this opportunity for securing an honorable worldly position by no means weakened his zeal in behalf of religious liberty. In 1672, he married, and, despite the persecutions which he suffered, continued to officiate as a preacher in Rickmansworth, where he resided. The productions of his pen excited great attention: their force, simplicity, and evident sincerity, were well adapted to lay hold on the popular mind.

In 1676 a new field for exertion was laid open to him in the New World. He had served as arbitrator between John Fenwick and Edward Byllinge, to whom Lord Berkely had conveyed his proprietorship in New Jersey; and, upon Byllinge's becoming involved, was made one of his trustees in the management of his western possessions. An arrangement was effected with Sir George Carteret, one of the original joint proprietors, by which the latter was secured in possession of the eastern portion of the grant, while the unsettled country to the westward was reserved to Byllinge and his assignees. This portion was thereafter known as Western New Jersey.

After arrangements were concluded for various subdivisions of the purchase among the proposed settlers, Penn drew up articles of agreement, by which the parties mutually agreed upon a plan of government. These "Concessions," as they were entitled, provided for the formation of a primitive assembly for legislation, and for the appointment of an executive officer and council. The chief constitutional provisions were, that no man should be imprisoned for debt, that trial by jury should be inviolate, and that complete religious toleration should be extended to all the inhabitants of the colony. During the winter and spring of 1677, extensive preparations were

made for peopling the western wilderness. Companies, consisting chiefly of Quakers, made large purchases, and over four hundred persons sailed for Western New Jersey within a few months after the first publication of proposals by the trustees of Byllinge. Commissioners were appointed by the proprietors to purchase the Indian titles, that no disputes might arise between the colonists and the native inhabitants.

The attention of Penn, during the three years ensuing, was principally devoted to the support of his religious doctrines, and opposition to the persecution of the dissenters. He nevertheless continued to busy himself in behalf of the American settlement, and aided in fitting out large bodies of colonists, mostly Quakers, many of whom were persons of considerable property and high standing.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST CHARTER OF PENNSYLVANIA—CONDITIONS OF SETTLEMENT—
 PENN'S FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA—HIS CELEBRATED TREATY WITH
 THE INDIANS—PROGRESS OF COLONIZATION—PENN'S SECOND AND
 LAST VISIT TO THE COLONIES—HIS RETURN AND DEATH.

IN 1680, William Penn made his first application for a separate grant of American lands to himself, for the purpose of forming an asylum for his persecuted brethren, where they could pursue their own forms of worship unmolested, and be freed from the operation of those legal enactments, which appeared to them as snares for their consciences. His father had large claims against the government, both for money advanced, and for arrearages of pay, and Penn petitioned for a settlement of these his hereditary dues by the grant of a tract to the northward of Maryland, and east of the Delaware river; extending westward as far as the territory of Maryland, and northward as far as it was capable of cultivation. On the 4th of March, 1681, after much opposition on the ground of

the heresy of the petitioner, the royal charter was obtained for the desired territory, which was called Pennsylvania, in remembrance of its first proprietor. It is told of Penn, that his modesty, and fear lest he should be suspected of vanity, induced him to oppose the naming of the country after himself; and that "he suggested Sylvania, on account of its woods, but they would still add Penn to it." He was made by this charter absolute proprietor of Pennsylvania, rendering to the king the nominal return of two beaver-skins annually, and one-fifth of all gold and silver discovered in the territory; important legislative and judicial powers were conferred upon him, as associated with the freemen of the colony, and subject to the superior control of the crown. He was also empowered to raise forces to resist hostile incursions, to levy duties, under certain restrictions, upon exports or imports, to incorporate towns, to constitute ports of entry, &c., &c. In behalf of the established church, it was provided that, "if any of the inhabitants, to the number of twenty, should signify their desire to the Bishop of London to have a preacher sent to them, such preacher should be allowed to reside and perform his functions without any denial or molestation whatever."

Shortly before undertaking the immense care and responsibility attendant upon the acquisition of this new territory, Penn and twenty-four others, all but two of whom were of his own persuasion, had become the proprietors of East New Jersey by purchase, under the will of Sir George Carteret. He therefore found it necessary, from the multiplicity of his duties, to discontinue his management of affairs in West New Jersey. In this settlement his wise and liberal policy had produced the happiest results, every where visible in the growth and prosperity of the colony, and the peaceful and friendly intercourse maintained between the inhabitants and the Indians.

In the "conditions or concessions" drawn up by Penn, to which all who became purchasers under the Pennsylvanian grant were required mutually to subscribe, the most careful provision was made to secure the Indians in their rights, to



WILLIAM PENN.

protect them from imposition, and to guarantee to them impartial justice. Trade with them was to be carried on in the public market-place, and the goods bartered in exchange for their furs were to be examined and tested, "that the said Indians might neither be abused nor provoked." Differences between the Indians and settlers were to be decided in accordance with the verdict of twelve men, "that is, *by six planters and six Indians, that so they might live friendly together*, as much as in them lay, preventing all occasions of heart-burnings and mischief."

After the death of his mother, in 1682, Penn, having framed and published a concise constitutional code of laws for his American colony, prepared to cross the ocean, and lend the aid of his personal superintendence in settling its affairs. He first procured a release from the duke of York, of any claims which he might have in the territory of Pennsylvania, and obtained from him a cession of all his title and interest in and to a contiguous tract, known as "The Territories," then occupied by Dutch and Swedish colonists. After writing a long and admirable letter of comfort and pious counsel to his wife and children, Penn set sail for America about the 1st of September (1682). Not far from one hundred emigrants, mostly of his own sect, and inhabitants of the county where he resided, embarked in the same vessel with him.

He was received with great enthusiasm and delight by all the colonists, whether English, Dutch, or Swedes, over whom his jurisdiction was extended. His first public act was performed at the Dutch Court-house in Newcastle, where he formally took possession of the country, renewing the commissions of the magistrates, and giving public assurance of the toleration and impartiality which should mark his government. At Upland, the name of which he changed to Chester, the first General Assembly was called, at which the code of laws before digested by Penn, with some alterations and additions, was formally adopted, and the union of the "Territories" with the province of Pennsylvania, was sanctioned. After a visit

to New York and Maryland, Penn returned to his own territory, to attend the confirmation of a treaty before negotiated with the Indians by the commissioners sent out from England.

At the time appointed, the parties to this novel contract met at Coaquannoc, where Philadelphia was afterwards built; the Quakers, "consisting of men, women, and young persons of both sexes," entirely unarmed, while the Indian chiefs and their followers "were seen in the woods as far as the eye could carry, and looked frightful, both on account of their number and their arms."* The treaty was concluded at Shackamaxon, a little farther up the river, beneath a huge elm, which for many years after continued to mark the spot. The Indians, laying down their weapons, seated themselves in a semi-circle upon the ground around their sachems, and Penn, after a display of the articles of merchandise which constituted a portion of the price paid for the land, unrolled the parchment upon which the mutual covenants were engrossed, and, by an interpreter, explained its provisions. He also enlarged upon the principles of peace and good-will which were professed by the colony, and, in a style of metaphor, suited to the customs and taste of his auditors, gave promises of favor and friendship. By the provisions of the charter, the Indians were still to be allowed the free use of all the unoccupied land granted to the colonists: "it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had."

The charter was given to the principal sachem, with directions "to preserve it carefully for three generations," and, as late as 1722, "it was shown by the Mingoës, Shawanese, and other Indians, to Governor Keith, at a conference."† This treaty was kept with singular good faith upon both sides for more than half a century; according to Robert Proud, the mutual friendship of the Indians and whites, "for the space

* Clarkson's *Life of Penn.*

† *Ibid.*

of more than seventy years, was never interrupted, or so long as the Quakers retained power in the government."

A regular survey of the acquired territory was soon commenced, and the city of Philadelphia was laid out. The name of this city was bestowed by Penn himself, "in token of that principle of *brotherly love, upon which he had come to these parts; which he had shown to Dutch, Swedes, Indians, and others alike; and which he wished might forever characterize his new dominions.*"

A settlement commenced so honorably, in so humane and Christian a spirit, and conducted by such a sober and conscientious community, could hardly fail to prosper. Throughout Penn's administration, his efforts were unwearied in preserving peace with the natives, and in extending to them the blessings of instruction and civilization. In the year 1684, when he returned to England, there were about twenty-five hundred inhabitants of Philadelphia, and the whole number of colonists under his charge amounted to some seven thousand.

The accession of James II., to whose care he had been specially commended by his father the admiral, gave William Penn great influence at the English court—an influence which was steadily and zealously exerted in behalf of the persecuted sect to which he was attached. To give even the briefest outline of his after political life, his virtues and failings, the absurd slanders reported against him, and the consequent shifting of popular favor, would exceed our limits; and the events of his career in England, although highly interesting, offer too little in connection with his American transactions, to demand a lengthened consideration. He visited America in 1699, and immediately convened the general assembly for the purpose of passing acts to restrain piracy and illicit traffic, evil reports having been widely circulated in England, to the effect that the colonists had countenanced these irregularities. He afterwards vainly attempted to procure the passage of two acts by the assembly, for the protection and improvement of the negro slaves owned within the territory, and "for preventing abuses upon the Indians." In other matters he was at issue with the

assembly, and complained, with some justice, of its attempts to control his property and curtail his rights. His usual moderation and forbearance, however, prevented any serious disagreement. During his stay, he was careful to extend and renew his treaties with the natives, who rightly looked up to him as their truest friend and benefactor. When the report of his intended departure reached them, numbers came to bid him farewell. With many affectionate exhortations and expressions of benevolence, he strove on the occasion of this his last personal interview with the Indians, to impress upon them the necessity for an effort upon their own part to assist in the enforcement of certain proposed laws for suppressing the sale of ardent spirits among them.

After his return to England, pecuniary embarrassments pressed heavily upon the generous and open-hearted proprietor of Pennsylvania. From various causes, principally a neglect of his own interests in extending civilization in America, he became so far involved, that he was for a time compelled to reside within the rules of the Fleet prison. In 1709, he mortgaged his province of Pennsylvania to relieve himself from the pressure of debt. During the last six years of his life, his bodily and mental faculties were greatly impaired: he died, after a gradual decline, on the 30th of July, 1718.

DANIEL BOONE,
THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

“Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
Old Colonel Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest among mortals any where.”—*Don Juan*.

PARENTAGE AND YOUTH OF BOONE—HIS PASSION FOR HUNTING AND
ADVENTURE—REMOVES TO THE YADKIN—HIS MARRIAGE—TROU-
BLED BY NEW SETTLERS—HIS EXPEDITION TO KENTUCKY—
ADVENTURES THERE—SOLITARY LIFE—HIS RETURN, AND
ATTEMPT TO FORM A SETTLEMENT—ITS FAILURE—HIS
FINAL SUCCESS—PERILOUS INCIDENT.

DANIEL BOONE, one of the most famous of Western adventurers, was the son of an Englishman, who, in the early part of the eighteenth century, emigrated to Pennsylvania. The date of his birth seems not certainly known, but it was somewhere from 1727 to 1734. His father dwelt on the Schuylkill, near the town of Reading, then on the very frontier of the wilderness; and the grand passion of Daniel, from a tender age, was for hunting and a free life in the forest. Once, it is said, when a mere boy, he absented himself from home for several days, and was finally discovered by the smoke from the rude hut which he had constructed in the woods, and in which he was living by the fruits of his rifle. He detested school, and received little education, not even learning (it has been said) to write. While yet a youth, with all the family, he started through the wilderness to found a new home on the distant banks of the Yadkin, in North Carolina.

While his father and brothers busied themselves in the labors of the improving plantation, young Boone revelled in the glorious abundance of game, with which that fresh and untrodden region abounded, and the spoils of his rifle were no inconsiderable addition to the resources of the household. At an early age, he married Rebecca Bryan, who through her life proved a companion as faithful, brave, and energetic, as the partner of a career like his should be. On the head-waters of the Yadkin, deep in the virgin forest, he cleared ground, built a new home, and with his wife, his rifle, and a little family growing up around him, enjoyed, no doubt, the happiness most congenial to his soul. This tranquillity was only disturbed by the gradual approach of fresh settlers; game became less plentiful; and, with a restlessness which followed him through his whole life, he resolved to seek a new abode in some deeper and less accessible solitude.

Accident determined the direction of his pilgrimage. In the year 1754, one James McBride, passing down the Ohio, had entered the mouth of the Kentucky river, and on his return, had given glowing accounts of the beauty and fertility of the surrounding region. Another exploring party, proceeding some distance overland, confirmed the enticing statement. In 1767, John Finley, an Indian trader, had penetrated yet deeper into the beautiful wilds of Kentucky. He brought home singular accounts. No Indians, he said, dwelt there, but the various tribes made it their hunting-ground, and in their encounters, waged such fierce and desperate battles, that the whole region was known among them by the name of "The Dark and Bloody Ground"—a title destined, not long after, to gain a fresh and fatal significance.

This Finley fell in with Daniel Boone, who was so charmed with his wild stories, that he invited him to pass the winter at his house. The result of their intimacy was an agreement that, in the ensuing spring, the ground so tempting and so dangerous, should be explored afresh.

On the 1st of May, 1769, the two cronies, accompanied by

John Stewart and three others, took their departure amid the lamentations of their families and neighbors, who looked on them as men going to certain destruction. They kept a north-westerly direction, subsisting on the abundant game which they found in the woods, and ever on the alert against a surprise by the savages. At last, after many a weary day of travel, from the summit of Cumberland mountain, they gained their first view of that beautiful region, the destined inheritance of their children. They descended the western slope, and entered on a green and fertile plain. A vast drove of buffaloes soon delighted their eyes, and, with no ordinary exultation, they sat down to their first supper of this noble game. By the 7th of June, they reached Red River, where Finley had traded with the Indians, and there, constructing a substantial log-cabin, they made a permanent encampment.

Boone was in ecstasy at the noble variety and plenty of the chase. "We found every where," he says,* "abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage of those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practised hunting with great success until the 22d day of December following." On that day, Boone and Stewart started on an exploring excursion, and, just as night came on, stood on a hill by the Kentucky river, surveying the country. As they descended, a party of Indians, ambushed in a cane-brake, sprang on them with such suddenness, that flight or resistance was impossible. They were taken prisoners, and for seven days were marched with their savage captors, uncertain of their fate. At the end of that time, by

* A brief narrative of his early adventures exists, said to have been written by himself, not long after the settlement of Kentucky, but more probably at his dictation, by the pen of another. The style is occasionally too high-flown and *bookish*, to have come direct from the simple mind of an unlettered hunter and backwoodsman.

extraordinary artifice and caution, they contrived to escape, and betook themselves to their camp; but it was stripped and deserted. To their great joy, that very evening two men, Squire Boone (a brother of Daniel) and another, arrived at the cabin from Carolina.

The four companions, in this solitary region, continued their hunting until Stewart was slain by the Indians. The other man then returned to North Carolina, and the two Boones were left together in the wilderness. They continued their old sports, with little apprehension, not seeing an Indian through the entire winter. On the 1st of May, 1770, Squire Boone started for the settlements, to bring back horses and a supply of ammunition, and left Daniel at the little dwelling, in perfect loneliness. Even the dog followed his brother at his departure.

For the sake of security from the Indians, he now changed his encampment every night, never sleeping twice in the same place. They often, as he supposed, made visits to his cabin, but fortunately always in his absence. Despite the loneliness and the deadly peril of his situation, he appears to have been cheerful and free from the anxiety of fear. "It was my happiness," he says, "to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be affected. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings; and the various species of animals, in this vast forest, in the day-time, were continually in my view." He was once pursued for a long time by a party of savages, but finally, by his speed and adroitness, threw them off the trail. In this manner, encountering a variety of strange adventures, he lived in the woods and cane-brakes for three months, until the return of his brother, who brought with him two horses, heavily laden with ammunition and supplies. During the succeeding autumn and winter, they busied themselves in surveying the country; and at last, in March, 1771, started on their return. Boone, after an almost solitary residence of two years in the wilderness, had finally selected a site for his home on the Kentucky

CLEARING THE WILDERNESS.







E. COOPER DEL. & C.

DEER HUNTING.

river, and now, to bring his family, took his way back to the Yadkin.

His vivid accounts of the beauty and fertility of the new country proved so attractive, that five families agreed to join him in founding a settlement. In September, 1773, the little caravan took its departure from the Yadkin, and at Powell's Valley was reinforced by forty more adventurous emigrants, making in all between seventy and eighty people. Their journey had a prosperous commencement, but while descending the second range of the Alleghanies, a party of hostile savages assailed them from an ambush. The foe was easily defeated, but six of the travellers, among them the oldest son of Daniel Boone, had fallen by their deadly arrows; the flocks and herds they had brought, were scattered and lost; and so great was the discouragement, that, in spite of the remonstrances of the Boones, the majority decided to give up the enterprise, and retrace their steps to Clinch river.

His grand enterprise thus foiled for the present, Boone, for some years, found employment in surveying, and in negotiation and fighting with the Indians. Early in 1775, at the instance of a Carolina company, under Colonel Henderson, he undertook to lay out a road through the wilderness to the Kentucky river. Five of his men were killed by the savages, and as many wounded, yet he reached the river, and by the 14th of June, completed a small fort on its southern bank. He then returned to Clinch river, and brought his family safely through the forest to the new settlement, the first in Kentucky, which, in honor of its founder, was called Boonesborough. "My wife and daughter," he says, with honest exultation, "were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river."

In the ensuing spring, (1776,) Colonel Calloway, an old friend of Boone, moved to the new settlement. An alarming incident soon befell the little community. His two daughters, in company with the daughter of Boone, had gone out for some distance from the fort to gather flowers, when they were seized by a party of savages, lying in ambush, and were hurried into

the forest. The distracted parents, with seven companions, hastened in pursuit, and having found the trail, were assisted by shreds of clothing which the girls had contrived to drop on the way. After two days' chase, they came up with the spoilers, twenty in number, and the two parents undertook to rescue their daughters in the darkness, by a surprise. The attempt failed; both were captured, and on the following day were tied to trees by the exultant savages for execution. From this apparently hopeless fate, they were rescued by the sudden arrival of their companions, whose rifles proved fatal to several of the Indians, and dispersed the rest. The captives were recovered, and the whole party returned merrily to Boonesborough.

CHAPTER II.

THE SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY—INDIAN WAR—ATTACKS ON BOONESBOROUGH, ETC.—BOONE TAKEN CAPTIVE—ADOPTED BY THE INDIANS—HIS ESCAPE—DESPERATE SIEGE OF BOONESBOROUGH—THE INDIANS REPULSED—DEFEAT OF THE WHITES—REPRISALS BY GENERAL CLARKE—DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL HARMAR—DEFEAT OF ST. CLAIR WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER—EMOTION OF WASHINGTON—GENERAL WAYNE'S CAMPAIGN—PEACE RESTORED—BOONE MOVES WESTWARD—SETTLES IN MISSOURI—HIS OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE daring example of Boone and his companions was soon followed by numbers of resolute men, who erected their fortified cabins, and made their clearings in various parts of Kentucky. But that fertile and beautiful region was not to be rescued from its savage possessors without a fresh and terrible revival of its ancient title: "The dark and bloody ground." Moved by jealousy at the repeated intrusion of the whites, and stimulated by English influence, (for the war of Independence had commenced,) the Indians hovered around these feeble settlements, ever on the alert to surprise stragglers, and to destroy

the cattle of the planters. Harrodsburg and Boonesborough were the principal objects of attack. In April, 1777, a party of an hundred savages, armed to the teeth, appeared before the latter settlement, but met such a warm reception from the rifles of its dauntless little garrison, that they retreated with much loss. In July, they came again, two hundred strong, but after two days fighting, were again beaten off, taking their dead, as usual, with them. Repeated attacks of this kind were made upon the various stations, and so active was Boone in this frontier warfare, that the savages, respecting his prowess, gave him, in commemoration of his terrible hunting-blade, the title of "The Great Long-Knife." On one occasion, beset in the wood by two Indian warriors, he contrived to draw their fire without receiving an injury, and then slew them both, one with his rifle, and the other, in mortal struggle, with his deadly hunting-knife. This scene is represented (none too well) in a bas-relief in the Capitol, at Washington.

In February, 1778, while hunting alone in the woods, he fell in with a hundred Shawanese warriors, secretly bound to attack his own fortification. After a desperate chase, he was overtaken and secured; and twenty-seven others, who had been making salt at the Licks, were also captured. Boone was taken to Detroit, where his captors, fully appreciating the value of their prize, refused a great sum offered by the British governor for his liberation. They took him to old Chilicothe, the chief Indian town on the Little Miami, and held a grand council concerning the fate of so illustrious a prisoner. It was finally decided by an old woman, who, having lost a son in battle, adopted the captive, according to her lawful right, in his place, and he was received with the utmost kindness and affection by the whole tribe. In this savage manner, he lived a long time, affecting the utmost content, that the Indians might in time be off their guard. They greatly admired his skill in all manly exercises and in the use of arms; but, he says, "I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting; for no people are more envious than they in this sport."

As yet, he had found no opportunity to make his escape, so closely was he watched; but in the month of June, he was summoned, with the whole tribe, to the council lodge. Here, to his surprise, he found four hundred and fifty warriors, "painted and armed in a fearful manner;" and was informed, with true Indian coolness, that the object of attack was Boonesborough, the residence of his family and friends. He now resolved, at all hazards, to escape or die. For three days, with the rest, he drank the bitter "war-drink," and kept the customary fast. They then set forth, marching stealthily to the devoted settlement. After several days of travel, Boone, taking advantage of the flight of a deer, dashed after it, and was soon lost in the forest. He reached Boonesborough in four days, after travelling in that time near two hundred miles, with hardly a morsel of food, through the wilderness. His wife, he learned, to his great grief, had given him up for lost, and returned to Carolina.

The Indians, well knowing that a surprise was now impossible, deferred their attack, and Boone, sallying forth with a small force, made an active demonstration against them. Hardly had he returned, when nearly five hundred warriors appeared before the fort and demanded its surrender. They barely failed in a treacherous scheme to surprise the garrison, under pretence of negotiation; and finding themselves foiled, commenced a furious attack, lasting for nine days, in which every resource of courage, strategy, and savage artifice was exhausted. After losing thirty-seven of their number, they finally gave a yell and departed. "After they were gone," says the old pioneer, "we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort, which certainly is a great proof of their industry."

The enemy thus repulsed, Boone betook himself to the Yadkin, in search of his wife. During his absence, several important battles took place; and when, in 1780, he returned with his family, to the settlement, all the horrors of an Indian war were raging throughout the frontier. Boone, as a matter of

course, was immediately involved in border warfare and adventure, with all their attendant perils. In a daring excursion to the Salt Licks, his younger brother was shot dead by his side, and his own escape from the savages was due only to his wonderful strength, endurance, and sagacity.

Bryant's station (near Lexington), one of the most important settlements, was besieged by a party of five hundred Indians, aided by the notorious white renegades Girty and McKee. To relieve this important post, Daniel (now Colonel) Boone, with Colonels Todd and Trigg, and an hundred and seventy-six men, took up a hasty march. The savages, after losing thirty of their number before the fort, had given up the siege, and started for the Blue Licks. The whites were soon on their trail, which, indeed, they had taken every pains to make as evident as possible. Boone, from this circumstance, suspected their strength, and counselled caution; but the rashness of Major M'Gary, who insisted on hastily pushing across the Licking river, brought the party into a fatal ambush. The result was a complete defeat of the Kentuckians, with the loss of sixty of their number—among them Colonels Todd and Trigg, with several other officers, and a son of Colonel Boone. Elated with their triumph, the victorious Indians then swept the frontier and ravaged several ill-defended settlements.

This grievous misfortune was in some measure avenged by the excursion of General Clarke, who, with a thousand men, passed through the Indian country, ravaging and destroying their principal settlements. Border skirmishes were still carried on, and in 1791, General Harmar, with three hundred regular troops, and more than a thousand militia, set forth to chastise the hostile tribes. He met with very doubtful success, losing in two engagements some hundreds of his men, and inflicting comparatively little injury on the enemy. To this disastrous expedition succeeded the still more unfortunate campaign of General St. Clair. That commander, with a little less than two thousand men, had arrived within a few miles of the Miami villages, the chief object of his hostility, when he was sur-

rounded by an ambush of four thousand Indian warriors, who, concealed among the trees and the long grass, poured in a deadly fire from all directions. The soldiers at first fought bravely, but were soon thrown into confusion, and commenced a disorderly retreat. They were pursued by the Indians for four miles. Six hundred and thirty-one of their number, including thirty-eight officers, were left dead on the field, and two hundred and forty were wounded.

The emotion of President Washington, on learning of this miserable disaster, was extreme; and his passionate exclamations of grief recall the anguish of Augustus, and his continually-uttered lamentation,* on hearing that his bravest legions, surrounded by a savage foe, had perished in the marshes of Germania. No doubt, there arose vividly in the mind of the aged general, that terrible parallel scene of near forty years before, when himself, a youth of twenty-two, had shared the disastrous defeat of Braddock, and by his daring courage and skilful soldiership, had half redeemed the day.†

A partial retribution soon overtook the triumphant savages. While revelling over their plunder, on the field of battle, and riding, with frantic exultation, on the horses and oxen which they had taken, General Scott, with a thousand mounted volunteers from Kentucky, fell suddenly upon them, killed two hundred of their number, recaptured the booty, and drove in

* "Varus, restore me my legions!"

† The demeanor of the young provincial, thus driven to bay, is described in rude but graphic terms by an eye-witness, who stood by him at the time. "I saw him take hold of a brass field-piece, as if it had been a stick. He looked like a fury; he tore the sheet-lead from the touch-hole; he placed one hand on the muzzle, the other on the breech; he pulled with this and pushed with that, and wheeled it round as if it had been nothing. It tore the ground like a barshare" (a kind of plough). "The powder-monkey rushed up with the fire, and then the cannon began to bark, I tell you, and the Indians began to *holla*, when the rest of the brass cannon made the bark of the trees fly, and the Indians come down. That place they call Rock Hill, and there they left five hundred men dead on the ground."—*Paulding's Life of Washington*.



COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON.



them all in hurried flight before him. It was indeed high time that active measures of reprisal were taken. Within seven years, fifteen hundred people had been killed or taken captive by the Indians in Kentucky alone; and almost equal devastations had been committed in other of the frontier states. It was with general joy and satisfaction that the settlers heard of the appointment of General Wayne (the famous "Mad Anthony,") to the command of the forces destined to carry on the Indian war. Such was the terror excited by his rapid and destructive movements, and such were the precautions which he took against future hostilities, that ere long a treaty of peace was concluded with all the Indian tribes north-west of the Ohio; and the enterprising settlers of Kentucky were left undisturbed to pursue their more peaceful avocations. "To conclude," says the veteran Boone, "I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian, who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand, at the delivery thereof—'Brother,' said he, 'we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it.' My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name.* Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold—an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

But amid the general rejoicing and content, Boone pined for his old solitude of the forest, and for the abundance of game which had fled before the footsteps of civilization. Kentucky had been settled with a rapidity at that time almost unexampled, and in 1792, was admitted as a state of the union. The old pioneer, involved in litigation, lost his title to the very lands which he had been the first to rescue from the wilderness. He once more pulled up stakes, and struck deeper

* "The dark and bloody ground."

into the woods. Near Point Pleasant, on the Great Kanhawa, he lived with his family several years, disappointed in his hopes of game, but assiduously cultivating the soil. His imagination was at last fired by a description of that glorious hunting-ground which lies around the upper waters of the Missouri. Once more he started westward, with his wife and children, driving his cattle before him, and retreating deeper and farther from civilization. "Too much crowded," he said, to a wondering inquirer, at Cincinnati, "too much crowded. I want more elbow-room." He finally reached Missouri, and settled about fifty miles beyond St. Louis.

The old Spanish *regime* was still in force there, and Boone was charmed at his arrival in a land, where (as in another Laish*) there were no lawyers or judges to trouble him. He received from the Spanish governor the appointment of commandant over the district of St. Charles, in which he had settled. Here he dwelt, much respected, in great content, pursuing his favorite avocations of hunting and trapping, until the acquisition of Missouri by the United States. The press of emigration now troubled him again; but he was too old to move farther into the wilderness. He therefore remained, and pursued his sports as well as the increasing infirmities of age would permit. Though eighty years old, he would still set forth, with a paper sight on his rifle, to guide his once unerring eye, and be absent for weeks on successful hunts for buffalo and deer. Mr. Audubon, in one of his many journeys undertaken in the ardent pursuit of science, fell in with him, and has left a most interesting account of their interview. "The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests," he says, "approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he

* "Then the five men departed, and came to Laish, and saw the people that were therein, how they dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; for there was no magistrate in the land."—*Judges* xviii. 7.



BORDER ENCOUNTER.



TRAPPING THE BEAR.

spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression, that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true."

In 1811, the overland expedition, dispatched by Mr. Astor to the Columbia, touched at the old French village of Charrette, on the Missouri. "Here," says Mr. Irving, "they met with Daniel Boone, the renowned patriarch of Kentucky, who had kept in the advance of civilization and on the borders of the wilderness, still leading a hunter's life, though now in his eighty-fifth year. He had but recently returned from a hunting and trapping expedition, and had brought nearly sixty beaver-skins as trophies of his skill. The old man was still erect in form, strong in limb, and unflinching in spirit; and as he stood on the river bank, watching the departure of an expedition destined to traverse the wilderness to the very shores of the Pacific, very probably felt a throb of his old pioneer spirit, impelling him to shoulder his rifle and join the adventurous band."*

For a number of years afterwards, he still lived on, in his old way, delighting to exercise the relics of his once matchless strength and skill. His wife had died, and he lived with his son, Major Nathan Boone. He still carried the rifle, and went daily into the woods until, in 1818, without any disease but old age, and without a premonitory pang, he died calmly and quietly, in full possession of his mind—being, according to different authorities, somewhere from eighty-four to ninety-one years of age. "The hair of such men should not whiten amid the disrespect of cities."

* *Irving's Astoria.*

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

CESSION OF LOUISIANA BY FRANCE—FITTING OUT OF AN EXPLORING PARTY UNDER LEWIS AND CLARKE—PASSAGE UP THE MISSOURI—MANDAN VILLAGES—WINTER ENCAMPMENT—FURTHER PROGRESS UP THE RIVER—UNCERTAINTY AT THE MOUTH OF MARIA'S RIVER—GATES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI: ITS SOURCE—THE SHOSHONEES—HORSE-BACK JOURNEY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS—DESCENT OF THE COLUMBIA—WINTER-QUARTERS—RETURN.

ON the 30th of April, 1803, the vast western territory then known as Louisiana, and subject to the jurisdiction of the French republic, was ceded by the First Consul to the United States. A great portion of this acquisition was at the time unexplored, and previous to the conclusion of the important negotiation above mentioned, plans had been set on foot by President Jefferson for an overland expedition to the Pacific, with a view of ascertaining the nature of the intervening country and its inhabitants.

A powerful interest in the proposed exploration was excited throughout the country, upon the receipt of the intelligence that the United States had acquired such an extent of additional territory, and preparations were hastened for its accomplishment. The command of the expedition was entrusted to Captain Meriwether Lewis, private secretary to the president, and Captain William Clarke. The party consisted of between forty and fifty men, a portion of whom were to be left behind at the farthest point previously known and visited by Americans. In three boats, one of them fifty-five feet long, and partially decked over, the other two being open, and of smaller dimen-

sions, the little band of adventurers, on the 14th of May, 1804, left their encampment at the mouth of Wood river, a small tributary of the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of the Missouri, with the intention of proceeding up the latter river as far as it should prove navigable.

On the 27th of the ensuing October, they reached the well-known villages of the Mandans, an interesting tribe, now nearly or entirely extinct. In the immediate vicinity of this settlement, which was situated some two hundred miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, they encamped for the winter, and, until the spring had fairly opened, busied themselves in gathering information of the adjacent country, and of the habits of the various Indian tribes. On the 7th of April, 1805, the thirty-two persons selected for the further prosecution of the venturous undertaking, embarked on board two large "periogues" and six canoes, and proceeded on their long voyage into the wilderness, urging their way by oars against the swift current of the Missouri. On the same day, the return party, carrying with them many presents from the friendly Indian tribes, and full accounts of all discoveries and observations made thus far, took their departure for the states.

The exploring party continued their course up the river, taking advantage of every favorable breeze to lighten their labors by hoisting sail on the periogues, and toiling with oars and tow-lines, when the prevailing north-western winds opposed their progress. They were obliged to rely upon the skill and exertions of their hunters for daily supplies of food. Deer, elk, buffalo, antelopes, beaver, wild-fowl, &c., were in many localities sufficiently abundant. Many remains of deserted encampments of the Assinaboin Indians were noticed, but none of that tribe were fallen in with. Throughout the voyage, accurate descriptions of every thing important in the character of the country, the probable courses of tributary streams, &c., were carefully recorded. On the 26th, they encamped at the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The entrance of what was supposed to be the Muscle-shell

river, as described by Minitari hunters, was reached on the 20th of May, being two thousand two hundred and seventy miles above the mouth of the Missouri. The health of the party was generally good, but they were much troubled with inflammation of the eyes from exposure to wind, driving sand, &c. "To the same cause," (the fine-floating sand,) says the narrative, "we attribute the disorder of one of our watches, although her cases are double and tight; since, without any defect in its works, it will not run for more than a few minutes without stopping." Although the season was so far advanced, they suffered considerably from cold; in the early part of the month some snow fell, and the mornings were frequently sharp and frosty. Many encounters with the grizzly bear are narrated, in which the hunters had several narrow escapes from the ferocity and remarkable tenacity of life observable in that animal. It is called, indiscriminately, the "brown, grizzly or white bear, all of which seem to be of the same family, which assumes those colors at different seasons of the year." No Indians had as yet been met with on the river, or by any of the scouting parties which, from time to time, explored the country on either hand, since the departure from the vicinity of the Mandan villages. Until this point of their journey was reached, no spring of clear wholesome water had been discovered, with the exception of one at the bluffs, a few miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. The springs were every where else impregnated with various salts. The voyagers were in the habit of using the water of the Missouri.

On the 3d of June, after having passed the magnificent mural precipices through which the river winds its course, the party encamped at the mouth of what was afterwards named Maria's river, uncertain which branch to follow. According to the reports of Indian hunters, the main stream had its source among the Rocky Mountains, not far from the head-waters of the Columbia, and the necessity for passing the intervening highlands before the close of the season, rendered it all-important that no time should be lost in unavailing exploration. Canoes

were accordingly sent to examine the width, depth of water, &c., of each of the forks. Beyond the plain, in the boundless expanse of which the course of the river was lost, rose, to the southward, a mighty range of snow-covered mountains.

The two leaders of the expedition having made separate examinations of the northern and southern branches, it was determined to proceed up the latter, although the appearance of the waters did not, like the other, correspond with that of the lower Missouri. The northern branch seemed to trend too far northward into the plain, to give reasonable encouragement to the party in their hopes of finding a passage through the mountains. The discovery of the great falls and rapids of the Missouri, by an advance party, under Captain Lewis, set the question at rest.

At Portage creek, below the falls, a "cache" was made of all baggage, ammunition, provision, specimens, &c., that could be spared, and preparations were made for portage of the remainder round the rapids. A boat of skins, stretched upon a portable iron frame, which had been brought thus far, was prepared, not without great difficulty in procuring the small amount of timber necessary for its completion. This boat was thirty-six feet long, by five and a half broad, but was so light that four men could carry it. From the want of tar, it was, however, impossible to make it sufficiently tight, and Captain Clarke bestirred himself to build canoes to supply its place. This being accomplished, on the 15th of July the party re-embarked.

As the travellers entered the magnificent passage of the Missouri through what are called the Gates of the Rocky Mountains, they became exceedingly anxious to obtain an interview with the Shoshonee Indians, traces of whose recent presence were frequently evident. Information as to the route, and horses to aid in passing the mountains, were, in a manner, indispensable, and both must be obtained from the natives. Parties were sent on in advance, to overtake some of the wandering tribes before they should have received intelligence of

the approach of strangers; but in vain, for the alarm had been taken, and the party was carefully avoided. The three forks of the Missouri were reached on the 27th of July, and were named, respectively, the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin branches; the party continued their course up the first of these, as it came in from the south-west, and promised to take them more directly upon their desired course.

It was not until the 11th of August, that a small party, led by Captain Lewis, were gratified by the sight of an Indian on horseback, in the distance. Although every precaution was taken to allay his suspicions, the wary savage would not trust the approach of even a single unarmed man, and, greatly to the disappointment of the captain, dashed off among the willows. It was on the day following this occurrence, that the uttermost source of the Missouri was first traced out by any except the wild natives of the country. Lewis and his companions followed an Indian road up the rivulet to which the mighty river had now dwindled. "As it led them directly on towards the mountain, the stream gradually became smaller, till, after going two miles, it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men, in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri." A few miles farther, the discoverers drank at the very fountain from which it proceeded, and, still following the Indian road, crossed the dividing ridge, and reached "a handsome bold creek of clear cold water, running to the westward."

On the 13th, Captain Lewis was fortunate enough to come suddenly upon a Shoshonee woman and girl before they had time to escape: they "sat on the ground, and, holding down their heads, seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them." They were easily reassured by the presents and demonstrations of kindness of the white men, and through them a friendly intercourse was brought about with their tribe. These Indians were in a state of great destitution; game was exceedingly scarce, and they had been

plundered of nearly all their possessions by their enemies, the tribes from the eastward; but they readily shared what little they possessed of cakes made of "service-berries and choke-cherries, which had been dried in the sun."

After much difficulty in fully allaying their suspicions and fears, Captain Lewis induced them to accompany him down the Missouri to meet the main party under Clarke. The two parties came together on the 17th, and, to the surprise and satisfaction of all, the Indian wife of Chaboneau, one of the company, recognized her own friends and relations among the tribe. She had been long previous carried off captive by the Minitari's, and, being a Shoshonee by birth, her interpretation now proved of inestimable service.

The result of careful inquiry and exploration having convinced the leaders of the expedition that a descent of the main body of water flowing westward was utterly impracticable from the formidable natural obstacles, it was decided to pursue a more northerly course on horseback. Twenty-nine horses were, with much difficulty, purchased of the Indians, and the party took up their route through the mountains on the 30th of August. Twenty-three days of the most toilsome and dangerous journeying, during which they were exposed to every species of privation, and were compelled to kill a number of their horses for food, brought the party, in a state of great exhaustion, to a village of the Pierced-Nose Indians, on the Kooskooskee. At this place their long-continued exposure and fatigue, combined with the heat of the weather, began to tell seriously upon the health of the men, and the necessary labor of constructing canoes in which to descend the river went on but slowly. The Indians were kindly disposed, but could furnish nothing in the way of provision except a little dried fish, and roots, which latter in some instances proved very deleterious.

The most interesting incidents connected with the voyage down the Columbia are those illustrative of the character and habits of the aboriginal inhabitants, who were generally friendly,

and hospitable as far as was in their power to be. A portage of the canoes and baggage was effected round the great falls on the 23d of October, and on the 2d of November the last rapids were passed, and the canoes floated in tide-waters. Five days more brought them to a small village of the Wahkiacums, near the mouth of the river. "We had not gone far from this village," says the journal, "when, the fog suddenly clearing away, we were at last presented with the glorious sight of the ocean—that ocean the object of all our labours, the reward of all our anxieties. This animating sight exhilarated the spirits of all the party, who were still more delighted on hearing the distant roar of the breakers."

The party encamped at a most unfortunate locality, where high hills abutted upon the river, and their canoes were in constant danger from the heavy seas which broke upon the shore. To add to their distress, they were exposed for weeks together to almost incessant torrents of rain, by which their scanty stock of provision was mostly destroyed. In the early part of December a suitable location was discovered, three miles up the Netul, which emptied into a bay a short distance southward.

It was the intention of the company to remain at this place until April, but their provisions giving out, and the game upon which they had relied having migrated toward the mountains, it was necessary to change their quarters, and it was determined to proceed slowly homeward. Papers containing brief accounts of the expedition were left with some of the coast Indians, to give intelligence of its progress to any whites who should chance to visit the country, and on the 23d of March, (1806,) they embarked on board their canoes, and started on their return through the wilderness. Our limits forbid the attempt to follow them further in their tedious and adventurous journeying: suffice it to say, that no perils, fatigues, or anxiety to reach a place of rest and comfort, deterred them from making every effort still more fully to explore the country.

Captain Lewis and his party reached St. Louis on the 23d

of September, 1806. "Never," says Jefferson, "did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish. Their anxieties too for the safety of the corps had been kept in a state of excitement by lugubrious rumours, circulated from time to time on uncertain authorities, and uncontradicted by letters or other direct information from the time they had left the Mandan towns, on their ascent up the river, in April of the preceding year, 1805, until their actual return to St. Louis."

All connected with the expedition were duly rewarded by Congress, and its leader was shortly after made governor of Louisiana. Governor Lewis was subject to constitutional fits of hypochondria, which, after his return from his western expedition, grew more violent, and assumed a form, as it would appear, of decided insanity. Under the influence of one of these attacks, he put an end to his own life in September, 1809. The manly and noble spirit which had sustained him through scenes of danger and suffering such as few men have ever been called on to undergo, broke down after its possessor had attained a high and honorable position, and had secured the confidence and favor of his countrymen.

TEXAS,

ITS SETTLEMENT AND POLITICAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

SPANISH GRANT TO MOSES AUSTIN—SETTLEMENT COMMENCED BY
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN—MEXICAN REVOLUTION—SPECULATION IN
MEXICAN GRANTS—AGGRESSIONS OF BUSTAMENTE—FIRST
TEXAN CAMPAIGN—SANTA ANNA'S USURPATION—FORCES
SENT INTO TEXAS—COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

So long as Mexico continued a dependency of Spain, the province of Texas remained almost entirely neglected. With natural facilities of communication, in its numerous navigable rivers and extended sea-coast, and with a soil and climate offering every inducement to the enterprising agriculturist, it was left in the undisturbed occupation of roving native tribes. The few settlers, of Spanish descent, who inhabited the towns of Nacogdoches and San Antonio, and the district adjacent, with true Mexican apathy, lived in an isolated and unprogressive condition. The energy and activity of the Anglo-Saxon race was requisite to develop the immense resources of the country, and make known to the world its beauty and fertility.

Emigration to Texas from the United States commenced about the period of the Mexican revolution. On the 17th of January, 1821, Moses Austin, of Connecticut, obtained from the Spanish government, in Mexico, a grant of a tract extending not far from one hundred miles along the coast of the Gulf, and a still greater distance into the interior. Austin stipulated to induce the immigration to this tract of three hundred families,

each of which was to receive a title to a square Spanish league of land, to be exempted from taxation for a term of years, and to be allowed the importation of goods, stock, &c., to the amount of two thousand dollars, free of duty. The contractor was to be rewarded by the absolute conveyance of five square leagues of land for every hundred families which should settle in accordance with these provisions.

The privilege and distinction of carrying out this important undertaking devolved upon Stephen F. Austin, a son of the original grantee. After many unsuccessful attempts to induce the embarkation of eastern capital in the new settlement, he proceeded to Texas, accompanied by such adventurers, with their families, as he could persuade to try their fortunes in the new country. Others had engaged to follow at a convenient opportunity. The emigrants reached the Brazos river in the month of December (1821). From various causes, their condition was trying and precarious: two vessels, freighted with provisions and supplies, had been sent out from New Orleans, but one of these was lost, and the cargo of the other was plundered by the Carancahuas, or Coast Indians. In addition to their sufferings from destitution and from savage depredations, a new source of anxiety arose in the uncertainty of the tenure by which they held their lands; as the Spanish yoke had now been thrown off by Mexico. In order to obtain a confirmation of the former grant, from the existing government, Austin proceeded in person to the city of Mexico, and presented the claims of his colony to the authorities. Such delays were experienced from the unsettled state of affairs in the new republic, that it was more than a year from the time of his departure before he returned to relieve the apprehension of his associates, by the intelligence that the old contract was ratified by the Mexican congress.

Meanwhile, numbers of the colonists had returned to the States, and others, who had intended to locate in Austin's settlement, had been deterred by the uncertainty of his title, and had established themselves between the Trinity and Sabine

rivers. Encouraged by the return and success of their enterprising and indefatigable leader, the disheartened settlers were roused to new exertions, and the report of their growing prosperity soon induced that steady immigration which has ever since continued, and must still continue, until the whole country is brought under cultivation.

One of the first steps taken for their security by the settlers, after the return of Austin, was an expedition against the Carancahuas, upon whom terrible retribution was visited for former treachery and depredations. The power of the tribe was so completely broken, and their numbers were so reduced, in this campaign, that they ceased to be formidable.

As the value of Texan lands become more generally known, a spirit of speculation in Mexican grants was extensively excited in Europe and the United States. Contracts, similar to those obtained by Austin, with the condition that they should be void if not fulfilled by the contractor within six years, were made by the government with numberless companies and individuals, until the various grants spread over the whole territory of Texas. As might have been expected, these contracts almost universally fell through.

Those who had settled upon Austin's territory and in the neighboring country, numbered, in 1830, over twenty thousand, constituting, as is said, more than two-thirds of the entire American population of Texas. They enjoyed extended liberties, and were apparently well contented with the system of government under which they lived. This quiet and prosperity was broken in upon by the tyranny of the military despot, Bustamente. His first aggression was by obtaining a repeal of the laws for the protection of immigrants from the United States, who were thereby "forbidden to hold lands in Mexican territories." His subsequent proceedings were more directly insulting and oppressive: troops were stationed at various posts to keep the colonists in subjection, and forts were built at Nacogdoches, Anahuac, and Velasco, "where military tribunals, organized for mock trials, could sit

in safety, surrounded and protected by the garrison. * * Citizens were arrested and confined, in several instances, upon vague charges of disaffection to the existing government; the civil authority in several of the municipalities was declared to be superseded, and in all totally disregarded; in short, the inhabitants of Texas found themselves, in the midst of peace, suddenly subjected to martial law, administered by officers who appeared to have been sent there for no other purpose than to make war upon the rights secured to them by the constitution of the country."*

It was hardly to be expected that a population of the character of the Texan pioneers should passively endure such indignities and injuries. A small but resolute body of volunteers, under John Austin, commenced operations on the 25th of June, 1832, by an attack upon the fort of Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos, garrisoned by more than double their number of Mexicans. The attempt was successful, and the garrison was evicted and disarmed. The same fate attended the posts at Anahuac and Nacogdoches, and in a few days from the time of the first demonstration, the colonists were in undisturbed possession of the whole country. The speedy overthrow of Bustamente, and the elevation of Santa Anna to the presidency of the republic, averted, for the time, the vengeance of the Mexican authorities, and the prospects of the settlers continued to brighten.

The provinces of Texas and Coahuila had been thus far united as a single state, but the population of the former, consisting so largely of United States' emigrants, had become anxious for a separation, and, in 1833, Austin was commissioned to present a petition to this effect before the Mexican congress. No attention was paid to the question by the national assembly, and the bearer of the petition was held in suspicion by the officers of government. After several months of fruitless attempts at negotiation, Austin started on his return to Texas, having previously written to the authorities

* *Historical View of Texas*, by the Hon. John M. Niles.

at San Antonio, "advising the call of a convention to organize a state government in Texas, and expressing a belief that such a step on their part might tend to advance, rather than prejudice, their claim before the national congress."*

The contents of this letter becoming known to the Mexican authorities, he was thrown into prison at Saltillo, in Coahuila, on a charge of treason. In the following year Santa Anna's *coup d'état* reduced Mexico to a slavish submission to the will of an ambitious military dictator, and Texas was the only province to oppose any long-continued resistance to his assumption of authority. Zacatecas having taken up arms in opposition to the new government, was crushed by an irresistible force, and the population were disarmed and subjected to military discipline and control. A strong force was then sent into Texas to overawe the colonists and check the growing spirit of independence.

The consequence was a general determination to throw off the authority of Mexico, but it was judged the wiser course to wait until some direct attack upon the liberties of the province should afford a convenient occasion for a universal effort for independence. A meeting of delegates to consult upon the proper measures of resistance was called to meet upon the 15th of October. Meantime, General Cos, having arrived at Goliad with fresh troops, issued orders for a surrender of all collections of arms. The demand, as might be expected, excited a storm of indignation. The first attempt to enforce it was at the little town of Gonzales, upon the north-western frontier of the American settlements. A single cannon, which had been procured for defence against the Indians, was in the possession of the inhabitants of this place, and they refused to deliver it up upon the requisition of the Mexican commandant at San Antonio de Bexar. One hundred and fifty mounted men were accordingly dispatched to inflict summary vengeance upon the Americans, and to bring away the disputed piece of artillery. Arriving upon the bank of the Guadaloupe, opposite

* *Historical View of Texas*, by the Hon. John M. Niles.

the town, they discovered a force of nearly equal their own number ready to defend the settlement. This was on the 28th of September, 1835. After waiting two days in expectation of an attack, the Texans crossed the river, and with little difficulty drove off the Mexican detachment. Thus was the war commenced: five hundred men were speedily collected at Gonzales, and, with Austin for their General, the little band determined to commence offensive operations by an attack upon San Antonio.

CHAPTER II.

STORMING OF GOLIAD AND SAN ANTONIO—GENERAL SUCCESS OF THE PATRIOTS—INDEPENDENCE DECLARED—INVASION BY SANTA ANNA—FALL OF THE ALAMO—CAPTURE AND MASSACRE OF FANNIN'S DETACHMENT—GENERAL SAM. HOUSTON—BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO—ESTABLISHMENT OF TEXAN INDEPENDENCE.

BEFORE the main body of the Texan army had commenced operations against San Antonio, the strong Mexican fort at Goliad or La Bahia, upon the San Antonio river, was taken by a small force of volunteers, acting independently of the principal command. The attack was made in the night, and the garrison, uncertain as to the numbers and terrified by the impetuosity of the assailants, made no effectual resistance. A large amount of arms, ammunition, and stores, destined for the Mexican garrison at San Antonio, were secured by the Texans. In this affair the celebrated Kentuckian, Colonel Milam, took a prominent part. He had escaped from a Mexican prison, and accidentally fell in with the American party, on the night of the assault. The news of this brilliant affair excited universal astonishment and exultation.

The army, under General Austin, having taken up a position in the vicinity of San Antonio, various efforts were made to entice the enemy to an engagement without the walls, as the

strength of their position and the great superiority of their numbers seemed to the Texan commander to render an attempt at carrying the place by storm too hazardous. One or two vain attempts to surround and surprise the assailants having been made by the garrison, affairs remained stationary until the departure of General Austin as a political commissioner in behalf of the new State. He was succeeded in command by Colonel Edward Bureson, and it was determined to risk an assault upon the town. On the 5th of December the attack commenced, and after four days of hard fighting, General Cos, having been driven to take refuge in the strong fort of the Alamo, agreed to capitulate. By the articles of surrender, he was to depart, within six days, with his officers, upon parole not to "in any way oppose the reestablishment of the federal constitution of 1824:" the Mexican troops, with certain exceptions, were to be allowed to depart under the orders of their general, to remain at the town, or to disband and go whither they pleased. The fort at Lepantielan, on the Nueces, having been seized a month previous by Texan volunteers, the fall of San Antonio de Bexar left the colonists in entire possession of the country.

In the midst of the excitement attendant upon these early revolutionary struggles, the delegates met, and organized a provincial government: General Stephen F. Austin, with two others, was appointed to procure funds and supplies in the United States; Samuel Houston was chosen commander-in-chief of the forces; and Henry Smith was raised to the office of governor. In March of the ensuing year an assembly of delegates unanimously agreed upon a declaration of independence, and Texas was declared to be a "free, sovereign, and independent republic."

During the winter months considerable bodies of young adventurers from the United States arrived at Texas, and were either scattered through the country, or concentrated at San Antonio and La Bahia. No immediate call for their services appeared, and men's minds were in great uncertainty as to when or where



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the Mexican general would make his first demonstration. A company under Colonels Grant and Johnson undertook an expedition against Matamoras, on the Rio Grande, but nearly the entire body was destroyed by the right division of the invading Mexican force, which was advancing parallel with the coast under General Urea. Santa Anna himself was approaching San Antonio through the interior. The little garrison at that post fortified themselves, as well as possible, in the Alamo, and sent intelligence of their critical position to head quarters, requesting assistance, but avowing their intention of holding out to the last. No very accurate details have been given of the manner in which this band of brave men was destroyed, but it appears that, after a long and desperate defence, the fort was stormed by an overwhelming force, and the garrison perished to a man, either slain in the conflict, or put to death for defending an untenable post.

The Mexican army now in Texas consisted of not far from eight thousand men; its general had openly proclaimed his intention of inflicting the most merciless punishment upon the inhabitants if he should meet with resistance; the Texan army was but a handful in comparison with its opponents; and the prospects of the new State were in every respect gloomy. A division of Santa Anna's army, immediately after the fall of San Antonio, was marched upon Goliad, and the Texan troops, under Colonel Fannin, were compelled to commence a retreat to Victoria. Being overtaken, and in a manner surrounded by an irresistible force, there was no choice but to surrender or to throw away their lives; and after a severe engagement a capitulation was accordingly entered into, by which favorable terms were guaranteed by the Mexican officers. The prisoners were joined, in a few days, by considerable bodies of volunteers from the United States, who had also fallen into the hands of the Mexicans. On the morning of March 27th, nearly the whole of these prisoners of war, in violation of the articles under which they had surrendered, were murdered in cold blood. "At six in the morning," according to a letter written by one

of the Mexican officers, "the execution of four hundred and twelve American prisoners was commenced, and continued till eight, when the last of the number was shot. At eleven commenced the operation of burning their bodies. * * They were all young, the oldest not more than thirty, and of fine florid complexions."* Such barbarity, instead of crushing the spirit of the Texan patriots, only awakened a more determined energy, and more effectually secured the final overthrow of the cruel invader. Our limits will not allow of a serial narrative of the minor events of the campaign; a brief notice of the decisive battle of San Jacinto, and of the hero to whose skill and intrepidity so much was due in this crisis of Texan affairs, must conclude our sketch of the progress of the revolution.

General Samuel Houston, previous to his connexion with the fortunes of Texas, had led a life of such strange vicissitudes, as must develop all the powers and energies of man. As soldier, lawyer, and legislator, he had exhibited unusual acumen and sturdy self-reliance. Equally at home in an Indian wigwam, or in the halls of congress, he had spent years among the aborigines of the country, sharing their rude accommodations, and pursuing their primitive avocations. By this intimate communion, he acquired not only a sympathy with that unfortunate race, which has ever appeared in all his dealings with them, but an influence and control over their affections and conduct, incomparably greater than that attained by any other living man.

Having removed to Texas, he entered heart and soul into the early movements of the patriots, and so fully secured the confidence and respect of his associates that, at the most dangerous period in the history of the country, he was appointed, as before mentioned, to the supreme military command.

The advance of Santa Anna was preceded by a desertion of the flourishing settlements of the colonists, and it was plain to the Texan general, that unless some decisive blow was speedily struck, the whole country would soon be swept, and

* Niles' Historical View of Texas.

the hopes of the patriots be completely crushed. On the 18th of April, (1836,) a Mexican courier was taken, by the exertions of the indefatigable and courageous Erastus Smith, known as "Deaf Smith," and by the dispatches thus secured, Houston was fully apprized of the plans of the enemy. Santa Anna had marched upon Harrisburg, then the seat of government, in hopes of seizing upon the state authorities. Failing in this, he burned the town, and proceeded down Galveston bay, towards New Washington, where was a dépôt of military stores. On his return towards Lynch's ferry, on the San Jacinto, with the intention of pressing on to Anahuac, he encountered the Texan army ready to give battle.

The patriot army consisted of less than eight hundred men, of all ranks and occupations, most of them undisciplined and ignorant of military affairs. The Mexicans, as reinforced by five hundred troops, under Cos, on the morning of April 21st, (the day of battle) numbered nearly or quite sixteen hundred, most of whom were veteran troops, under the command of officers of skill and experience. Both armies, after a preliminary skirmish, encamped on the night of the 20th, upon the right bank of the San Jacinto, just below the mouth of Buffalo Bayou. The action commenced at half-past three, P. M., by a most impetuous attack on the part of the Texans, who rushed on, to the war-cry of "Remember the Alamo!" The rout of the Mexicans was complete, and the pursuit of the fugitives continued until nightfall. General Houston's dispatches to the president of Texas, dated April 26th, give the following as the general result: "In the battle, our loss was two killed and twenty-three wounded, six of whom mortally. The enemy's loss was six hundred and thirty killed, among whom was one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, five captains, twelve lieutenants. Wounded, two hundred and eight, of which were five colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, two second lieutenant-colonels, seven captains, one cadet. Prisoners, seven hundred and thirty—President General Santa Anna, General Cos, four colonels, aids to General Santa Anna,

and the colonel of the Guerrero battalion, are included in the number. General Santa Anna was not taken until the 22d, and General Cos on yesterday, very few having escaped."

This brilliant achievement put an end to the war: there were still more than four thousand Mexican troops in the country, but officers and men were alike dispirited and unnerved, and a hasty retreat was the result. The government of Texas was duly organized, under the constitution of March 17th, and General Houston was elected to the presidency. A steady influx of population from the United States followed the establishment of the independence of Texas, and the desire of the inhabitants for the security to be afforded by a union with their parent-country, met with a ready response. The recognition of Texan independence by the United States' government, the annexation of the new state to the union, and the important consequences of that vast addition to our territory, are still fresh in the minds of all.

OREGON.

VOYAGE OF JUAN DE FUCA—THE COLUMBIA DISCOVERED BY HECETA—
AMERICAN TRADING ENTERPRISES IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY—
FOUNDATION OF ASTORIA—DESTRUCTION OF THE TONQUIN AND
HER CREW—WAR WITH ENGLAND—TREATIES OF 1818 AND
1846 RELATIVE TO JURISDICTION—EMIGRATION.

FOR many years subsequent to the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, nothing was certainly known of the western coast of America lying northward of latitude forty-two or forty-three degrees. Fictitious accounts of the discovery of communication by water between the Atlantic and Pacific, in high northern latitudes, obtained extensive credence, but the only one of these which is worthy of examination is that relating to the voyage of a Cephalonian pilot, named Juan de Fuca. In the year 1587, this renowned navigator, being on board a Spanish vessel bound from Manilla to New Spain, was captured by Cavendish, and, with his companions, was set ashore somewhere in the vicinity of the southern cape of the Californian peninsula. Their vessel had been fired by the freebooters, but the flames were extinguished by a storm, and she drifted ashore. The unfortunate crew managed to repair their dismantled and plundered craft, and made their way to Mexico. His nautical skill commended Juan to the Spanish governor, and he was commissioned as pilot to aid in exploring the coast to the northward, in expectation of entering the fabulous straits of Anian, said to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Nothing was effected by this first expedition, on account of a disagreement between the captain and crew.

In 1592, he was again dispatched upon the same errand, in

a small caravel, and the following brief account of the voyage is given by Purchas, in a note purporting to be written by "Michael Lock, the elder:" "He followed his course, in that voyage, west and north-west in the *South Sea*, all along the coast of *Nova Spania*, and *Culifornia*, and the *Indies*, now called *North America*, (all which voyage he signified to me in a great map, and a sea-card of mine own, which I laid before him,) until he came to the latitude of forty-seven degrees; and that, there finding that the land trended north and north-east, with a broad inlet of sea between forty-seven and forty-eight degrees of latitude, he entered thereinto, sailing therein more than twenty days, and found that land trending still some time north-west, and north-east, and north, and also east and south-eastward, and very much broader sea than was at the said entrance, and that he passed by divers islands in that sailing; and that, at the entrance of this said strait, there is, on the north-west coast thereof, a great headland or island, with an exceeding high pinnacle, or spired rock, like a pillar, thereupon.

Also he said that he went on land in divers places, and that he saw some people on land, clad in beast's skins; and that the land is very fruitful, and rich of gold, silver, pearls, and other things, like *Nova Spania*.

"And also he said that he, being entered thus far into the said strait, and being come into the North Sea already, and finding the sea wide enough every where, and to be about thirty or forty leagues wide in the mouth of the straits where he entered, he thought he had now well discharged his office; and that, not being armed to resist the force of the savage people that might happen, he therefore set sail, and returned homewards again towards *Nova Spania*, where he arrived at *Acapulco*, Anno 1592, hoping to be rewarded by the viceroy for his service done in the said voyage."*

The old sailor, after many vain attempts to obtain some

* "Proofs and Illustrations," appended to Robert Greenhow's *History of Oregon and California*. The spelling is modernized: otherwise the account is an exact transcript of the original.

remuneration from the Spanish government, and to better his fortunes in foreign service, died at an advanced age in his native country.

Although great discredit was, in former times, thrown upon the above account, by reason of some errors, arising, perhaps, from mistakes on the part of Lock, or from a failure of the old pilot's memory, modern historians consider it reliable in its more important particulars. That the navigators should have supposed themselves in the Atlantic, after sailing many days to the eastward, through a hitherto unexplored channel, was the natural result of the established theory respecting the geography of North America. The southern passage between Vancouver's Island and the main, which he was, in all probability, the first to enter, still bears the name by which the Greek Pilot was commonly known—his real name, according to the note before cited, being Apostolos Valerianos.

Partly because of an error in the latitude, occurring in the account of Juan de Fuca, many explorers of the north-west coast pronounced positively that no such channel as he described could exist. As late as 1778, Captain Cook, in the *Resolution*, made unavailing search for the straits. Three years previous, (on the 15th of August, 1775,) the mouth of the Columbia had been, for the first time, discovered by Bruno Heceta, then in command of an expedition fitted out for exploration at San Blas. He supposed that it might be the strait described by Juan de Fuca, but the strength of the current, which prevented him from entering, seemed to favor the opinion that it was the mouth of a large river. It was laid down on Spanish charts, as Heceta's inlet, or the river of San Roque. The second discovery of the strait was made by Captain Berkeley, an Englishman, sailing in the employ of the Austrian East India Company, in 1787.

In the summer of the same year, a company of Boston merchants sent out two vessels, the *Columbia* and *Washington*, to engage in the fur-trade on the north-west coast, with the special object of procuring a cargo which could be advantageously

exchanged for China goods. One of these vessels, as is supposed, was the first to enter the mouth of the river Columbia.

After the cession of the territory of Louisiana to the United States, and the exploration of the country by Lewis and Clarke, it was considered very desirable to found a permanent settlement somewhere near the entrance of the Columbia, for the purpose of trading in furs. With this object, an association, called the "Pacific Fur Company," was formed in 1810, by the exertions of John Jacob Astor, a merchant of great wealth, residing in the city of New York. This distinguished and enterprising financier had long been engaged in trade with the interior of North America, as well as in very extensive maritime adventures, and his plans were, at this juncture, to establish such a system of communication, and such permanent dépôts for trade, as should secure to the company of which he was the most prominent member, a complete monopoly of the fur-trade, by means of the two great outlets at the east and west, the Missouri and the Columbia.

Ships were accordingly dispatched to the north-west coast, and in the summer of 1811 a settlement was commenced at Point George, about ten miles from the sea, on the left bank of the Columbia, and was named Astoria. Trade seemed to open prosperously, and the Indians brought in considerable quantities of furs, &c., to barter for eastern commodities. The *Tonquin*, in which the first party came out, pursuing her course northward, anchored near the strait of Juan de Fuca, and commenced a trade with the Indians, who thronged about her in their canoes. The temptation to plunder being, it is supposed, too great to be resisted, the natives took the opportunity of some affront which was offered them, to fall upon and massacre the crew. The vessel was blown up, possibly by some few of the whites who had retreated to the cabin, and had defended themselves as long as possible. The only survivor was an Indian interpreter, who, after being detained two years a captive, was set at liberty, and carried information of the above particulars to Astoria.

The breaking out of war with England, in 1812, proved ruinous to the American enterprise at Astoria. To avoid seizure and total loss of the company effects, the partners resident on the Columbia effected a sale of the whole establishment, with the furs, &c., there stored, to the British North-West Company. The English sloop-of-war *Racoon*, shortly after the conclusion of this negotiation, arrived at the mouth of the river, and the commander was excessively indignant at the transfer, which had deprived him of what he had looked upon as a certain prize. After the restoration of jurisdiction over Astoria to the United States, the British traders, who occupied under the above-mentioned purchase, continued to reside at the settlement and carry on their traffic in furs.

It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion of the long and wearisome dispute between England and the United States relative to our north-western boundary. Such conflicts of national interest are almost universally settled either in accordance with the maxim, that "might makes right;" or, where the respective powers are equally formidable, and the interest of both precludes a resort to arms, by mutual concessions. That strange and uncertain system of maxims and usages, known as the Law of Nations, tends too often rather to obscure than elucidate the questions in dispute.

By the treaty of 1818, the territories west of the Rocky Mountains claimed by the United States or Great Britain, were to be jointly occupied by citizens of either country, for a period of ten years. Upon the expiration of this term, (in 1828,) the arrangement was renewed and indefinitely extended, one year's notice to be given by either government prior to any future assertion of sole sovereignty.

As the attention of the United States became aroused by the progress of emigration to Oregon, the necessity for some definitive settlement of the boundary question began to be universally felt. Subsequent to the explorations and surveys under Colonel Frémont, elsewhere narrated, great numbers of settlers, during the summers of 1843 and 1844, pursued the

overland route, and settled in the Willamet valley. The number of American emigrants in Oregon, at the close of the latter year, is computed at more than three thousand, and great sympathy was felt for them throughout the Union, in consideration of the hardships they had endured, and the uncertainty of their position while the right of jurisdiction over the country remained unsettled. After a prolonged negotiation, a treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain and the United States, on the 15th of June, 1846, by the provisions of which, the line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude was to be continued westward, as the boundary between the territories of their respective governments, as far as the centre of the channel separating Vancouver's Island from the continent, thence through the straits of Fuca to the ocean; reserving the right of navigation to citizens of the United States in all those waters south of the forty-ninth degree of latitude. The free navigation of the Columbia was also secured to British subjects, from the territory of their own government through the main northern tributary to the sea. The rights of private property belonging to British subjects, were to be respected, with certain exceptions relating to appropriation of land for public purposes, in which case property so taken was to be paid for at a valuation.

The climate of Oregon is much milder than that of the eastern border of the North American continent, even in much lower latitudes, and the fertility of the soil offers great inducements to an agricultural population. Although the excitement attendant upon the gold discoveries in the contiguous state of California has turned the tide of emigration in that direction, Oregon continues steadily to increase in population, and her progress, if not as rapid as that of her rival, is based upon permanent natural resources.

CALIFORNIA.

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF THE PENINSULA OF OLD CALIFORNIA—
ESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS OF SPANISH MISSIONS IN THE
CALIFORNIAS—EFFECTS OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION—
ACQUISITION OF NEW CALIFORNIA BY THE UNITED
STATES—GOLD DISCOVERIES.

THE early history of both Upper and Lower California derives its principal interest from the picture it presents of spiritual influence acquired by zealous and self-devoted missionaries over the rude and unsophisticated aborigines. The mountainous and barren peninsula, to which alone the name of California was at first applied, was partially explored in the early period of Spanish rule in Mexico, and various futile attempts, resulting only in useless expenditure of lives and money, were made to plant colonies upon it. Grijalva, in command of an expedition fitted out by Cortez, first discovered the country in the year 1534, and the great conqueror, in person, followed up the discovery by an exploration of the gulf.

A knowledge of the western coast was gradually acquired by the Spaniards as far north as the forty-third degree of latitude, but no successful attempt at settlement was made until near the close of the seventeenth century. At that period the work was undertaken by the enthusiastic devotees connected with the wonderful society of the Jesuits. Father Kühn, (a name rendered as Kino by Spanish historians,) who had formerly been a mathematical professor at Ingoldstadt, and who had come over as a missionary to America, in fulfillment of a

vow, was the chief mover of the undertaking. Kino commenced operations upon the coast of Cinaloa, to the eastward of the gulf, while the work of converting the natives of the peninsula was committed to Father Salvatierra.

The latter, with a protective force of only five soldiers and their captain, sailed from Yaqui, on the gulf, on the 10th of October, 1697. Having selected a convenient spot upon the bay of San Dionisio, the little party pitched their camp, and, erecting a tent for a chapel, therein enshrined an image of "our Lady of Loreto, the patroness of the Conquest." The natives were generally of a timid and friendly disposition, but they had experienced the cruelty and tyranny of the Spaniards in too many instances to be favorably inclined towards any settlement of whites. It had been a common custom, for many years, for those engaged in the pearl-fishery upon the coast, to compel the services of the natives in their dangerous employment, and great numbers perished by drowning, or by being devoured by sharks. With much difficulty the Jesuits procured the passage of a law by the Mexican government for the protection of the Indians from this violence.

Assisted by funds procured in New Spain by private contribution, and the assistance of certain of the religious orders, Salvatierra procured a stock of provisions, and commenced the work of the mission by bribing the Indians to listen to his instruction, with "pozzoli," or boiled maize. "The pozzoli was more attractive than the Latin prayers, and they soon began to seek for the one without the other; and this being refused, they set about considering whether they might not attain their ends by force."* They commenced by stealing the horse, goats, &c., belonging to the worthy missionary, and afterwards, to the number of about five hundred, made a violent assault upon the little encampment. The fire-arms of the defenders, resorted to only in the last extremity, produced their usual effect upon the naked savages, and a season of quiet ensued. Father Francisco Piccolo came over shortly after with further

* Forbes' History of California.

stores, and the party proceeded to construct huts of stone and clay, for greater permanence, safety, and comfort.

In October, 1699, Father Piccolo established the mission of San Xavier, on the Pacific, and from the two stations the missionaries made expeditions on horseback up and down the peninsula, exploring the country and preaching to the natives, whose language they had by this time acquired. Father Ugarte, one of the original associates in the enterprise, who had previously been laboring in Mexico, came over to California in the spring of 1701, and proved a most efficient ally in the work of conversion. He took up his abode with the Indians, without a single companion, among the mountains south-west of Loreto, and by the force of example and rewards, stimulated his wild associates to shake off their natural sloth, and aid him in erecting dwellings and a chapel for public worship. He was of a robust frame and hardy constitution, and was always foremost to undertake the labor and drudgery attendant upon the formation of the settlement. His greatest trouble, at first, was from an unconquerable tendency on the part of his auditors to jeer and laugh at his religious exercises, but the infliction of summary chastisement upon the strongest and most contumacious among them, speedily quelled their levity.

This excellent and energetic ecclesiastic did not confine himself to a care for the souls of his flock: he taught them the cultivation of the soil; he introduced the domestic animals of Europe; and even brought over a weaver to teach the arts of spinning and manufacturing the wool obtained from his sheep. Slowly, but steadily, the missions continued to prosper; the fickle-minded aborigines were subdued and restrained by force or kindness as occasion required; and the general tenor of the lives of those engaged in the work of the missions, gave evidence that their motives were pure, and that they had the interests of their proselytes at heart.

In the year 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled from the territory, and superseded by Mexican Franciscans, there were

sixteen missions in Old California: these were within a few years afterwards mostly brought under the control of Dominican monks. The advance of the natives in the scale of civilization has proved by no means commensurate with the exertions and anticipations of the early missionaries. According to Forbes, the whole population of Lower California did not, in 1839, exceed ten or fifteen thousand, and the native inhabitants were generally in a miserable and abject position. "Most of the missions," he says, "are in a wretched condition, and the Indians, poor and helpless, slaves both in body and mind, have no knowledge and no will but those of the Friars."

The inhospitable nature of the country on the peninsula seems to preclude the probability of any important increase in its population, so long as an unlimited field for enterprise lies open in the rich mines and fertile plains of New or Upper California. The first settlement of this portion of the western coast, like that of Lower California, was due, although at a later date, to missionary labors. It was commenced immediately subsequent to the period when the Jesuits, as before mentioned, were expelled from their missions at the south, and was undertaken by the Franciscans, under the patronage and by the assistance of the Mexican viceroy, the Marquis de Croix.

A settlement was formed at San Diego, in 1769, and during the summer of the same year, a party of about sixty persons, including soldiers, priests, and Indians, was dispatched by land to explore and settle the country in the vicinity of the bay of Monterey. Passing that harbor, which they could not recognize from the descriptions given by former voyagers, the company visited the beautiful bay of San Francisco, and bestowed upon it the name which it still bears, in honor of the patron saint of the order to which the ecclesiastics of the party belonged. Having set up a cross, and taken formal possession of the country, they set out on their return, and reached San Diego on the 24th of January, 1770.

At this post the Indians, notwithstanding the kindness and generosity which was extended towards them, had shown

themselves thievish and hostile, and made several attempts to overpower and destroy the Spaniards. In one of these actions, while the little band of adventurers was making a valiant defence against a host of savages, it is told by the historian, Father Palou, that "a boy, called Joseph, came running in great haste, and prostrated himself at the feet of our venerable President, saying, 'Father, give me absolution, for the Indians have killed me.' The good father absolved him, and he died immediately, an arrow having passed through his throat, but his death was kept secret." The Indians came a few days afterwards, soliciting peace, and asking the assistance of the Spanish surgeon to cure their wounded men. The readiness with which this aid was afforded produced its natural effect upon the minds of the savages, and they made some exhibition of gratitude, but it was with the greatest difficulty that their attention could be drawn to the doctrines and rites of the church.

The mission at Monterey was founded in the month of May, 1770; two parties having proceeded thither from San Diego, one by land and the other by sea. The voyage occupied forty-six days: the president, Father Serra, in a letter written shortly after the arrival, says: "On the 31st day of May, by the favor of God, after rather a painful voyage of a month and a half, the packet San Antonio, commanded by Don Juan Perez, arrived and anchored in this horrible port of Monterey, which is unaltered in any degree from what it was when visited by the expedition of Don Sebastian Viscayno, in the year 1603." The land party had already arrived, and the work of erecting the necessary buildings was commenced. The conversion of the natives progressed but slowly, none of them being baptized prior to the 26th of the ensuing December. No delay or discouragement, however, could damp the ardor of the zealous missionaries, and, in the midst of destitution, little short of actual starvation, they continued their efforts to impress somewhat of their own reverence for holy rites and symbols on the rude minds of the savages. It is to be feared that their success was for the most part rather in estab-

lishing a conformity to outward signs, than in any really beneficial instruction.

At the death of the President Junipero Serra, there were eight missions in operation, of which the principal were those at San Diego, Monterey, San Francisco, and San Gabriel. Under his successors, the whole country upon the coast of Upper California was brought into complete subjection to the missions. These were assisted, and, in a manner, supported by a fund raised by donations and bequests in Mexico, denominated the "California Pious Fund." The missionaries also received a certain regular stipend from the Spanish crown. It was the policy of the priests to discourage the immigration of free settlers, as being likely to interfere with their own supremacy, and they had, as appears, acquired some species of title to most of the valuable lands.

After the Mexican revolution, California was placed under a territorial government, and some steps were taken to bring about an emancipation of the natives from the temporal and spiritual thralldom to which they had been so long subjected. It was found, however, upon trial, "that these people, who had always been accustomed to the care and discipline of school-boys, finding themselves their own masters, indulged freely in those excesses which it had been the endeavors of their tutors to repress, and that many, having gambled away their clothes, implements, and even their land, were compelled to beg or to plunder, in order to support life."* The reverend fathers were therefore restored to their authority, and to their salaries, which had been for the time kept back. After supplies had nearly ceased to be furnished by Mexico, the increase in the value of land, and other property, was sufficient to furnish the missions with abundant support.

A law was afterwards passed by the Mexican congress, "for entirely removing the missionaries, dividing the lands and cattle among the Indians and settlers, and appropriating their funds in Mexico to the use of the state." A large num-

* Captain Beechy's Voyage to the Pacific.



THE GOLD-WASHERS OF CALIFORNIA.

ber of emigrants were furnished with free passage, for the purpose of supplanting the missionaries: among these, says Forbes, "There were to be seen goldsmiths proceeding to a country where no gold or silver existed, (!) blacksmiths to where no horses are shod or iron used, carpenters to where only huts without furniture were erected," &c., &c. Santa Anna, upon his assumption of power, put an immediate stop to the proposed sequestration of the Church property, and the emigrants were finally compelled to return to Mexico.

THE release of Upper California from the imbecile but tyrannical government of Mexico, and from the spiritual domination of the priesthood, by its union with the United States, would alone have constituted a new era in the history of its settlement and civilization; but since to this great political change has been added the development of its boundless wealth in the precious metals, its progress has been unparalleled. That these treasures should have remained so long concealed from the occupants of the territory seems unaccountable, when we consider the proverbial keenness of the Spaniard in the search for native gold, and the experience acquired by centuries of practical operations in the mines of Mexico and Peru. The fact only proves how completely the country was neglected by the more enterprising and efficient portion of the community.

The first discovery of gold in California, in sufficient quantity to excite public attention, was made in the spring of 1848, by Mr. James Marshall, who had been employed by Captain John A. Sutter, to erect a saw-mill upon the south branch of the "Rio de Los Americanos," or American Fork, a tributary of the Sacramento, flowing from the eastward. The location of the mill was about fifty miles from New Helvetia, or Sutter's Fort. One of the earliest authentic reports of the commencement and progress of the mining enterprise is a

letter of Colonel R. B. Mason, governor of California, to the adjutant-general at Washington, dated August, 1848. In describing his first visit to the diggings, he says: "As we ascended the south branch of the American Fork, the country became more broken and mountainous, and at the saw-mill, twenty-five miles below the lower washings, or fifty miles from Sutter's, the hills rise to about a thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Captain Sutter, feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the last winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail-race was found too narrow to allow the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save labor, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race. One day, as Mr. Marshall was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, he observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist-mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a few weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither. At the time of my first visit, but little more than three months after its first discovery, it was estimated that upwards of four thousand people were employed."

From this period, every thing connected with the Californian settlements took a new aspect. The villages which had sprung up since the acquisition of the country by the United States, were mostly deserted; the crops were left ungathered; the crews of the vessels lying in port deserted; labor could be procured only at the most exorbitant prices; in short,

nearly the whole male population had hurried to the mines, and, regardless of hardship, fatigue, exposure and sickness, were engaged in the all-absorbing pursuit of gold.

The extent of the gold region has not yet been fully ascertained, but it is certain that it spreads over a tract many hundred miles in length. Although the first operations were mostly of the simplest kind, and were carried on without system, by means of the rudest implements, the yield was enormous. When all the appliances of machinery, systematic labor, and economical treatment of the ore and washings, shall be fully introduced, the amount to be procured outstrips all calculation. Whether the estimates, as to the permanent value of the gold mines, be correct or not, the effect of the apparently unwholesome excitement produced by their discovery must be permanently beneficial. The country affords fine facilities for agricultural operations, and through its sea-ports an immense traffic must hereafter flow in from China and the Indies. With the increasing population, the employment of mining must be exchanged by thousands for the more essential labors of husbandry.

The change already produced in the principal towns is astonishing: the harbors, which so short a period since gave shelter to a few trading vessels, are now crowded with shipping from every quarter of the globe; towns have sprung up, as if by magic, where a cluster of white tents, but a few months earlier, marked the spot for a convenient *dépôt*; a strange conflux of every nation and tongue has peopled the long-undisturbed solitude; representatives by thousands from every state in our Union, are engaged with Europeans, with the wild aboriginal inhabitants, and with swarthy immigrants from the Asiatic coast and the Pacific islands, in one common pursuit. We forbear to give statistics of population or produce: in the midst of such continual and startling changes, accuracy is impossible; and even if attained, the details might appear, a few months later, like an antiquated and useless record.

COLONEL FREMONT'S EXPLORATIONS.

THE EXPEDITION OF 1842 TO THE GREAT SOUTH PASS—THAT OF 1843—4
TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER, AND THE RETURN THROUGH ALTA
CALIFORNIA—EXPLORATIONS OF A SOUTHERN ROUTE
ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

To the energy, talent, and enterprise, of the Hon. John Charles Fremont we stand indebted for the most important discoveries and surveys of the Western territory of the United States, since the great expedition of Lewis and Clarke. The first field of his public services was the country around the head-waters of the Mississippi, in the survey of which he acted as an assistant. After receiving the commission of a lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers, he undertook an expedition, in 1842, under the instructions of government, to examine the country between the Missouri frontier and the Great South Pass, in the Rocky Mountains.

On the 10th of June, the party, consisting of twenty-five men, most of whom were Canadian and Creole *voyageurs*, set out from a post ten miles above the mouth of the Kansas river. The celebrated Christopher Carson (known as Kit Carson) officiated as guide. Eight mule-carts, loaded with instruments and baggage, with a few spare horses and four oxen for provision, were the only encumbrances; the whole party, with the exception of the cart-drivers, were well armed and mounted. After crossing the Kansas, the party took up their line of march over the prairie in a north-westerly direction to the Platte river, which was reached on the 26th, at a distance of more than three hundred miles from the point of departure. They followed the course of the South Fork to Fort St. Vrain, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where they arrived on the 10th



BUFFALO CHASE.

of July. Many interesting descriptions are recorded of the Indians encountered on the route: among other incidents, a spirited account is given of a buffalo hunt by a party of Arapahoes, whose village, on the Platte, was passed upon the 8th. As soon as they were conscious of danger, in the words of the narrative, "the buffalo started for the hills, but were intercepted and driven back toward the river, broken and running in every direction. The clouds of dust soon covered the whole scene, preventing us from having any but an occasional view.

* * At every instant, through the clouds of dust which the sun made luminous, we could see for a moment two or three buffalo dashing along, and close behind them an Indian with his long spear, or other weapon, and instantly again they disappeared."

Fremont with his little company reached the South Pass about the middle of August, and commenced a scientific exploration of the rugged mountain district through which it leads. "He not only fixed the locality and character of that great pass, through which myriads are now pressing to California, but defined the astronomy, geography, botany, geology, meteorology, of the country, and designated the route since followed, and the points from which the flag of the Union is now flying from a chain of wilderness fortresses. His report was printed by the Senate, and translated into foreign languages, and the scientific world looked on Fremont as one of its benefactors."*

The expedition of 1843-4 was far more extensive, interesting, and important than the one which preceded it. Its object was "to connect the reconnoissance of 1842 with the surveys of Commander Wilkes on the coast of the Pacific ocean, so as to give a connected survey of the interior of our continent." In entering upon this arduous undertaking, Colonel Fremont determined to attempt a new route over the Rocky Mountains, southward of the main pass, in hopes of discovering an easier thoroughfare to Oregon and California. On the 29th of May,

* Lester, in the "Gallery of Illustrious Americans."

with a company of thirty-nine men, many of whom had accompanied him in 1842, he set out from the former point of departure. A detour through the mountains brought them upon the waters of the Bear river, which they followed to its debouchement into the Great Salt Lake. In a frail boat of inflated India-rubber cloth, a partial survey was effected of this remarkable phenomenon of nature, concerning which the only knowledge before obtained had been from the wild reports of the Indians and hunters who had occasionally visited it. Little did the adventurous explorers dream of the change that a few years would bring about upon those remote and desolate shores. The party left their camp by the Lake on the 12th of September, and, proceeding northward, reached the plains of the Columbia on the 18th, "in sight of the famous '*Three Buttes*,' a well-known land-mark in the country, distant about forty-five miles."

In the month of November, having reached Fort Vancouver, and fully accomplished the duties assigned him, Colonel Fremont set out on his return by a new and dangerous route. Nothing but a perusal of the journal of the expedition can convey an adequate idea of the dangers and difficulties attendant upon the remainder of this enterprise, in which the complete circuit was made of that immense and unexplored basin lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch or Bear River range of the Rocky Mountains: a region thus laid down in Fremont's chart: "The Great Basin: diameter 11° of latitude: elevation above the sea, between 4 and 5000 feet: surrounded by lofty mountains: contents almost unknown, but believed to be filled with rivers and lakes which have no communication with the sea, deserts and oases which have never been explored, and savage tribes which no traveller has seen or described."

The following synopsis of the narrative of Fremont's return from the Pacific to the States is from the pen of the popular author before cited: "It was the beginning of winter. Without resources, adequate supplies, or even a guide, and with

only twenty-five companions, he turned his face once more towards the Rocky Mountains. Then began that wonderful expedition, filled with romance, achievement, daring, and suffering, in which he was lost from the world nine months, traversing three thousand five hundred miles in sight of eternal snows; in which he explored and revealed the grand features of Alta California, its great basin, the Sierra Nevada, the valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, explored the fabulous Bienaventura, revealed the real El Dorado, and established the geography of the western part of this continent."

The account of the terrible passage of the Sierra Nevada in the months of February and March, is one of the most thrilling narratives ever recorded of the triumph of heroic endurance over every conceivable difficulty. The ascent was commenced on the 2d of February; the Indian guide "shook his head as he pointed to the icy pinnacles, shooting high up into the sky," and opposing an apparently insuperable barrier to further progress. After weeks of toil and suffering, subsisting upon their mules and horses, for whom it was almost impossible to procure sufficient grass and herbage to support life, the party descended the western slope of the Sierra. Two of the men had lost their reason from suffering and anxiety: one of them, Derosier, who had stayed behind for the purpose of bringing up a favorite horse of Colonel Fremont, on rejoining the party, in the words of the narrative, "came in, and sitting down by the fire, began to tell us where he had been. He imagined he had been gone several days, and thought we were still at the camp where he had left us; and we were pained to see that his mind was deranged. * * The times were severe when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die of starvation, were killed for food. Yet there was no murmuring or hesitation."

"In August, 1844, Colonel Fremont was again in Washington, after an absence of sixteen months. His report put the seal to the fame of the young explorer. He was planning a third expedition while writing a history of the second; and

before its publication, in 1845, he was again on his way to the Pacific, collecting his mountain comrades, to examine in detail the Asiatic slope of the North American continent, which resulted in giving a volume of new science to the world, and California to the United States.”*

The events immediately succeeding, although highly interesting, as connected with the most important particulars in the political history of the United States, are beyond our limits to record. It is sufficient to state that throughout the difficulties in which Colonel Fremont was involved, and the lengthened examination to which he was subjected before a court-martial, the sympathies of the public were generally enlisted in his behalf.

As a private citizen, he contemplated yet another survey of a southern route through the western territory to California, and we cannot sufficiently admire the ardor and self-reliance with which he entered upon the undertaking, after such fearful experience of the dangers attendant on attempting an unknown passage of the great mountain ranges which must be crossed. To resume the remarks of Mr. Lester: “Again he appeared on the far west: his old mountaineers flocked around him: and, with thirty-three men and one hundred and thirty mules, perfectly equipped, he started for the Pacific.

“On the Sierra San Juan all his mules and a third of his men perished in a more than Russian cold; and Fremont arrived on foot at Santa Fé, stripped of every thing but life. It was a moment for the last pang of despair which breaks the heart, or the moral heroism which conquers fate itself.

“The men of the wilderness knew Fremont; they refitted his expedition; he started again, pierced the country of the fierce and remorseless Apaches; met, awed, or defeated savage tribes; and in a hundred days from Sante Fé he stood on the glittering banks of the Sacramento.” In the new State while he took up his abode, his popularity and prosperity have been unsurpassed.

* Gallery of Illustrious Americans.



COL. JOHN C. FREMONT.



ENCAMPMENT OF COL. FREMONT.



THE MORMON SETTLEMENTS.*

MORMONISM—NAUVOO—PERSECUTION—EMIGRATION TO THE WEST—
PATRIOTIC CONDUCT—SUFFERINGS—GREAT SALT LAKE VALLEY—
SETTLEMENTS—INCREASE—PROVISION FOR IMMIGRATION—
NUMBER OF THE MORMONS—THEIR POWER—GOVERN-
MENT—POLYGAMY—REFLECTIONS.

To give any thing like a detailed account of the rise and progress of Mormonism, the wildest and most portentous delusion which, for several centuries, has appeared among mankind, and which pertains rather to a history of theology than of colonization, would far transcend the limits of our subject. Its late origin presents to the view all that is low and disgusting in barefaced trickery and imposture; but its present position, attained and upheld by fanaticism and sensuality, two of the most effective agents which can render evil powerful and error contagious, has assumed a character in some sort respectable, and undeniably formidable. Persecution has had its customary effect, in investing its victims with dignity, in arousing all their powers of resistance, and in awakening the sympathies of all averse to injustice.

In other ages, this dangerous form of a religious mania would have had its legitimate manifestation in crusades against property, and in the foundation of a new state and church on the ruins of some weaker and less vigorous structure of superstition; at present, its more honorable and profitable mission

* For the facts in the following brief account of Mormon colonization the writer has been mainly indebted to the very able and interesting report, by Captain Howard Stansbury, of his survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

is to afford a field of harmless action for uneasy spirits, and to build up a new nation in the remotest wilderness.

The foundation and wonderfully rapid growth of the city of Nauvoo, are sufficiently known, as well as the hostility excited in the people of Illinois by the aggressions of the new sect, and their alarm at its increasing power, both political and military. The murder of Joseph Smith, its founder and pretended prophet, in 1844, was followed by fresh outrage and violence; and the members of the persecuted faction, the next year, in solemn council, resolved to abandon their flourishing capital, and the splendid temple which they had nearly completed, and to seek a refuge for their faith and their freedom in some yet unpeopled wilderness of the west. Their property and effects, at a great sacrifice, were exchanged for the materials requisite for their pilgrimage; and in February, 1846, a considerable portion of the community crossed the Mississippi and migrated into Iowa.

As the successor to their slaughtered hierarch, the Abu Beker of the modern Mahomet, they elected Brigham Young, an English Mormon, a man to great energy and sagacity, well fitted to maintain and extend the importance of his people; and, in the spring, reinforced by a great number of fellow-communicants, resumed their march to the westward. After experiencing much suffering, and some further persecution, they finally passed the state limits, and on the banks of the Missouri enclosed land and commenced plantations—not for their own benefit, but for that of the companies who were to follow them. As they were resuming their march, a requisition, certainly cruelly mistimed, was made on them for five hundred men to serve in the war with Mexico. With an honorable and patriotic readiness, they rendered instant compliance. “You shall have your battalion at once,” said the energetic Young, “if it has to be a class of our elders.”

Few circumstances could better evince the indomitable nature of this strange people, or the truly manly qualities which they possess. “While in the heart of an Indian country, and on

the eve of a long and uncertain pilgrimage into an unknown wilderness, they were suddenly called upon to surrender five hundred of their best men to the hazards of a hostile campaign, and to the exposure and vicissitudes of a march of two thousand miles, across trackless deserts and burning plains, to fight the battles of their country."* Despite the obvious and apparently insurmountable objections to a compliance, within three days the requisite force, consisting chiefly of fathers of families, was ready for the march.

This noble promptitude of loyalty deserves the highest honor; but its fulfilment occasioned the greatest distress to the whole community. The expedition, for the time, was broken up, and during the severe winter which ensued, great numbers of those who remained, (principally old men, women, and children,) perished of sickness, occasioned by exposure and privation.

In the spring of 1847, a pioneer company of one hundred and forty-three men, with many wagons, horses and cattle, set forth to seek, beyond the Rocky Mountains, the site of a new home for the exiled believers. They took their route up the Platte river, which they passed at Fort Laramie, and, crossing the mountains by the South Pass, after a toilsome journey of three months and a half, on the 21st of July reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The main body, three days afterwards, came up, and, with solemn ceremonies, the site of a capital was laid out.

This adventurous Exodus, the most remarkable in the history of our country, was the signal for a multitudinous emigration of the obnoxious sect. In the following October, three or four thousand more arrived, and building and agriculture were carried on with such spirit, that by the following summer, a fort and numerous dwellings were erected, and six thousand acres of land were under cultivation. Meanwhile, these unfortunate people suffered great extremities from hunger, and were reduced to living upon roots dug from the ground, and the hides of

* Stansbury's Report.

animals stript from the roofs of their cabins. The crop of 1848, however, afforded them abundant supplies, and numerous settlements were made in the vicinity of the city, or in eligible spots at a considerable distance.

“The mode adopted for the founding of a new town,” says Captain Stansbury, “is peculiar and highly characteristic. An expedition is first sent out to explore the country, with a view to the selection of such points as, from their natural advantages, offer facilities for a settlement. These being duly reported to the authorities, an elder of the church is appointed to preside over the little band designated to make the first improvement. This company is composed partly of volunteers, and partly of such as are selected by the presidency, due regard being had to a proper intermixture of mechanical artizans, to render the expedition independent of all aid from without. In this way the settlement at San Pete was begun, sixty families leaving in a body, under one of the high officers of the church, and that in the month of October, undergoing all the rigors of cold and snow, to establish another ‘stake’ in the wilderness. In December of the following year, another expedition, similarly composed and commanded, succeeded, with one hundred and thirty men and families, in planting the settlement at Little Salt Lake, which is represented as being now in a very flourishing condition. The succeeding March, a third party, with a hundred and fifty wagons, left the capital for the purpose of establishing a settlement in the southern part of California. It was to be situated at no great distance from San Diego” (on the Pacific).

These arduous undertakings, evincing such vigor, resolution and sagacity, are all carried on in direct furtherance of the rapid formation of a state. “It is the ultimate object of the Mormons,” says the same authority, “by means of stations, wherever the nature of the country will admit of their settling in numbers sufficient for self-defence, to establish a line of communication with the Pacific, so as to afford aid to their brethren coming from abroad, while on their pilgrimage to

the land of promise. These stations will gradually become connected by farms and smaller settlements, wherever practicable, until the greater part of the way will exhibit one long line of cultivated fields from the Mormon capital to San Diego."

Numerous emigrants continued to arrive: and in March, 1849, a general convention of the Mormons was held at Great Salt Lake City, the capital of the rising republic. This body, professing full allegiance to the United States' Constitution, resolved, until provision for their government should be made by the proper authority, to establish themselves as a body politic, under the title of the State of Deseret; officers were appointed, and a memorial for a confirmation of their acts and the appointment of authorities was forwarded to Congress.

The colony continued to increase with extraordinary rapidity. The population of the capital, that same year, was estimated at eight thousand, and the total amount of that distributed through the Valley is now computed to be upwards of twenty thousand. This number is receiving large and constant accessions from the numerous churches of converts which the Mormon missionaries, with indefatigable zeal, have made in various parts of the world. Fourteen thousand, it is estimated, have arrived in this country from England alone, and of these, the greater number have probably gone, or are on their way, to the Valley of the Salt Lake.

"In the meanwhile, preparations are industriously making in the valley for the reception and immediate accommodation of the coming tide, by the building of houses, sowing large quantities of grain, the erection of mills, the establishment of manufactures, the importation of labor-saving machinery, and the establishment, on a solid basis, of the means of education. The manifest object of these harmoniously-concerted movements, is to concentrate, as speedily as possible, in 'the Valley of the Mountains,' a number sufficiently great to entitle the present Territory of Utah to demand from the General Government admission into the Union, as one of the sovereign States of the confederacy, and thus to secure to themselves

unmolested the right to carry out in practice the peculiar principles of their creed. * * * While all these exertions are making for the physical development of a new empire among the mountains, the mental elevation of the people by education has been by no means lost sight of. Liberal appropriations of land and money have been made for the establishment of a university, the grounds for which are laid out and enclosed, being situated on one of the terraces of the mountain overlooking the city. A normal school, designed for the education of those who desire to become teachers, is already in successful operation. School-houses have been built in most of the districts, both in the city and country, which are attended by old as well as young, and every effort is made to advance the mental improvement of the people."*

The situation of the chief city of the Mormons is described as extremely beautiful, lying at the foot of mountains and watered by delightful streams. The plan is laid out on a scale of extraordinary grandeur and convenience, and a temple of portentous dimensions, it is said, will be erected for the honor of the faith. These designs, however apparently disproportioned to their means, will undoubtedly, in the end, be carried out by a people who have already evinced such courage, enterprise, and industry; whose proselytes, it is said, are already numbered by hundreds of thousands; and whose entire resources are under the control of a single bold, active, and energetic will.

A union of church and state so complete as the Mormon community presents, has probably never been witnessed since the early days of Mahometanism—to which, indeed, in many points, it bears a most striking resemblance. Brigham Young, the first elected president, (and since appointed by President Fillmore as territorial governor,) is not only the head of the state, with almost unlimited power, but is regarded as father-confessor, high-priest, and prophet of God to the whole people. All subordinate offices are lodged in the hands of other church-

* Stansbury's Report.

dignitaries, and this perfect amalgamation of spiritual and civil authority has resulted in the establishment of an ecclesiastical power, the most formidable which, in modern times, has ever been wielded by a fanatical or ambitious few.

This power, amounting, in effect, to absolute dictatorship, has been, it must be allowed, for the most part, hitherto wielded in a manner worthy of high admiration. President Young has evinced a remarkable talent for government, and a most paternal care for the interests of his people. Great improvements and public enterprises are in the course of active progression, and the country, with surprising rapidity, is becoming prepared for the reception of the multitude of emigrants already on their way to the City of Refuge.

The last five years have witnessed two simultaneous movements, resulting in the formation of states in the wilderness, each nearly in the same direction, and each distinguished by a suddenness and completeness of success, unparalleled in the history of colonization. Of these, the main-spring of the first, the universal love of gold, may be seen at a glance, and lies patent to the dullest observer; but what depth of philosophy is so profound, what knowledge of human nature so extensive, as to analyze the motives of the multitudes now flocking from so many parts of the world, to cast their lots in a community whose origin is debased by the grossest and most glaring imposture, and whose present position offers little, for a series of years, but toil, privation, and a surrender of all superfluities to the engrossing spirit of an ambitious hierarchal superstition. It can hardly be doubted that the polygamy allowed by the new religion is, with a certain class of minds, a very powerful incentive for conversion to its tenets, and a strong prompter to fierceness and resolution in defending them. But this of itself is entirely unsatisfactory in explanation of that stern and eager enthusiasm which, beyond any other of our times, has distinguished the present manifestation. Men who wish for several wives will do much to obtain them, and to keep them, but hardly what the Mor-

mons have done and are doing. It is an article of faith not exactly suited to the production of heroes or of martyrs; and that the elements of such, in great numbers, may be found in the Mormon ranks, no man conversant with their history will deny. A spirit of deeper and more respectable error—the spirit of faith and fanaticism, almost invariably fierce, vehement, and enduring, in proportion to the folly and puerility of its creed—has been the main-spring of this extraordinary movement, and remains a problem, as insoluble as any of the same class which have preceded it.

Whatever the originating causes, the result undoubtedly will be, that within a very brief term of years a new state, formidable both in its numbers and in the marvellous tie which leagues them together, will be knocking for admission at the door of the Union. Whether a community, so constituted as to render a residence in its midst intolerable to strangers and “outsiders,” will be intrusted with the political power which it will demand, seems very questionable. The “saints,” if once invested with the sovereign authority of a state government, would unquestionably employ all its resources, indiscriminately levied from all within their limits, in support of an outrageous hierarchal despotism. They already proclaim that, when possessed of the desired power to enact criminal laws, any interference with the fidelity of their respective harems will be a matter punishable by death. Whether an institution, arranged with such oriental strictness, shall be permitted to fortify itself by the terrors of penal legislation, will be a question for the attention of a congress sitting at no distant day.

In the meantime, it would appear that the spirit of intolerance rears its head with surprising boldness and confidence. This is sufficiently evinced in the treatment of the territorial judges and secretary, lately appointed by the president of the United States, but, unfortunately for their own comfort, not of the Mormon persuasion. These high functionaries, if we may trust their statement, met with such abusive treatment from the holy men among whom they had been sent, that, in



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peril of their lives, they were compelled to return. According to their account, the governor set their authority at naught, seized all the public moneys, and declared, with much cursing and reviling, that the power of the church was paramount to all government. The prevalence of polygamy afforded them, as may be supposed, additional matter of animadversion; and they were especially scandalized at seeing an omnibus, freighted with thirteen of his excellency's wives, (each holding a pledge of connubial affection,) solemnly paraded through the streets of the sacred capital.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

“How shall I admire your valour and courage, yee Marine Worthies, beyond all names of worthinesse; that neither dread so long either presence nor absence of the Sunne, nor those foggie mists, tempestuous windes, cold blasts, snowes and haile in the aire; nor the vnequall Seas, where the *Tritons* and *Neptune's* selfe would quake with chilling feare to behold such monstrous Icie Ilands, mustering themselves in those watery plaines, where they hold a continuall ciuill warre, rushing one vpon another, making windes and waues giue back; nor the rigid ragged face of the broken lands, sometimes towering themselues to a loftie height, to see if they can finde refuge from those snowes and colds that continually beat them, sometimes hiding themselues vnder some hollow hills or cliffes, sometimes sinking and shrinking into valleyes, looking pale with snowes, and falling in frozen and dead swounes; sometimes breaking their neckes into the sea, rather embracing the waters' than the aires' crueltie, &c., &c., &c. * * * *Great GOD*, to whom all names of greatnesse are little, and lesse than nothing, let me in silence admire thy greatnesse, *that in this little heart of man (not able to serve a Kite for a break-fast) hast placed such greatnes of spirit, as the world is too little to fill.*—*Purchas his Pilgrimage.*

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT EXPEDITIONS.

NEARLY three centuries ago, Sir Martin Frobisher said of the discovery of a North-west Passage, that “it was the only thing left undone, whereby a notable mind might become famous and fortunate.” The hope of effecting this grand achievement, ever since an *ignis fatuus* to many brave and honorable minds, he was the first seriously to entertain, and resolutely and perseveringly to follow.

Some unimportant voyages, in the same direction, had indeed already been undertaken. In 1527, two vessels, the *Dominus Vobiscum*,* and another, had been dispatched by Henry VIII., with “divers cunning men,” (one was a canon of St. Pauls!)

* The Lord be with you.”

to the northern coasts of America; but one of them was shipwrecked, and nothing of importance was learned. Another voyage, equally futile and disastrous, was undertaken, nine years afterwards, by a company of adventurous spirits, among whom were many young lawyers and gentlemen of family. They were reduced to much distress, and some of them even resorted to cannibalism. They returned to England in wretched condition.

For many years, the chief energies of English navigators were directed to the accomplishment of north-eastern voyages, and it was not until 1576 that another attempt was made in the former direction. Martin Frobisher, afterwards so widely renowned for his naval exploits in almost every sea, had, from his youth upward, been enthusiastically sanguine in his hope of solving the great secret of the Arctic Zone. For fifteen years, he had vainly besought the means requisite for his adventurous scheme, and at last, by the favor of the earl of Warwick, was enabled to fit out a little flotilla of three vessels, the largest of which was thirty-five tons, and the smallest only ten. With this diminutive squadron, in size less respectable than a batch of fishing smacks, on the 19th of June, 1576, he sailed from Yarmouth to attempt a passage around the North of America. In reviewing the history of these early expeditions, the most casual reader must be struck with the humble and insignificant means with which the grandest enterprises were attempted and often accomplished. Columbus, amid the storms of a most tempestuous winter, made his way back to Europe, after his great discovery, in an open caravel; Hudson, with only ten men, undertook "to find a passage to India by way of the north pole;" and the good Sir Humphrey Gilbert, after voyaging safely to Newfoundland, in his little Squirrel (of only ten tons), was finally whelmed in a tremendous gale beneath the "pyramid-like" seas of the Atlantic.

By the 11th of July, Frobisher made the southern extremity of Greenland, fearful from the height of its precipitous mountains, covered with eternal snow. Still pressing to the

westward, on the 18th of August he made land, somewhere, it is probable, in the vicinity of Labrador. Here, for the first time, the Esquimaux were seen by Europeans. The captain, we are told, "went on shore, and was encountred with mightie Deere, which ranne at him, with danger of his life. Here had he sight of the Sauages, which rowed to his Shippe in Boates of Seales Skinnes, with a Keele of wood within them. They eate raw Flesh and Fish, or rather deuoured the same: they had long black hayre, broad faces, flat noses, tawnie of colour, or like an Oliue."

Five of his men, incautiously joining a party of these savages, were carried off by them, and all the exertions of Fro-bisher to recover them were in vain. On the 26th he sailed for England; and, passing Greenland and Iceland, in the beginning of October reached the port of Harwich. The country he had discovered was named *Meta Incognita*, and public expectation was raised to a considerable height by a bit of glittering stone which he brought home, and which the ignorant goldsmiths confidently pronounced to be gold ore.

Royal aid, stimulated by this allurements, was now vouchsafed to the enterprise. Queen Elizabeth furnished him a ship of a hundred and eighty tons, called the *Ayde*, (*Aid*?) with which, and with two smaller craft, on the 26th of May, 1577, with "a merrie wind," he again set sail for the desolate seas of the North-west. Passing Friesland, he stretched across to Labrador, and touched at the strait which still bears his name. Up this inlet he passed in a boat, supposing the land on his left to be America, and that on the right Asia. A friendly intercourse with the natives ashore was soon by his indiscretion* converted into hostility, and he reached the boat with an arrow sticking in his leg. One of the Esquimaux, pursuing him, was captured by his people.

Plenty of the glittering mineral, to their great joy, was discovered, and stowed aboard the ship; nor was natural history

* He had seized some of the Esquimaux, and attempted forcibly to drag them to his boat, *that he might conciliate them by presents*

without an acquisition, for, we are told, the voyagers "found a great dead Fish, round like a porpepis," (porpoise) "twelue foot long, hauing a Horne of two yardes, lacking two ynches, growing out of the Snout, wreathed and straight, like a Waxe-Taper, and might be thought to be a Sea-Unicorne. It was reserued as a Jewell by the Queene's commandement in her Wardrobe of Robes." These valuables being secured, and the strait being cleared of ice by a north-west blow, the adventurers sailed westward for thirty leagues, confidently supposing that it led to the Pacific.

In some boats of the natives, they found various European articles, which, doubtless, had belonged to their unfortunate countrymen lost there the year before. To rescue them, if captive, or, if slain, to revenge their death, a strong party set off inland, while Frobisher, with his boats, prevented any escape by sea. The Esquimaux, driven to bay, fought with great fury, even plucking the arrows from their bodies to launch them at the assailants, and when mortally wounded, flinging themselves desperately from the rocks into the sea. After losing five or six of their number, they finally gave ground, and took refuge among the inaccessible cliffs. All the men made good their retreat; but, says the journal of the voyage, "Two women, not being so apt to escape as the men were, the one being olde, the other encombred with a yong childe, we tooke. The olde wretch, whom divers of our Sayers supposed to be eyther the Divell, or a witch, *had her buskins plucked off, to see if she were cloven-footed*, and for her ougly hewe and deformitic, we let her goe: the yong woman and the childe we brought away."

That the worthy commander shared in the suspicions of his crew may be inferred from a further description of Esquimaux *diablerie*, predicated on the experience of his voyages:

"They are great Inchanters. When their heads ake, they tye a great stone with a string into a stick, and with certaine words effect, that the stone with all a man's force will not be lifted vp, and sometimes seems as light as a feather, hoping

thereby to haue helpe. They made signes, lying grouelling with their faces vpon the grounde, making a noyse downward, that they worship the Diuell vnder them."

He gives the natives credit, however, for good manners, and says that his captives, both the male and female, "gaue such apparent signes of shamefastness and chastitie as might be a shame to Christians to come so short of them."

In the course of a renewed attempt, by negotiation, to recover the missing men, the Esquimaux displayed every device of savage stratagem to entrap their enemies—(putting tempting bits of meat in range of an ambush, and pretending lameness, to decoy the English into their power)—and when foiled by the caution of the latter, assailed the vessels, in great numbers, with their arrows. By the 21st of August, ice began to form around the ships, and it was considered hopeless, for the season, to proceed on the supposed passage to China. Accordingly, freighted with two hundred tons of the glittering dross mistaken for gold, the squadron returned to England.

Strange to say, the delusion was not yet dispelled. Men of science, appointed by the queen, pronounced the ore genuine, and the passage to India feasible. Fifteen vessels were fitted out; and on the 31st of May, 1578, Frobisher, having kissed the queen's hand, and received a chain of gold, set forth in search of his Arctic El Dorado. A curious incident soon befell, quaintly narrated by an author of the day:

"The Salamander, (one of their Shippes) being vnder both her Courses and Bonets, happened to strike on a great Whale, with her full Stemme, with suche a Blow that the Shippe stood still, and neither stirred backward or forward. The Whale thereat made a great and hideous noyse, and casting vp his body and tayle, presently sank vnder water. Within two dayes they found a Whale dead, which they supposed was this which the Salamander had stricken."

The fleet encountered great danger from a tempest which overtook it among icebergs, and at last entered a great strait to the westward, probably the chief entrance to Hudson's Bay.

Had he pressed on, the honor of discovering that northern Mediterranean would have fallen to Frobisher; but, finding, after sailing westward a considerable distance, that he was not in his former track, he put about, and retraced his course to the open sea. He was so long in finding the desired entrance, that winter (August 9th) was upon him; and the fears of his associates compelled the return of the squadron without the accomplishment of any thing worthy of the magnitude of the equipment, or the enterprize of its commander.

Meanwhile, the glittering trash which he had formerly brought, was discovered to be worthless; the public was discouraged; and, though he strenuously advocated another trial of the passage which he had lately discovered, he could not obtain the requisite assistance. After a life passed in naval adventure and warfare, he perished, in 1594, from a wound received on the coast of France.

In 1585, John Davis, an excellent seaman, and a man of kindly disposition, was put in command of two little vessels, the Sunshine and Moonshine, to effect further discoveries. To propitiate the natives, he took with him various presents, and a band of music to soften and harmonize the churlishness of their disposition. He sailed on the 7th of June, and coasted along the dreary shores of Greenland, on the west, to latitude sixty-four degrees. Here he landed, and, what with his good-nature, and the alluring music of his band, (to which his people danced in token of amity,) was soon on excellent terms with the natives, who came around the English in considerable numbers to trade, and to exchange presents. Thence he steered across the great strait which still bears his name, and after touching at Cumberland island, and making some further exploration, returned, in the autumn, to England.

On May 7th, of the following year, he sailed again, landed in Greenland, and renewed his acquaintance with the Esquimaux. The latter, however, ere long, began "to practise their devilish nature," performing many solemn incantations, though (thanks be to God, says Davis) without any baneful consequences.

Moreover, "they could in nowise forbear stealing;" and the crew seriously advised their captain to "dissolve this new friendship, and leave the company of those thievish miscreants." Some difficulties ensued, and "the chief ringleader, a master of mischief," was captured by the English.

Davis now crossed Baffin's Bay, and on the 17th of July saw, as he supposed, an extensive coast, diversified with hills, capes, and bays; but, to his horror, found it only "a most mighty and strange quantity of ice." His crew remonstrated against proceeding farther, informing their commander that, by "his over-boldness, he might cause their widows and fatherless children to give him bitter curses." He pushed on, however, with his boldest mariners, in the *Moonshine*, and, after sailing to latitude sixty-six degrees, thirty-three minutes, coasted southward by Labrador, and so made his way to England. In this return passage, we may notice the slender beginning of the English cod-fishery, since so valuable, and the just importance attached to it by the politic statesmen of Elizabeth.

"We saw," says Davis, "an incredible number of birds: hauing diuers fishermen aboard our barke, they all concluded there was a great skull of fish, we being vnprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle made a hooke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lines, before the baite was changed we tooke more than forty great Cods. * * And having reported to Mr. Secretarie Walsinghame the whole succeſſe of this attempt, he commanded me to present vnto the most honorable Lord high Treasurer of England, some part of that fish, which when his lordship sawe," &c., he expressed much satisfaction.

In a third expedition, which, in 1587, Davis undertook, he left his vessels at his former station, on the coast of Greenland, and in a pinnace so dull that she sailed, he says, like a cart drawn by oxen, penetrated northward beyond seventy-two degrees, and made fresh surveys of the two coasts. Returning to his rendezvous, he found that the vessels had deserted him,



SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGION.

and, in his slender and ill-sailing little craft, he voyaged successfully to England. Despite his sanguine expectations of still finding the passage, the bold commander was unable to obtain the means for any further enterprises in those regions. He continued, however, to regard the adventure with that strange fondness which seems to distinguish all who have once embarked in Arctic exploration, and wrote a treatise, purporting, among other matters—

- 1, "To prooue by experience that the sea fryseth not."
- 2, "That the ayre in colde regions is tollerable."
- 3, "That vnder the Pole is the place of greatest dignitie."

Though two other attempts, under Captains Weymouth and Knight, were subsequently made, nothing of importance was accomplished until the eventful voyage of Henry Hudson, in 1610. The brilliant discoveries and melancholy fate of that renowned voyager, have been related in a preceding article (pp. 455 to 465). Button, who was sent out to search for him, and to continue the attempt for the passage, entered Hudson's Bay, but was, of course, brought up by its western coast, and returned without success in either object. Captain Gibbons, an officer of high reputation, who, in 1514, was dispatched on a similar errand, was entangled during the whole summer in a nook on the coast of Labrador, named, in commemoration of the misfortune, "Gibbons his Hole." Captain Bylot and William Baffin, a navigator of high reputation, two years afterwards, were sent out, and passing up the great Bay, named from the latter, penetrated to latitude seventy-eight degrees, and discovered Smith's inlet, and Lancaster's sound, afterwards ascertained to be the entrance to the Polar sea. The principal result of this voyage, for a long series of years, was the discovery of a profitable field for the whale-fishery.

A Danish expedition, in 1619, made further exploration in Hudson's Bay, and the English, half a century later, attracted by the abundance of furs, established a trading company on the shores of that inland sea. For nearly two centuries, however, comparatively little was done to extend the knowledge

already acquired concerning the dreary coasts and sounds of Arctic America. Enterprises sustained by ampler means, conducted with equal boldness, and distinguished by barren, though honorable success, were reserved for the inquiring spirit and enlarged resources of the nineteenth century

CHAPTER II.

MODERN EXPEDITIONS.

“Oh, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?

Cried a whaler in Baffin’s Bay.

To try if between the Pole and the land,

I may find a broad sea-way.”

The Ballad of Sir John Franklin.

THE genius of discovery, revived by the love of science, early in the present century, was, by the general pacification of Europe, which followed the great French wars, enabled to resume its arduous and honorable career. Among other expeditions fitted out by the British admiralty, one in two ships, the *Isabella* and *Alexander*, under command of Captain (Sir John) Ross, was in April, 1818, dispatched in quest of the north-west passage, which, at that time, for more than half a century, had lain almost entirely neglected. That commander, passing up Baffin’s Bay, and making rather a superficial survey of its coasts, came on the 30th of August to the splendid inlet, discovered by Baffin, and by him named Lancaster Sound. Up this passage, he proceeded for thirty miles, and then, prematurely discouraged by a delusive appearance of land stretching across it, put about, much to the chagrin of Lieutenant (afterwards Captain Sir William Edward) Parry, who commanded the other vessel, and who was anxious to press on. The expedition, after some further surveys, returned to England.

This latter officer, the most successful of all Arctic discoverers, was, in the following year, put in command of the *Hecla* and *Griper*, with instructions to continue the attempt. After experiencing great danger, and exhibiting high courage and perseverance, the adventurers, on the 3d of August, with a fresh easterly wind, sailed westward through Lancaster Sound. The *Hecla* had the lead, and her tops were crowded with officers and men, anxiously, yet exultingly looking for the continuation of the desired passage. Proceeding westward as far as longitude eighty-six degrees, thirty minutes, Parry discovered and explored for one hundred and twenty miles that spacious channel running to the south, which, in honor of the acting sovereign, he named Regent Inlet. He then returned north-erly, and in rapid succession discovered, named, and passed Wellington Inlet, and Cornwallis, Bathurst, and Byam Martin Islands. All were elate with the most sanguine expectation, and on reaching longitude one hundred and ten degrees, the crew became entitled to a reward of £5000, offered by the Admiralty to any who should attain that meridian.

But on reaching Melville's Island, an impenetrable icy barrier lay before them. The wind failed and winter set in. The two ships were anchored in a harbor of that island, and were soon completely frozen in. The long Arctic winter was made endurable by the abundance of supplies, as well as by the good humor and manly spirit of the whole command; though from the 11th of November till the 3d of February, no sun was visible. It was not until the 2d of August, 1820, that the ice broke up, and allowed them an escape from their frozen prison. The great barrier still debarred all attempts to proceed further westward, and the expedition set sail on its return to England, which, in the course of the autumn, was safely accomplished.

The numerous discoveries of Parry, and the depth to which he had penetrated the Arctic regions, so far beyond any navigator who had preceded him, at once placed his name in the first rank of modern explorers; and in May, 1821, he was

again dispatched, with the *Hecla* and *Fury*, on the arduous enterprise of attempting the supposed passage, by the way of Hudson's Bay. Having with great difficulty effected an entrance, and having encountered some of the rudest tribes of the Esquimaux, early in August he reached Fox channel, and sailed northward, making fresh surveys and discoveries. During all this brief Arctic summer, snow had been continually falling, though as constantly melted by the sun; and as autumn came on, he was again frozen in for the winter. The courage, cheerfulness and enterprise of all on board rendered this gloomy season endurable, and the auroral lights, during the sunless season, lent their brilliant and fanciful coruscations to enliven the dreary scene. Many Esquimaux, of peaceable and friendly character, were encountered, and a better knowledge was acquired of this singular race than had been obtained by any former navigators. Among them, one Iligliuk, "a wise woman," traced for the English the outlines of the coast northward and westward, with considerable accuracy; but awakened delusive hopes by delineating a strait opening westward into an unbounded ocean.

Several expeditions were undertaken, on foot, across the dreary straits and shores by which the vessels were surrounded, and much suffering, without adequate recompense, in discovery, was undergone. On the 2d of July, 1822, the ships were released from their icy prison, and, amid great danger from conflicting masses of ice, sped rapidly northward. The strait depicted by Iligliuk was reached, but was found impassable, from a huge barrier of ice. Captain Parry, with six companions, now set off on foot, and at the end of four days of toilsome and perilous travel over its frozen surface, reached an eminence, whence, as he supposed, he saw plainly the entrance to the great Polar sea. This inlet (*Hecla* and *Fury* strait) leads in reality only to the great gulf of Boothia. After his return, the barrier softened by the action of the sun: and the ships, after sailing into the inlet for some distance, actually forced their way three or four hundred yards into the yielding

mass. There, during the remainder of the summer, they stuck fast; and as winter came on, were, by the tedious process of sawing through the ice, removed to a convenient harbor. Two of the party, proceeding over land by Cockburn's island, had reached a height whence, it was confidently supposed, they beheld the Polar ocean, but vast barriers of ice precluded all access to its waters.

Another dreary winter, during which the sun, for seven weeks, was completely eclipsed, passed slowly away; a friendly intercourse being established with the Esquimaux, and much additional information being acquired concerning the nature and customs of that singular people. The spring was so late, that it was only by dint of the severest labor in sawing, that on the 7th of August the vessels were extricated from the ice; the scurvy broke out among the crews, and the dauntless Parry, repressing for the time his desire for further exploration, returned, with much difficulty, to England.

On the 24th of May, 1824, he again set sail, with the same vessels, to make a new attempt by way of Regent's inlet.—Owing to the severity of the season, he had great difficulty in making his way, by Lancaster sound, to Port Bowen, where he wintered; and, in the following spring, (1825,) he proceeded down the inlet. The vessels worked their way southward to latitude seventy-two degrees, forty-two minutes, where the *Fury* was so much injured by the ice, that, after unloading her stores on the desolate beach, the mariners were obliged to abandon her. After experiencing this disaster, which occasioned great loss of time, the crews of the two vessels, crowded on board the *Hecla*, were compelled to return to England. Here closes the account of this celebrated navigator's voyages and discoveries in a north-west direction; his adventurous attempt, in 1827, to reach the north pole, (like others in the same direction,) not pertaining to our subject.

The memorable overland expedition of Captain (Sir John) Franklin, with his brave companions, Richardson, Back, Hood and Hepburn, in the years 1819 to 1822, to the Polar sea,

presents a picture of courage, endurance, and enterprise seldom paralleled and never surpassed. In this arduous and terrible undertaking, the coast of the Arctic sea, from Coppermine river to Point Turn-again, was surveyed, and large additions were made to a knowledge of the northern regions of America. Undismayed by the fearful hardships which they had encountered, the three first-named adventurers, in 1825, again set forth on another expedition in the same direction, lasting till 1827, in the course of which the coast was surveyed from Mackenzie river to the Coppermine and westward to Return Cliff, and at the expense of renewed and grievous sufferings, fresh additions were made to scientific and geographical knowledge.

In the year 1829, a private voyage, the means for which were furnished by the liberality of Mr. Felix Booth, was undertaken by Captain (Sir John) Ross, who, with his nephew, the celebrated Commander (Captain Sir James) Ross, in the *Victory*, proceeded to Regent's Inlet, and, after taking in a portion of the stores unloaded from the *Fury*, proceeded down that channel, and wintered (fast in the ice for twelve months) at the harbor of Boothia Felix, on the west coast. The principal fruit of this expedition, which lasted till 1833, was a further survey of the coast by exploring parties, and the determination of the situation of the "North Magnetic Pole"—principally due to the active and indefatigable services of Commander Ross, who, on the 1st of June, 1831, planted the Union Jack on what was supposed its exact locality.

The indefatigable exertions of Captain (Sir George) Back, the companion of Franklin and Richardson, who, in 1833, journeyed overland to the Polar sea in search of the expedition of Ross, and his enterprising though disastrous voyage to the Arctic seas, in 1836-7, reflected the highest honor on his name, though not distinguished by any important result beyond the acquisition of some new geographical items.

The persevering and energetic researches of Messrs. Simpson and Dease, two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1839, resulted in the almost entire completion of the survey of the



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN ON SHIPBOARD.

northern coast of America, and placed beyond a doubt the fact of a communication existing between the two oceans; but whether, while the seasons retain their present severity, a ship can ever be navigated through the ice-tangled straits and inlets of which it is composed, must be considered uncertain in the extreme.

The latest and most memorable attempt in this perilous direction has now, for more than six years, held the attention of the civilized world in a suspense, sanguine at first, gradually despondent, and, at the present moment, little better than reluctant despair. On the 19th of May, 1845, Captain Sir John Franklin, in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, set sail, with an hundred and thirty-eight souls, in quest of that glorious and fatal chimera, a North-west Passage. No precaution which science and experience could suggest, or which unlimited means could apply, was neglected to insure safety and success to the undertaking. The commander announced his intention to spend three years in the adventurous attempt, and the expedition, with sanguine hopes, and the anxious good wishes of Europe and America, took its departure.

On the 26th of July, the two ships were seen by a whaler, moored to an iceberg in the centre of Baffin's Bay; and since that time, except the discovery of the graves of three of the company, and a few relics of an encampment, no tidings of their fate have been received. The British government, with laudable activity, has continued to this day a persevering search for the lost navigator and his unfortunate crews; his admirable wife, Lady Jane Franklin, has, with indefatigable zeal, devoted all her means and energies to the rescue of her husband; and the honorable zeal of private individuals, both English and American, has impelled them to embark life and fortune in the same noble and perilous undertaking.

The frozen coasts and inlets of the North have been searched with an ardent courage and a resolute endurance, which, though as yet unsuccessful, reflect the highest honor on the brave men who have engaged in this benevolent enterprise. That these attempts, still generously continued, will ever be rewarded with

the rescue of the objects of their exertions, or even the discovery of their fate, seems, unhappily, improbable. Meanwhile, conjecture vainly strives to penetrate the secrets of that terrible region in which, dead or living, they have so long been immured. Whether, amid storms and icebergs, in the Arctic seas, they have gone down, and left no trace; whether, locked up for years in immovable leagues of ice, they slowly perished; or whether, as many deem, they have penetrated to the great Polar Basin, and there, in a climate comparatively mild, are still protracting life, and looking for aid to the distant shores of England, will, it is too probable, never be known to mankind.

THE END.

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